Volume 200, Number 22

NOV. 26,'27

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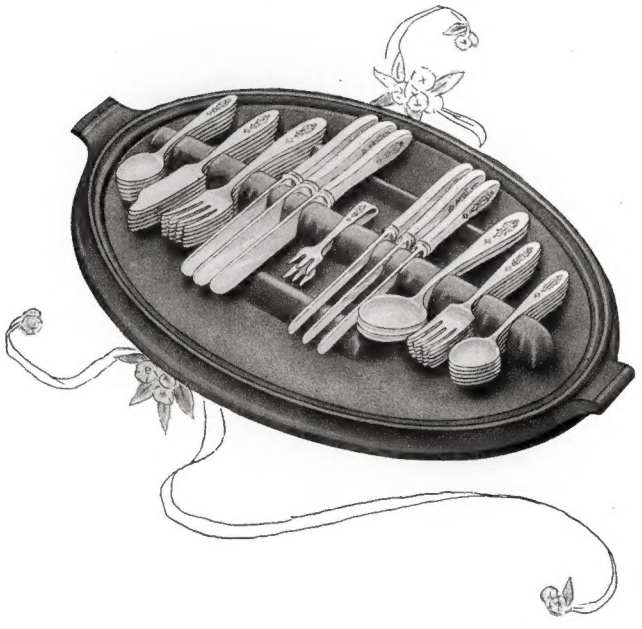

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THE RIVER

By TRISTRAM TUPPER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

I WASTED these months beside a river. No excuse. That autumn and winter and part of the spring I wasted in hunting and felling trees and carrying the rod for the engineers; but more particularly in thinking of a girl named Rosalee, day and night.

The engineers called her the Redbird because of the color she almost always wore, and they said she was responsible for the death of Marsdon and the downfall of other men. But they were mistaken. I can say this positively, for—as you shall see—I came to know her better than anyone else had ever known her. During that autumn and winter we were alone.

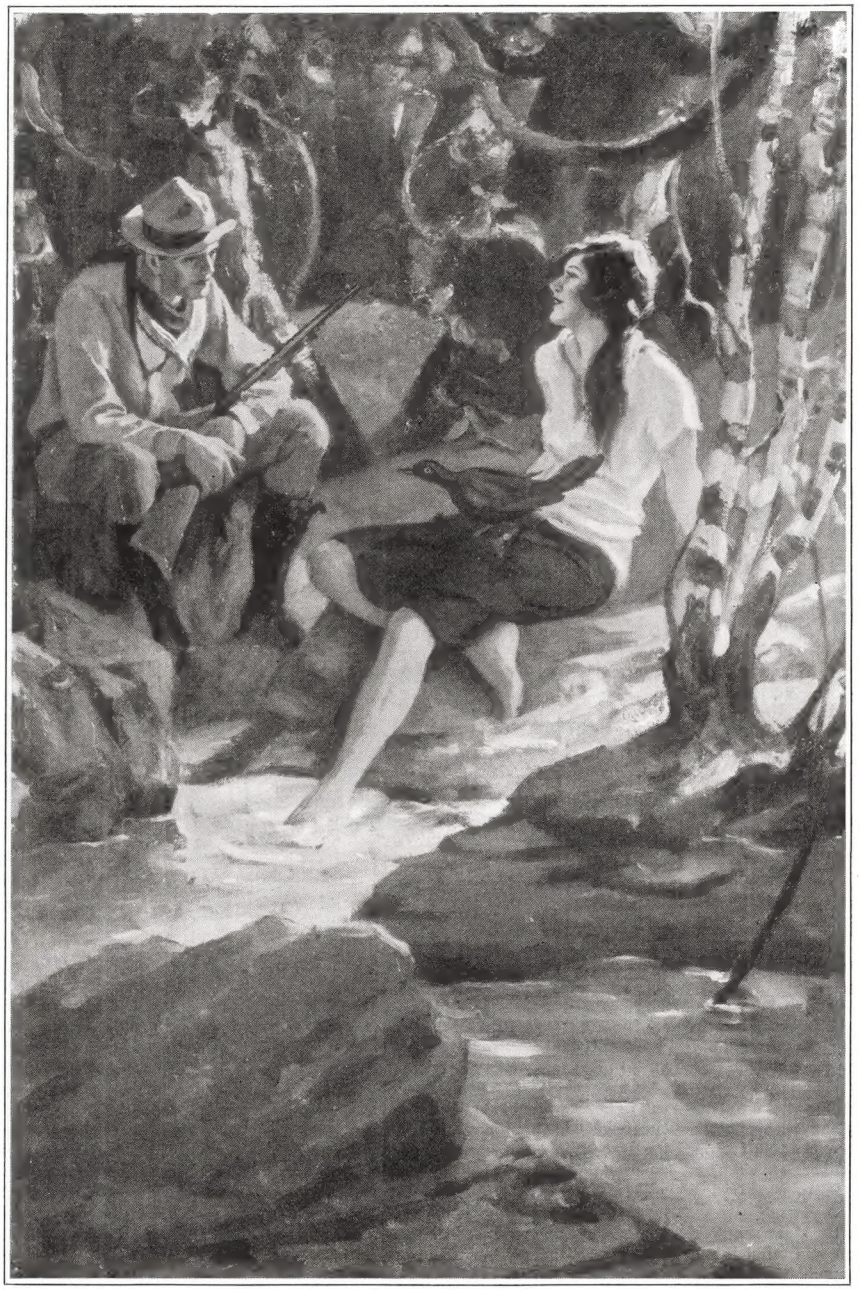
AUTUMN

The day was a marvel; and at no great distance from the farm, where, until yesterday, the engineers had found bed and board, I came upon a cottontail rabbit sitting at the side of the road, sitting so quietly I stopped short in my tracks; and presently he hopped away as unconcerned as if I and my rifle were a painted part of the autumn landscape. I had never fired a gun in my life.

At the foot of Black Mountain a path turned sharply toward the north; trees closed in and, though the woods were dense, the light, due to yellow foliage of hickory and birch, seemed more dazzling than the sunlight of the open road. But at the end of the woods I came abruptly upon desolation.

Here the tunnel negroes had lived. In a fallow field a hundred shanties were huddled together. Their windows stared blankly, while the sun, directly overhead, denuded them even of their own shadows. They seemed bewildered, like a colony of lepers.

Walking among them, I got an eerie feeling. They expected something of me, and so I closed one or two doors and stuffed a rag into a broken pane, but they continued to wait, breathlessly, as if listening—listening for voices, for the shuffling noise of feet and the tinkle of musical instruments.



"If You Don't Like My Crow," Said Rosalee, "You Needn't Stay Here"

"The tunnel is finished," I said aloud. "No use waiting for the noon shift. The railroad is finished and everyone has gone—everyone. I'm the last to leave."

When I turned away, Black Mountain struck me as sardonic in autumn colors. A grim, silent mountain. And once, when the shadow of a tree fell unexpectedly across the path, I glanced around quickly. This silence had been kept at bay for more than two years by the detonation of dynamite and the lesser noises of construction. Throughout, however, it must have lurked in the valleys and hidden among the surrounding hills like a pack of phantom wolves. During the past week it had crept closer. Now the silence was everywhere. I kept saying to myself, "It is nothing; no one!" Then, wheeling around suddenly, I pulled the trigger of the rifle, and the sharp report pursued the phantom down the mountain in a mad chase through underbrush and trees. The echo became fainter. I laughed nervously and walked on.

Here the ascent was easy, not a climb to try one's wind; nor could I think of any reason for hurrying. Where, indeed, was I going, and why? To the commissary near the tunnel shaft on top of the mountain—I was headed in that direction; but what would I find when I got there? Nothing? No one? It seemed incredible that all the men of Black Mountain—laborers, engineers, contractors—could have vanished so completely.

Jorgensen, the resident engineer, had been the first to leave. On a day, in the north approach to the tunnel, handcuffs had been put on his bony wrists; and it had transpired that he had planned this railroad years ago and had escaped from a penitentiary to help complete it. He had been taken back to prison on the first train to pass over the line. I thought, too, of his predecessor; a man I had never seen, named Marsdon, who had ended even more tragically. A grim mountain!

During the past few days, looking down from this path into the valley to the north, I had seen men the size of ants running here and there, loading flat cars; and each time a train had gone into the tunnel a curious illusion had been created, as though the mountain had swallowed a snake. First it had swallowed trains loaded with machinery, then trains loaded with laborers, then, one by one, the contractors had disappeared. There were no farewells—a word or two at most. They were glad to get away; while the engineers could hardly wait, they had said, to get back to civilization.

The door of the commissary was padlocked; and this seemed fatuous, for an adjacent window had been left wide open. Climbing inside, I found nothing of value, merely empty shelves; but rummaging among the litter behind one of the counters I came

upon a silver coin—a dime; prophetic of good luck, I thought, and determined at once to put a hole through it and keep it forever.

Also, I discovered something intangible: In this empty gloom one could catch side glimpses of heavy shoulders, and in this silence one could all but hear the shuffling of feet that had left this crust of mud on the floor. In the back room, where night after night men had gambled, I wished for Sam Thompson's bird dog with his sensitive perceptions. I visualized him sniffing, then slinking away. This space was not so empty as before that army of men had come into this wilderness; also, curiously, it was emptier.

Outside in the slanting sunlight these notions left me, and by midafternoon I had scrambled down the last slope to the river.

II

ROSALEE'S house was below the whirlpool. From the railroad bridge a path led downstream to the abandoned shacks at Hellhole, opposite the rapids, and here the noise deafened one's ears; while, without a breath of wind, the willow trees overhanging the boiling water swayed mysteriously to and fro.

Gradually the roar decreased, the path became narrow, and just beyond a woods road that led back to Thompson's Valley I saw Rosalee's cottage. It differed from the railroad shanties. Tall pine trees cast motionless shadows across its shingled roof and small uncovered porch. The place had intrinsic warmth. So recently abandoned, I thought, it is not yet aware it has been deserted. An empty clothesline hung at the back and a woman's garment, forgotten or else discarded, lay on the ground near a depleted woodpile.

Healy, one of the contractors, and several of his men had built this cottage for the only woman, except Ellen Marsdon, who had had any connection with the Black Mountain residency. I had seen Rosalee at the commissary, always surrounded by men, and on one occasion in passing me she had nodded her head. That evening I had mentioned her once or twice, until Smith, the assistant resident engineer, had said abruptly: "Forget her. She belongs to the contractors and their men. She's one of them." That night he had taken me for the second time to see Ellen Marsdon, saying: "Ellen belongs to the engineers. She's one of us. Her husband was the first resident engineer in charge of this work, and Rosalee dragged him down until he killed himself. She's responsible for Marsdon's death."

But one could hardly believe this, for the girl who had nodded her head to me in the commissary was a little thing, hardly worth bothering about. Her house, too, was small—nicely proportioned to her stature. And as I went up to the porch, laughter, somewhat harsh in tone, shattered the silence, and a clipped-wing crow hopped to the sill of an open window. With cries that dissipated the tranquillity of the woodland, he fluttered past me and hobbled down a path toward the river.

I followed him, and found Rosalee sitting at the water's edge with a towel around her shoulders and her hair by no means neatly arranged. She turned her head as I came down the path, and we stared at each other.

"Haven't you gone away?" I managed to ask.

"No," she said. "Haven't you?"

She seemed to be dressed in only two garments—a blouse, not properly fastened any place, and a flimsy red skirt. One foot was bare, the other was hidden under her. She was sitting on it. Evidently she had been in swimming.

I asked if the water was cold. "It was cold," I said, "the last time I went in, and that was September."

"If you went in every day, never missed, it wouldn't be cold," declared Rosalee. "It wouldn't be cold even when there's ice in the river. You don't believe it?"

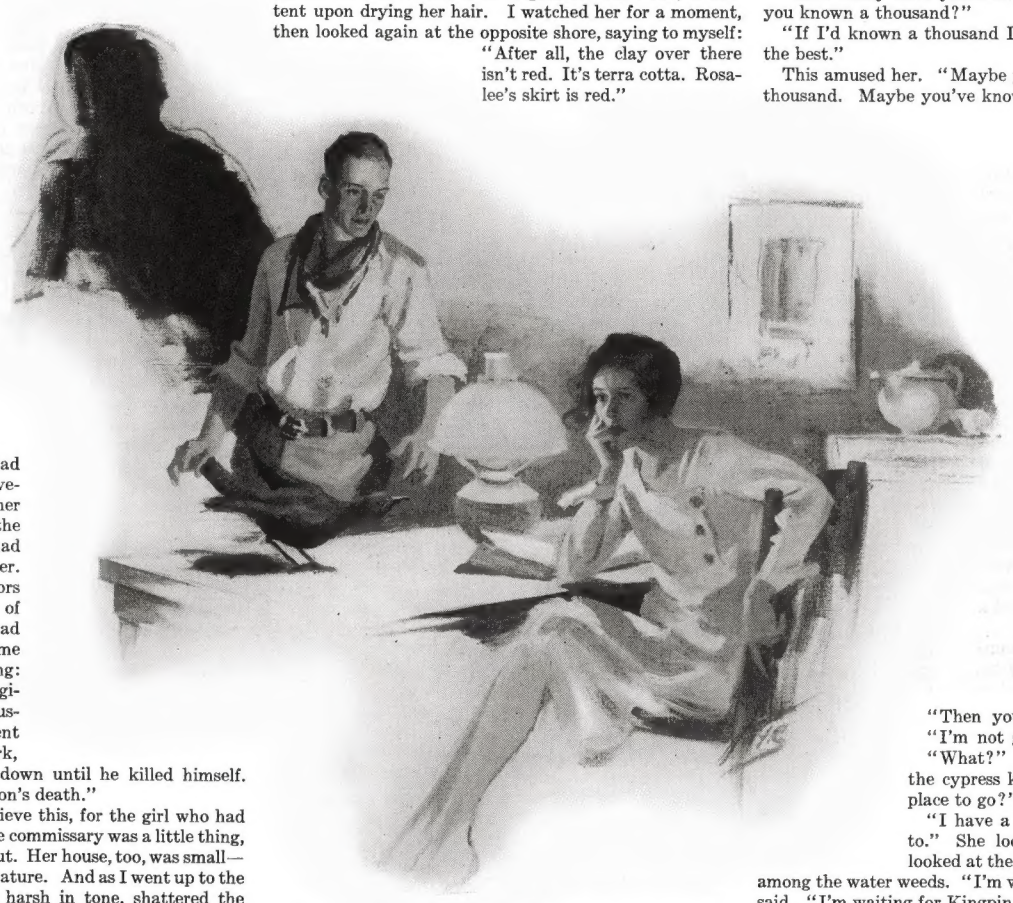
I didn't believe it, but said nothing. A number of things flashed through my mind; uppermost was the wish that she might have had on more clothes; I should have felt more comfortable and could have looked at her, instead of staring down at the squawking crow. Scant attire, however, did not seem to trouble her in the least. She asked if I wasn't one of the Black Mountain engineers; and I told her no—I was merely a rodman.

"Well, that's just as bad," she said in a way which made me suspect she thought it much worse.

Sitting a little distance from her, I talked to her reflection in the water. A cypress tree formed an undulating background, while each eddy took delight in making ribbons of her red skirt and dismembering her body until a smooth flow came along and put her together again, with dark eyes and a head on her shoulders. This was the Redbird, Rosalee of the river. I was talking to Rosalee, and I felt elated. My voice, mingling with the murmur of the distant rapids, flowed with surprising smoothness as I told her of my trip across the mountain.

She listened; at least she was silent—so silent that finally I looked at her and immediately became ill at ease. I was talking to a woman and not to a colorful water portrait. The narrative ended lamely: "I didn't find anybody. I guess we're the last." And I stared out at the flowing water.

Here, below the rapids and the sluggish whirlpool, the current was swift and streaked with foam. On the opposite bank there were no trees, merely red clay deeply gutted by the storms of centuries. I glanced at Rosalee, still intent upon drying her hair. I watched her for a moment, then looked again at the opposite shore, saying to myself: "After all, the clay over there isn't red. It's terra cotta. Rosalee's skirt is red."



She Was Trembling. "My Closet," She Moaned. "It Can Never be Clean Again—Never!"

She seemed indifferent both to me and to her diabolical pet. The crow hobbled about disconsolately. He drank at the river's edge, first immersing his black beak, then pointing it heavenward as though thanking the God of all creation for the few drops of water that had gone down his gullet. When Rosalee laid aside the towel, immediately the bird, with a flutter of his clipped wings, tried to climb up her knee. She said "Ouch! Let go!" and disengaged his claws. Then both she and the bird flew into a fury. The crow pecked her and she gave him a ducking. Rosalee told him in no uncertain terms she would duck him again and the bird laughed maniacally. "Shut up! I'll duck you again!" Instead, however, she held him against her cheek and smoothed his ruffled feathers. Her hair was indistinguishable from his sleek black plumage.

"He seems to make a lot of noise," I said. "Take a dog. I like dogs. I know something about dogs and other animals." My grandfather, Allen John Pender, with whom I had always lived until his death three months ago, had been a historian and naturalist. I knew about animals.

"If you don't like my crow," said Rosalee, "you needn't stay here."

I regretted having mixed in the family row, but arose at once. "I'm sorry I don't like him. Anyway, I have to get back to Widow Thompson's farmhouse and pack my things." Irresolutely I stood beside her, unable to manage so sudden a departure. She said nothing. And I thought: "She's used to fifty or a hundred men. Now she has no one." Moved by pity, I made an awkward gesture. "In all this region we are the last. Not another soul."

Rosalee assented with a nod of her head. "What of it?"

"Nothing; only none of the contractors or their men are left. If I could help you in any way. If you want your trunk carried to the station I'd be glad to do it. Only last week I helped with Ellen Marsdon's trunks, when she left the valley for good."

Rosalee impatiently kicked the water. "Ellen Marsdon! There's nobody like Ellen Marsdon, is there?"

I could think of no answer.

"So you're in love with her, like all the other engineers?"

"I saw her only four times before she left, but I like her."

"Like her!" repeated Rosalee scornfully.

"Yes, I like her better than any woman I ever knew."

"How many women have you known?"

I was silent.

"How many have you known?" she insisted. "Have you known a thousand?"

"If I'd known a thousand I'd still like Ellen Marsdon the best."

This amused her. "Maybe you've known more than a thousand. Maybe you've known two thousand! Maybe you've known three thousand!"

My ears turned scarlet; I could feel them burning and sticking out from my head. "I've known very few women. But I like Ellen Marsdon." And I waited to be ridiculed. Instead, Rosalee stopped laughing, and I told her if she wanted me to take her trunk to the station I would carry it on my shoulder.

When she answered, her voice was a different thing altogether: "It's a mile to the Black Mountain station. Could you carry a trunk that far?"

"I've lifted six hundred pounds dead weight."

She sized me up with a glance. "I haven't any trunk."

"Then your boxes."

"I'm not going away."

"What?" I sat down again among the cypress knees. "Haven't you any place to go?"

"I have a lot of places—if I wanted to." She looked at the river, and I looked at the blurred outline of her foot among the water weeds. "I'm waiting for somebody," she said. "I'm waiting for Kingpin. Now you know."

I had been at Black Mountain eight weeks, and prided myself on knowing everyone, at least by sight; yet I had never heard of Kingpin.

"You call him Logan," explained Rosalee. "But that isn't his name either."

"You mean Jorgensen? You're waiting for Jorgensen?" This struck me as incredible. "He's in a penitentiary! He has five years to serve in a penitentiary."

Rosalee nodded her head. For more than a year she had known he had escaped from a penitentiary. "I'll wait for him," she said, "until my dying day."

This was my first real glimpse of her. For a moment, I think, I saw her clearly, and I ceased to wonder that the men of Black Mountain—contractors, walking bosses, stationary engineers, all of them—had liked her so well. Further, it surprised me to look at her with my eyes. The effect, at a glance, had been extravagant in coloring, which, possibly, had blinded me to details. She was prettier than I cared to admit to myself. And though these impressions were vague, still there was a matter that came to me with force as well as poignancy: A little thing, no taller, I

By Midafternoon the Horse Brought Me Back From Olive Springs With the Wagon Well Loaded With Crates and Boxes

reckoned, than my shoulder, yet, sitting among the roots of the giant tree, she seemed pathetically sure of her destiny; also of her importance.

She knew everything there was to know about Kingpin, she declared unhesitatingly; and she told me a number of incidents I had heard before and one or two I had not heard. Her voice, a low monotone, droned on as though the river were speaking. I got that impression—her voice was like the murmur of the river. She loved Jorgensen, she said without hesitancy—she loved him and would wait for him until he came back. She would never love anyone else. And arising, she slipped her feet into beaded moccasins, the leather of which had been scuffed and worn through.

I asked to see one of the moccasins, and measured it, with the idea of sending her a new pair as soon as I got home.

Rosalee laughed. "If you wanted to measure my foot why didn't you say so?" She told me to put my hand on the ground and she placed her foot beside it. A little thing of ivory, with a blue vein faintly visible.

We marched up the path single file—Rosalee in the lead, then the devilish clipped-wing bird, making noises at her heels. I brought up the rear, trying to recall some of the gossip I had heard about her, but now each item had a hopeless refrain. My thoughts ran something like this: "She lived on a barge above the bridge with Dollar John Munsel . . . nevertheless, I like her; she lured Marsdon away from Ellen . . . nevertheless, I like her; Dollar John and Marsdon fought each other on the brink of Shaft Number Two and ended at the bottom of the shaft; and, no doubt, she's responsible for the misery of other men as well. . . ." All the insinuations I had heard took form in my thoughts, and my mind bundled them into a thundercloud and pushed them over the horizon.

When we reached the house I told her I would chop some wood. "You seem to have no woodpile at all, not enough to last a week." I went around the house, and though I was no great hand with the ax, never having used one before, still I was getting along well enough until Rosalee opened the back door.

After watching me for a while during which the ax refused stubbornly to strike twice in the same place, she said, "Allen John—that's your name, isn't it?—you could never in the world cut enough wood to keep you warm."

Daylight had faded, and I was glad of this, for it concealed the rush of blood to my face and ears. "I'm not used to this ax, otherwise I might do better." I determined to chop a clean chip, and aimed blow after blow at the log. The ax acted as if possessed. When quite a gap had been chewed out I picked up the log with some idea of showing my strength by breaking it across my knee. Failing in this, I smote the ground a terrific wallop. Rosalee laughed. I smote the ground another blow and still another, with such force that the stick went flying over the clothesline and disappeared into the woods.

"Come on in," laughed Rosalee. "I'm going to cook you some supper."

I sank the ax into the chopping block. "Is it so late? About supper, Widow Thompson is expecting me; and, afterward, there's the matter of my packing." I wiped the sweat out of my eyes. I hoped she would ask me to do one or two other chores at which I might appear to better advantage. But she said nothing. So I picked up my coat and got into it and looked around for my hat. Perhaps by hurrying I could get my things together and reach the Black Mountain station in time to flag down the 8:30; if not, no matter, I would catch the midnight.

Standing in the doorway of her kitchen, Rosalee continued to look at me solemnly through the dusk; then, without a word, went into the house.

She was lighting a lamp when I paused at the back door. "Is there anything I can do for you before I go?"

"No," said Rosalee, "not a thing."

At the road leading back to Thompson's Valley I caught a glimpse of her light shining through the tall pine trees, a soft yellow gleam in the blue dusk. "She might have said good-by," I told myself. I wondered why she hadn't said good-by. Also, I might have given her the luck piece I had found in the commissary. Why hadn't I thought of that! Taking the coin from my pocket I fingered it thoughtfully; then put it back and walked slowly through the woods.

III

AFTER supper that evening I told Widow Thompson good-by. A gaunt, determined woman with narrow shoulders and wide hips, she said "Good-by" in a nasal voice, and wiped her hands on her apron. Sam, her son, who helped farm these lonely acres, fingered my rifle. Perhaps he was not altogether noted for intelligence, but on the other hand he knew about guns—a great hunter, and we were friends. He wanted to carry my things to the station. But I said no, then unstrapped the canvas telescope and gave him two neckties. Also, I told Widow Thompson to select what she wanted, anything except my blanket. Finally, after deciding against this and that, she took a gray flannel shirt. To this I added three handkerchiefs with my initials on them. Again we shook hands.

"Good-by," I said with deep feeling. "I'll write you and Sam a letter. I'll write you often."

The road was dark, and just before I reached the Black Mountain station the train came with a roar out of the tunnel. I arrived in time to see the tail-lights disappear. Why hadn't I hurried? I could have got here with several minutes to spare had I walked a little faster, I told myself. But, no matter, I would catch the midnight. And picking up the telescope I followed the path around the mountain.

In the place of trees the woodland was hung with black shadows; a murmur permeated this darkness, the murmur grew louder, and when the woodland ended the river flowed in front of me, smooth and wide beneath the night sky.

Depositing the bulky telescope in the first shanty at Hellhole, I hurried downstream until a light appeared through the trees, then automatically my pace slackened. I thought of turning back. What would Rosalee think of me? What would I say? But when I saw her through a window these misgivings vanished. She was sitting on her bed with her back to the wall. Just a glance, yet several things were apparent: She had changed her dress and was wearing slippers in the place of moccasins; and I marveled that she had such nice clothes, with stockings to match—one silk stocking at least, and without a hole in it. The other foot was tucked under her.

I knocked, and when she opened the door I told her I had missed my train. "I got to the station just as it went by. But I'll catch the midnight." And digging in my pocket I brought out the luck piece I had found that afternoon.

"So you found this at the commissary!" She examined the dime as if it were a great curiosity. Possibly it recalled scenes to her mind—scenes in which there were fifty or a hundred men and she was the only woman. She laughed a little. "The date is the year I was born."

"In that case you must have it." I took out my penknife with the idea of cutting a hole in the coin. "If I had a small file I would make a silver ring for your finger. Once I made a ring out of a dime; but that was long ago. I've forgotten who I made it for." I looked at the date. "So you're eighteen?"

"I'll be nineteen in January—New Year's Day," said Rosalee.

"Well, no matter. How old do you think I am?"

She measured me slowly with her eyes. "You're nearly a head taller than I am. You might be any age."

"A good head taller." I stretched myself to my full height. Rosalee stood close to me, and it surprised both of us that the top of her head came above my shoulder.

"That," she explained, "is because these slippers have heels on them." She held to my arm and took off one slipper, then the other slipper. "Now measure."

A little thing—not even up to my chin! Why did men bother themselves about her?

The table was set; I could see it through the kitchen door and asked if she had not had supper. "It's set with two places," said Rosalee. "I knew you'd come back. I knew it. So I waited."

"You waited for me!" It was nine o'clock. I examined the coin in my hand. It fell to the floor, and I picked it up quickly and stuffed it into my pocket. I could hear the rushing sound of the river; and yet it was not the river, but something inside my body. A woman had changed her dress and waited for me? Even though I had had supper, no one could accuse me of not being able to eat two meals, one on top of the other like a boa constrictor.

(Continued on Page 43)

AMERICAN TRAVELS OF A GEM COLLECTOR

By Dr. George Kunz

As Told to Marie Beynon Ray

THE great collections of gems are perhaps even more interesting in the making than in the seeing or the owning. At any rate, I should much rather be in possession of the experiences, adventures, travels and friendships collected while I was gathering what are often spoken of as the greatest gem collections of our time than of the gems themselves. I have made in all some dozen collections, including the J. Pierpont Morgan Collection, which is considered the finest in the world; the Chicago Exposition Collection, now in the Field Museum in Chicago, surpassed only by the Morgan Collection; and the Dr. L. T. Chamberlain Collection. Not the least interesting part of my work were the additions made to other men's collections as, for instance, Mr. Clarence S. Bement's, Mr. Heber R. Bishop's collection of jade, Colonel Roebling's collection, and many others.

A private collector is, of course, in a somewhat different position from mine. On the whole, things come more naturally to me, and I would not compare my adventures in search of treasure with those of men like Mr. Bishop, for example, who, not having agents all over the world at their beck and call, set forth themselves, not once but many times, to the far corners of the earth in search of some coveted bit—always, at that moment, the most coveted bit in their entire collection—and experience veritable Arabian Nights' adventures by the way. And yet I, too, have set out in quest of gems, have known the thrill of pursuit and capture and, above all, the thoroughly satisfying experience of adding one rare gem to another in the ever-growing collections that even Time perhaps will not destroy.

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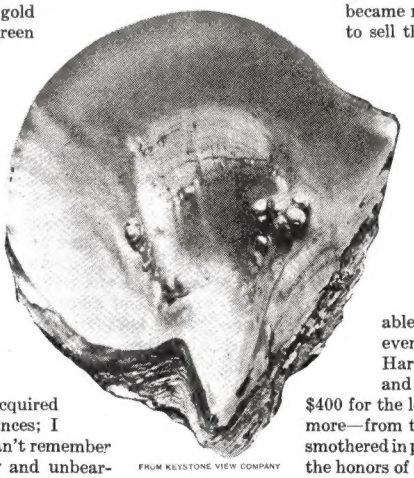
The Pearl Fisheries of Ceylon. The Divers, as a Rule, Sell Their Share of the Catch to Retail Purchasers Who Line the Shore Each Time the Pearl-Fishing Craft Put In to Shore

In a Small Boy's Pockets

THE beginning of this lifelong devotion to gems was in my childhood. You are to imagine one of America's first meek attempts at a Coney Island—the tinny tempo of The Blue Danube being suffocated by a German band; little shrieks as hooped skirts billow upward and women's feet clear the floor, bonnets askew, faces blazing; beyond the rough dance floor, tables on which mugs of foaming beer beat time to the music; and in the green and still beautiful distance, raucous yells from a ball field and the criers of those poisonously brilliant ices known as "hokey-pokey, penny a lick; the more you eat the more you kick"—such were the Elysian Fields on the plains of Hoboken in the late 60's.

On the outskirts of the crowd pauses for a brief moment a small boy whose pockets bulge with lumpy mysteries. Even the ball game claims but a perfunctory glance and he passes along, on sterner business bent. Arrived at a secluded spot, he kneels and empties the contents of his pockets on the ground, sorting them carefully, muttering their names and an occasional affectionate word: "Good old quartz! Oh, you beauty! Fine bit of ore." A litter of stones—not stones whose smoothness and roundness made them pleasant to the touch, not seashore pebbles picked for their glistening beauty, not small hard stones to fit neatly into the deadly sling shot. No, these delectable bits of shale and rock would have interested no other small boy, and no adult of his acquaintance would have given them house room. When away from home he trembled for their safety, tucked beneath his mattress, furtively hidden under loosened boards in the floor, concealed hither and yon like a squirrel's hoard of nuts. All his holidays were devoted to collecting them, crawling at risk of life and limb over fresh excavations and down into new railroad cuts.

Every boy has his passion—his collection of stamps or coins or marbles or what not, and the only difference between another boy's and mine was that I never outgrew it. Given a fresh excavation today, I am just as apt to go down on my knees and begin grubbing about as I was at the age of ten. Each one of those treasured stones contained its nugget of pure gold for me—its zeolitic minerals, green quartz, pectolite, iron ore; and I called them all by name as other boys spoke of their reals, their agates, their alleys and their pures. The Elysian Fields, the new excavation for the Bergen Tunnel, the many developments on Staten, Long and Manhattan islands, including the Fourth Avenue cut and the extension of the New York Central Railroad—all the pioneer engineering of our great city offered virgin soil to the collector of minerals—and a collector of minerals too poor—and too proud—to buy from dealers, I already was. I hadn't acquired this passion from any acquaintances; I certainly didn't inherit it; yet I can't remember the time when I wasn't solitarily and unbearably thrilled by the sight of a spot of ore in a bit of rough rock.



FROM KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY

Pearls Imbedded in an Oyster Shell

I first became conscious of this strange passion one day when, aged ten, I dropped into Barnum's Museum on Ann Street and Broadway, opposite the old Astor Hotel, just a few weeks before it burned down. The collection of minerals formed by Mr. Bailey was on exhibition and I hung, suffocated with pleasure, over the cases. Since then my eyes have looked upon more wealth in gems, I suppose, than any other living eyes, yet nothing has ever seemed to me more thrillingly beautiful than those not-even-precious stones in old Barnum's Museum. The only person who even understood this curious passion of mine was Mr. Benjamin Chamberlain, a man when I was a boy, who devoted twenty-five years to making the finest collection of minerals from Manhattan Island ever gathered, a collection that is now in the Museum of Natural History.

Acclaimed

SHORTLY after the Barnum Museum fire my family moved to New Jersey and I was able to start collecting minerals from the vicinity of Bergen Hill and the Elysian Fields, gradually, as I grew older, extending my excursions to include Franklin, Staten Island and New York City. At the age of fourteen I started sending specimens abroad for exchange, and had already begun that unending stream of correspondence on mineralogy which now inundates the vaults of several museums, the cellars and several of the rooms of my home, my private offices, and heaven knows what outlying territories. It all seems to me very interesting and important, though I suppose its custodians would gladly see it heaped in a pyre on the Mall of Central Park, its flames licking the sky.

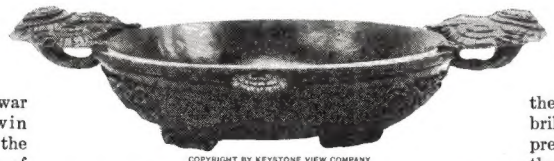
Between working days and studying nights at Cooper Union, with a few holidays in the summer, I managed to complete my first collection, and whatever else may be said of it, it was, from the point of sheer bulk and weight, the most considerable I have ever made. It contained 4000 specimens and weighed two tons! It now became my great and consuming ambition to sell this collection, not so much for the money it might bring but to mark myself in the eyes of the world as a real collector.

Of course such collections are of value only to museums, their interest being purely mineralogical and geological. A mineralogist collects everything that Nature produces, and those things with the least commercial value often have the greatest value in his eyes. Already my collection was so good that I was able not only to exchange abroad but even to sell duplicates here, some to Dr. Harvey Wiley, the pure-food expert; and when I finally received an offer of $400 for the lot—it was, of course, worth much more—from the University of Minnesota, I was smothered in pride. Not, I think, when I received the honors of Officier de la Légion d'Honneur, of a Knight of the Order of St. Olaf, or Officer of the Order of the Rising Sun of Japan, did I experience the same thrill as on that day that officially placed me among recognized mineralogists.

Not all my childhood was a delectable grubbing for minerals. I remember less passionate but not less happy hours spent in walks—before we moved away from New York—with my father, who was a great lover of Nature, in search of various wild flowers through the fields and lanes and little wooded stretches of New York City. Everything north of Forty-second Street was an open cut, and at

Fifty-ninth Street the city broke into a turbulent wilderness. Below that, one house to a block was a good average, horse cars and carriages were the only means of getting about, and it took three-quarters of an hour to go from Canal Street to Fifty-ninth.

Then, in Jersey, I had a playground it would be hard to beat—one that had cost almost $5,000,000. At the foot of Third Street in Hoboken lay the bulk of one man's magnificent but impractical dream. In 1861, when the war broke out, Edwin Stevens, founder of the Stevens Institute of Technology, had a beloved daughter in the South. He couldn't face the torture and suspense of being separated from her during the uncertain duration of the war, nor any perilous attempts she might make to win her way north. So, like the lordly gentleman he was, he built her a ship of her own to sail south for her and carry her home in triumph. No ordinary passenger ship was this—no gentleman's pleasure yacht—but, killing two birds with one stone, this amazing man—who feared as much for the safety of New York as for that of his daughter, and always maintained that any properly guarded enemy ship could enter the harbor and blow us to pieces—built a submersible gunboat for our defense.



COPYRIGHT BY KEYSTONE VIEW COMPANY

An Ancient Jade Bowl From China. An Exquisite Example of an Unknown Artist of the Han Period

Alas, though at his death he left an extra million to complete it, it was never finished and was finally scrapped and sold in 1875 for $55,000, never having fired a shot in defense of the city. When I was a lad it was the $5,000,000 playground of the Stevens boys and their friends, and better caves, mines, pirate holds or thieves' dens I defy any boy to find. They had no luck with their boats, those Stevenses. There was an earlier Stevens who built a single and double propeller boat before Robert Fulton built his, but the name of Fulton, not that of Stevens, is the one that has come to be commonly associated with early steam navigation on the Hudson.

Why are They Precious?

I MADE other mineralogical collections after that—better if not bigger—and sold them to various museums, so that it was natural that I should eventually become connected with the Museum of Natural History in New York, which at that time modestly occupied two floors in the little old red brick Arsenal Building in Central Park. Later I was offered the directorship of the National Museum at Washington, but I had already begun to look in another direction. I wanted to continue working at one thing only as long as I felt I could better myself, and though I still employed my leisure in studying mineralogy and chemistry I had become interested in another phase of the science.

At that time the jewelry profession was strictly confined to precious stones, of which there are but four—the diamond, ruby, emerald and sapphire—and—not a stone but none the less precious—the pearl. These were, as a matter of fact, the only gems that were really seriously considered, although cameos had a certain less solemn vogue, as also the onyx and bloodstone. Up until the middle of the nineteenth century, coral, opal and turquoise had been considered precious gems, but due to the change in fashion, to the great quantities of inferior material put on the market and to increased understanding of the nature of gems, they had by this time been ranked with the semiprecious gems.

Now in my mineralogical investigations I had from time to time come across many beautiful minerals that had all the qualities of gems, being of great hardness, tenacity, brilliancy, transparency, purity and exquisite coloring. Cut and polished, many of these stones rivaled in beauty the precious stones. They were indeed, in every acceptance of the term, gems, even though denied the epithet "precious."

This question of preciousness is an interesting one. Just what is it, I am often asked, that ranks a gem as precious? What excludes it? It is no one quality but a combination of several. The opal may certainly lay claim to be as beautiful as the ruby; yet the ruby is precious and the opal is not. The zircon is as brilliant as the diamond, yet not precious. The beryl is as hard as the emerald, yet not precious. The tourmaline is as durable as the pearl, yet not precious. The hiddenite is more rare than the sapphire, yet not precious. Here are the prime qualities that determine the rank of a gem—all of them possessed by stones ranked as semiprecious. But preciousness is like the beauty of a face; it is not alone a fine pair of eyes or a lovely complexion that constitutes beauty, but a combination of several qualities.

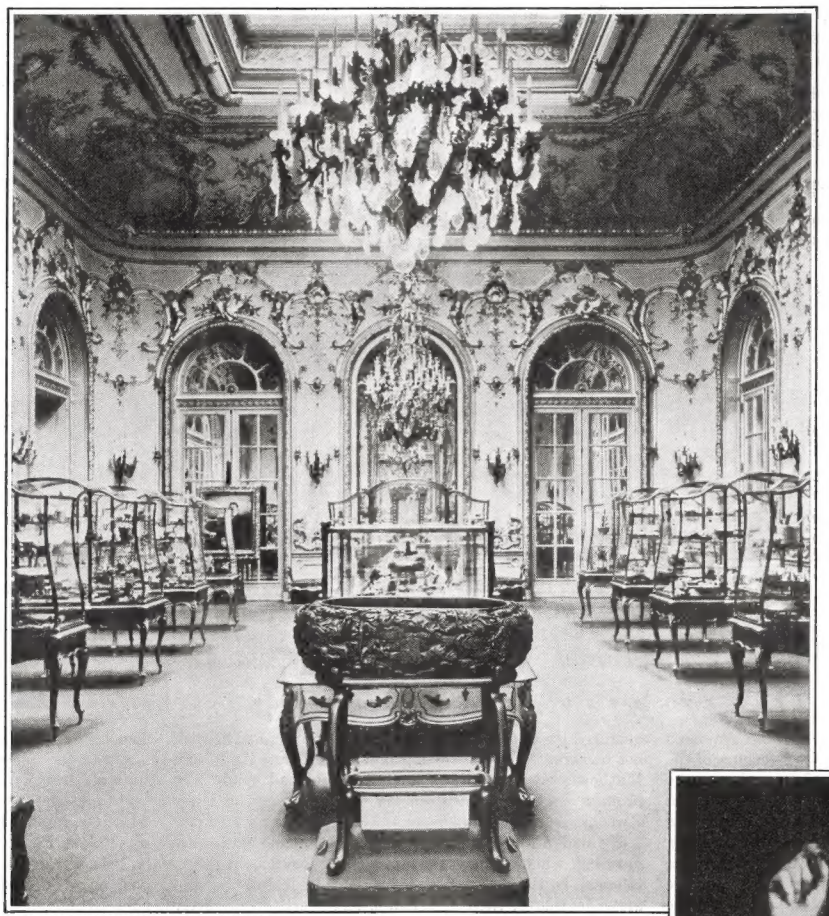


PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE METROPOLITAN MUSEUM OF ART

The Bishop Jade Room in the Metropolitan Museum of Art, Containing the Heber R. Bishop Collection of Jade

Therefore it is only when a gem possesses to the *n*th degree, first, hardness—the principal qualification—then brilliancy, then beauty, then durability, then rarity, that it is given the brevet of preciousness. As in a horse or a dog, it is a question of the highest number of points. That is why the diamond outranks all other jewels. It really possesses the qualities of all other stones—the greatest hardness, an unsurpassed brilliancy, an unrivaled beauty—due to its play of color and its fire—an unexcelled durability and extreme rarity. But, above all, it is its supremacy in hardness that places it beyond all other stones. It is the hardest known substance on earth and, as far as we can judge, on any planet.

Rubies and sapphires come next in hardness—they are one and the same stone, except for the coloring matter—and emeralds rank third, being, even though third, yet so hard that nothing will scratch them but a precious stone.

The pearl stands alone. The diamond is king, the pearl, queen—with just that touch of feminine frailty that is part of a woman's charm. For the pearl is less hard than many even of the semiprecious stones; yet—again like a woman—it has as much endurance as the masculine gems. I have myself tried its feminine durability by the severest tests. I once took a number of pearls weighing two grains each and, placing them on pine, oak, mahogany and rosewood boards, pressed them in with my heel, and none of them was broken or scratched, though they sank clean into all the boards, with the exception of the rosewood, into which they sank only halfway. It is this quality of the pearl that raises it unquestionably above the opal, which is more or less fragile.

In those early days, as I have said, no so-called fancy stones were on sale in any jewelry store in the country; one could scarcely find them in a lapidary's shop, yet, reviewing those that I had gathered, it seemed to me that many ladies, even those who could afford the gesture of diamond tiara and pearl choker, would be happy to array themselves in the endless gorgeous colors of these unexploited gems. As I looked over a collection of them, with the sunlight imprisoned in the sea-green depths of the tourmaline, lapping at the facets of the watery-blue aquamarine, flooding the blood-red cup of the garnet, glancing from the ice-blue edges of the beryl, melting in the misty nebula of the moonstone, entangled in the fringes of the moss agate, brilliantly concentrated in the metallic zircon, forming a milky star in the heart of the illusive star sapphire—how, I thought, could a woman ever resist their subtle appeal?

A New Gem

SO ONE day, buckled in youth, I wrapped a tourmaline in a bit of gem paper, swung on a horse car, and all the way to my destination rehearsed my arguments. Arrived there, I was finally received by the managing head of what was even then the largest jewelry establishment in the world, and showed him my drop of green light. I explained—a very little; the gem itself was its own best argument. Tiffany bought it—the great dealers in precious stones bought their first tourmaline from me. The check which crinkled in my pocket as I walked home in the late afternoon, forgetting there were cars, stargazing, tripping over curbs, meant very little in comparison with the fact that I had

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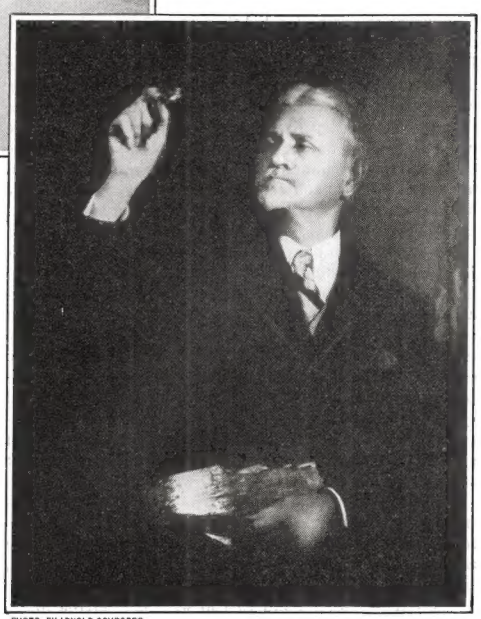
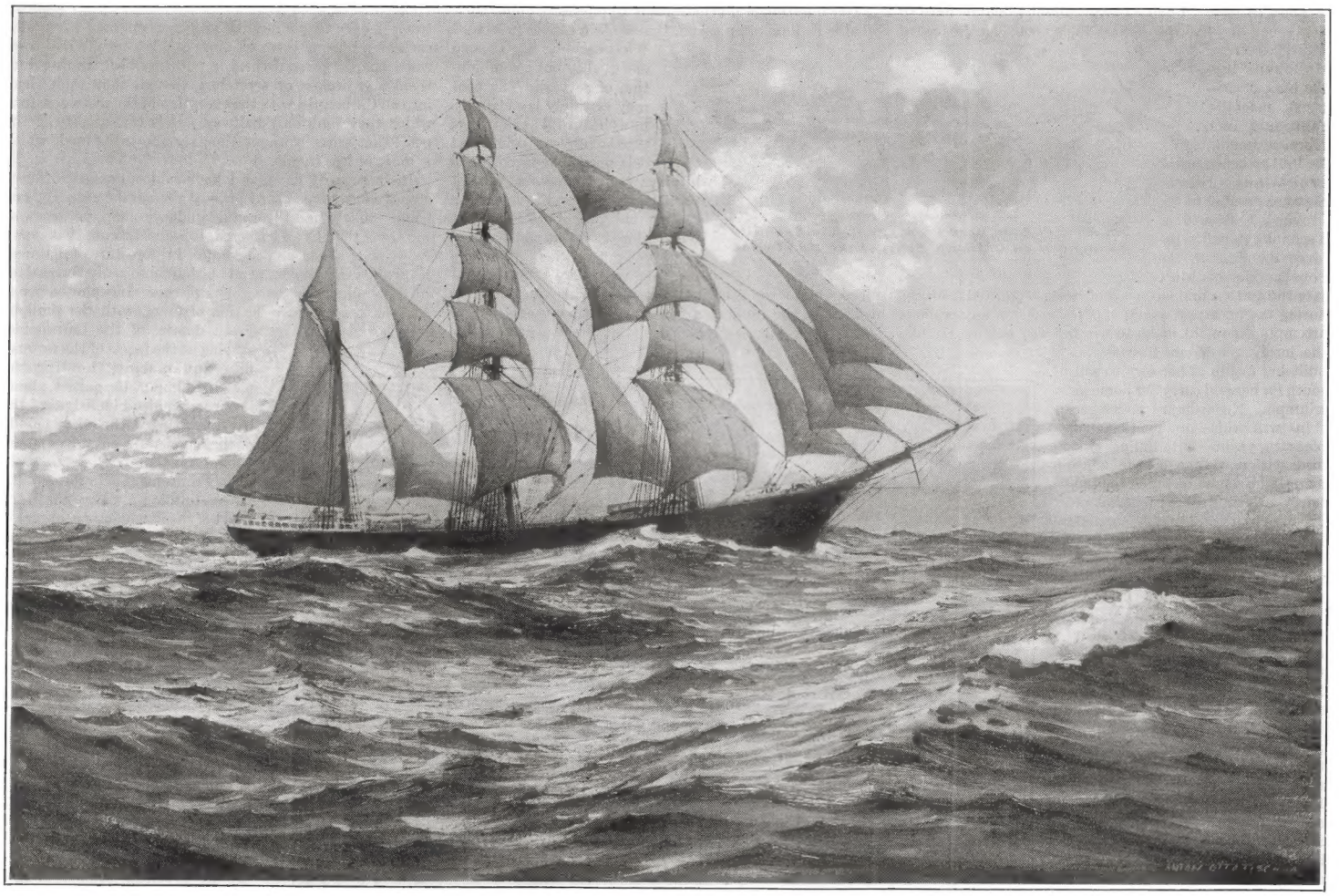


PHOTO. BY ARNOLD SCHRODER

Dr. George F. Kunz Examining the Gem "Kunzite," Which He Discovered and Which Was Named for Him

The Peculiar Treasure of Kings



Day After Day She Went Booming Down the Latitudes With a Bone in Her Teeth and a White Wake Boiling Astern

By Marjory Stoneman Douglas

ILLUSTRATED BY ANTON OTTO FISCHER

WHENEVER old Johnny Mathew had to rest his face from its enforced habit of cheerfulness he came and sat alone on his favorite bench in the little park at Charlotte Amalie, where his mild seaman's eye could look out over the shimmering translucence of the bay, where the ships lay lightly. Over him and over the statue of some forgotten Danish prince in a cast-iron Prince Albert coat, a flagstaff pushed a bright American flag up into the steady wind from the Caribbean. It was a comfort to let his face sag and his eyes show their weariness that was often very like desperation, here where no one could notice him, among the raw red croton bushes and the tall upcurving coconuts. Today even his shoulders sagged under his worn cotton coat, and his neatly trimmed gray beard drooped to his chest. Old Johnny had had a shock. He had seen his son.

He was on that bark out there in the harbor, the bark Mary Parsons, which three days ago, to his excitement, had moved beautifully under her own canvas to an anchorage among the coal steamers, stately as a lady and splendid as new hope. She was that to him. She meant that he might be able to get a berth on her, any sort of job, to escape from this fear he had of being sent back to the States by the authorities, shamefully, as a pauper. The small wad of money he had left after being discharged from the hospital here would not last another month, and his hopes of getting anything to do on any of these casual steamers that stopped for an hour or two were dwindling with it.

He knew steamships well enough. But like the old sailing man that he was, secretly he had a contempt for them—for steamships that battered and reeked their dirty way among the boom and slide of clean oceans which only sails, to his old-fashioned way of thinking, were fit to serve. The Mary Parsons was bound to Rio with lumber, he found out; but off St. Thomas her captain had been taken dangerously ill and she had put in here so that he could be operated on at the hospital while she communicated with her owners. She was waiting now for orders. And John Mathew's own son, the son that Annie had made him promise never to hunt up or try to know, was the Mary Parsons' second mate.

He had noticed the boy for the first time yesterday morning, when he had had himself rowed out to the ship to speak to the mate about a berth. The feel of the ship under him, after these sickly months of earth, the orderly lift of her cordage over his head, had made him happy, although the mate had not been encouraging. He was genial enough about it, to be sure, with a surly sense of power already in the swing of his thick shoulders and his thick hands, and old Johnny had lingered to promote the general friendliness with one or two of those sprightly yarns he carried under his tongue, which often won him dinners from the men from the ships.

The mate, with the command of the Mary Parsons so nearly in his grasp, was ripe for friendliness. Old Johnny was a seaman and no beach comber, he could feel him thinking. As a result, old Johnny spoke as an expert of the chicken at Yellow Charlie's and of Yellow Charlie's admirable habit of slipping a little very old Jamaica rum to the elbow of anyone he knew was right. That fixed everything. The mate promptly wanted to be shown.

So old Johnny had started for the ladder, feeling fairly cheery and looking thoroughly sprightly, when he saw the second mate. The thing that startled him was nothing he could put his finger on. It was just a whiff of something familiar in the look of that lean brown youth coming silently down the deck, with a still gray eye and a shut look to his mouth, as if something hot and dogged in him pulled tight at his lips, which might have been more restless than he cared to show. The older, smaller man stood for a moment at the ladder top, caught by that look of something that he had known. The second passed him with a cool glance full in the eye, not bold so much as measuring, and the image of him stuck in old Johnny's mind in spite of his deeper concern.

He met the mate at the boat landing as the dark slid down the mountainside, and he saw that the second had come along in the boat too. Old Johnny talked easily as he led them up the cobbles, under the wooden galleries, past open doors and windows where lamplight splashed across the murmurous dark. They climbed among the heavy scent of jasmine and frangipani, and the tropic night hummed like Africa below the firm sound of their boots. Old Johnny hardly noticed what his tongue was saying because of the way his disturbed mind darted about the silent young figure at his shoulder. What was it about the boy?

Then over a table with the lamp on it, in the bare second-floor room at Yellow Charlie's, with the night wind bulging the flowered cotton curtain and the sound of feet shuffling by on the stones below, he had heard the mate say, "Mat Brandon here's our second, Mr. Mathew. I don't know's I told you." And in the moment in which the boy had stretched a hand, silently, to his, he had seen that scar in the left eyebrow.

It was only a thin white line that cut it sharply in two and went up the forehead an inch—an old scar, almost unnoticeable. But at the sight of that, old Johnny's body shivered with an unforgotten chill. He had caused that scar himself. It was a memory that turned him sick, even now, in his bed nights. The baby had slipped through his fingers as he held him high one time he had come home a little drunk. He remembered how he had been snatched from a jovial mist by the sight of the little thing bleeding where his forehead had struck the edge of a table. Nothing

of anything that he had done, all his life, had been so bitter, so remorseful, so remorseless, as memory of that. His forehead was wet now, suddenly thinking of it.

It was his son, right enough—Mathew Brandon; a son a man could cotton to who had that empty place in him for something to be proud of. When a man's given up his house and his family, and the place where he grew up and the right to his memories and his name, he has that empty place in him. John Mathew, who had been John Mathew Brandon, thought of that, looking at that scar. Then he rapped on the table smartly to let Yellow Charlie know he had brought him some more customers.

The mate found the chicken good and the old Jamaica rum much to his liking, and his red face turned a slow purple as old Johnny, who did not let himself drink much, kept up the talk that seemed always to be expected of him. The second mate, that young Mat Brandon, who from across the table grew to look more and more like his own grandfather but for the mouth and chin that were his mother's, did not drink much either. Old Johnny could not decide what that chin on the boy might mean. But he did see that he was like his mother in one thing. Under that quiet he was high-strung. The stillness of his body was almost rigidity. His nerves were tight as fiddle strings under a waiting restraint.

The mate was drinking heavily and boasting now—boasting about the captain's illness and his own chance at the command. Drunk, he was a sloppy brute. Old Johnny saw that he would be blind drunk and helpless in another fifteen minutes. There was no use in his staying. He said so to Mat Brandon, who nodded carelessly, his gray eyes intent, dark in his waiting face.

Old Johnny's knees were a little shaky, going slowly down the twisty cobbled street, in the soft vast and blackness of the night. He had a clean bare room in an old Danish house and he was glad to get there, worn out with all this unexpectedness. But the important thing was still that he should get away on that ship. If the captain did die, there would have to be changes. He wouldn't like that mate for captain, but that was not the point. And whatever promises he had made Annie about not ever seeing the son, whom she considered he had disgraced by his drinking, his lightness, his habit of slipping off to sea without her permission, his being undependable and uproarious, had nothing to do with his own necessity now. Poor Annie. She was such a hard-working, righteous woman. She had that dreadful habit of denying to a man even his last scant measure of self-respect.

He was thinking about that still, sitting on the bench among the crotons, staring out at the bark Mary Parsons, full in the diamond radiance of the light. Or rather, he was not so much thinking about his self-respect as feeling it there in him, the very center of himself. He had been uproarious and undependable, as Annie had said. He had got drunk and wasted money and had disreputable friends. He had had a habit of letting responsibility slip out of his grasp, and the morning sea with the sun on it and men's laughter and the moving sails of ships had set a wild gayety burning in him—burning in his veins with the conviction that life was nothing to get so solemn about. Even now that he was nearly old, he felt that way still, often, all by himself in the sunshine.

But nobody would give command of a ship to a small man and a laugher. He knew he worked better for someone else. As a mate he wasn't bad. He could handle men well enough. He could stow a cargo cunningly to favor the nature of the ship. It had been Annie's chief complaint against him that he had no ambition, no drive—that he was soft.

Well, he had certainly been soft to promise what she wanted of him, to give up the house to her, and his name—and the boy. But on the other hand, it was the least he could do for her if she felt like that. What difference did it make? He knew that in this world he was too proud to explain himself or ask favors or hoard bitterness for things long done. Maybe men did not succeed like that. But any other was simply not the way he thought, that was all.

Abruptly now he looked up and saw his son striding intently along one of the paths, even as he was thinking about him. He walked frowning at the ground. A good tall boy, old Johnny thought with a throb of pleasure, broad-shouldered for all his slenderness. He wished that he knew what the thoughts were behind the narrowed eyes, and what the tight mouth would become in an emergency.

As he looked the other saw him and strode up. "There you are," he said quickly. "I was just wondering how I could get a hold of you. We'll need you on the Mary Parsons. Captain Caddogan died this morning—and the mate's disappeared. He was so drunk I had to leave him there. I cabled the owners and they told me to take the ship out at once, as captain."

The older man stared up at the narrowed gray eyes, a little darker than his own, which looked down at him unwinkingly. There was a fixity about the boy's face, as if he was more excited, secretly, than he would let appear. What he said had so surprised old Johnny that he stared up, unwinking, too, with something of that same fixity. It was as if the boy shared some secret knowledge with him, but for the life of him old Johnny did not know what that could be. All he could say was, "You're—captain?"

"I've had my master's papers for a year," the other said firmly. "The owners knew that. They knew I was looking to better myself if the chance came. The mate should have known, the thick fool. They want the captain's body shipped back to his wife. So we're taking the ship out at five this afternoon."

"You've got a berth for me on her?" old Johnny said slowly, to be certain, in all this welter of thoughts.

"That's what I'm telling you—first mate," young Mat said impatiently. "It's a good thing for you and it's not a

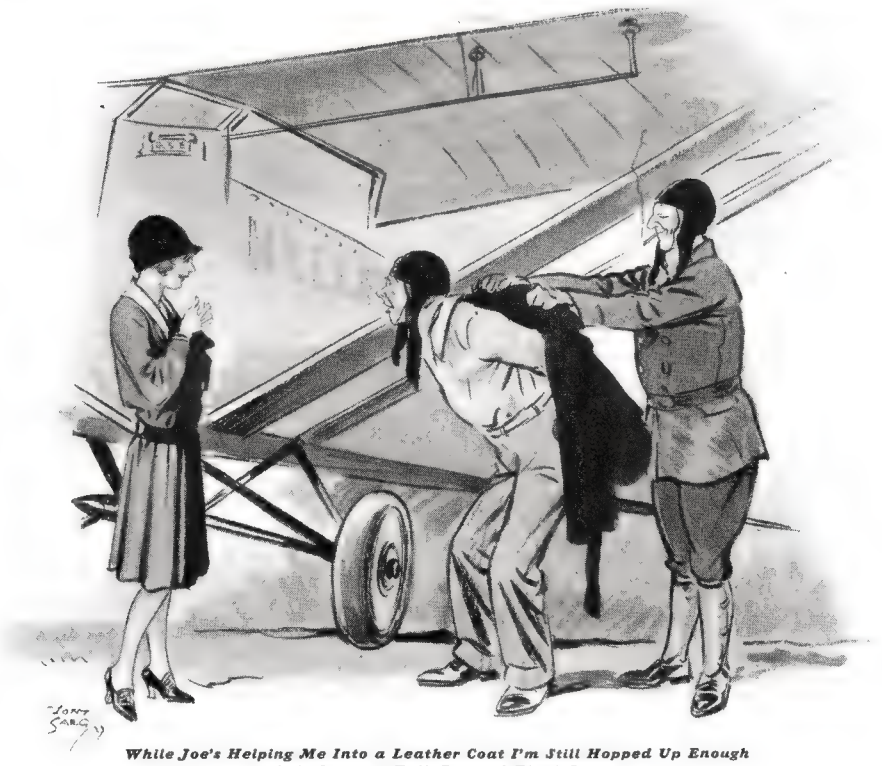
(Continued on Page 104)

The World Heaved Violently, Whirling, and Became a Seething Drop Into Darker Water, Bottomless

JUST A BIG BIRDMAN

By SAM HELLMAN

ILLUSTRATED BY TONY SARG



While Joe's Helping Me Into a Leather Coat I'm Still Hopped Up Enough With Anger to Talk Big and Think Large

I HAD no more idea of flying the day I took Minnie to Roosevelt Field than I had of flying, but you know how it is when you've gone sappy on a skirt. The gal wants fish and you want meat, so you compromise on smelts.

Personally I had no interest whatever in the hop-off, and as for me frisking air pockets on my own—well, two'd have got you twenty any day. The chances are I'd have gone through life without even seeing a flying field if merry Minnie Murphy hadn't gone Lindbergh on the cloud crashers.

We're standing on the sidelines watching the ozone Oldfields testing out their busses for the Portland-to-Portland non-stop—Maine to Oregon—when one of the bims busts away from his machine and drifts over our way. Even with his oil and grease make-up, I gives him a quick tumble.

It's Joe Swift, a side-kick of mine back in the days when he raced benzine buggies against time and old age on the saucer tracks. I hadn't seen him since he splintered through the fence at Indianapolis three years before.

"What you doing here?" I exclaims.

"Well," grins Joe, "I could tell you that I was raising left-handed canaries for the Peruvian trade, but would you believe it?"

"So," I remarks, "you've given up the skid for the nose dive."

"Yep," returns Swift. "The concern I was with gave me the air, so I took it. I've done pretty well too. So have you," he adds, with an admiring stare at Minnie.

That's not surprising. The frill's a heaping eyeful and even an aviator would fall for her.

"Why don't you introduce me to Miss America?" suggests Joe.

I does, but if I'd known what was to come of it he'd have had as much chance of meeting Min as a pair of deuces has against a pat straight flush.

"Aren't you the feller," she inquires, with a Sunday smile, "that flew under Brooklyn Bridge upside down, with your hands tied behind your back?"

Swift nods. "That was nothing," says he. "You can handle the stick all right with your teeth and shoulders."

"Upside down?" I grunts.

"Sure," returns Joe. "Planes don't care which way they fly."

"Nor," says I, "which way they flop and flatten you, either. You in this Portland-to-Portland race?" I inquires.

"Yep," replies Swift. "I expect we'll shove off next week sometime. Take a tip from me, bozo, and bet the family nightshirt that I'll cop off the twenty-five thousand berries they've hung up for the winner. Me and Hallelujah ——"

"You and who?" I cuts in.

"Hallelujah," says Joe, pointing with his thumb toward his bus, which was lying out in midfield. "That's her name."

"Not so bad," I comes back, "but with the stunts you've been staging you ought to call her Nearer My God to Thee."

"Don't worry," returns the flyer. "With Hallelujah I'm as safe as a mother in its baby's arms. How'd you like to go up with me now for a short spin?"

"Out of my life," I yelps, "and never darken it again. If I ever do go up, and that'll probably be the second Thursday after never, it'll be with a safe-and-saner who used both hands and keeps his head higher'n his feet."

"I won't pull a thing," promises Swift. "Just a ten or fifteen minute breeze around the lot—conservative widow-and-orphan stuff."

"What'll I do," I demands, "if you change your mind in a cloud bank and start zooming around on your ear? Put on my mad shoes and walk, or call up the police? Not on your Hallelujah," I goes on. "The air belongs to the birds and I'm not busting in on their privacy. Me for terra cotta."

"I'd love to fly—with you," coos Minnie, grabbing Joe by the arm and turning her eighteen-thousand candy-power searchlights on the pilot. "Please, take me."

"I'd swim the river to take you," he returns, "but there's a company rule against going up with women. I'll take your boy friend though. Give him his marching orders, girlie."

"He's afraid," she sniffs. "He left his nerve in his other suit."

"Who's afraid?" I growls. "I just don't care about it. Do I lay off of stewed tripe because I'm afraid of it? Flying to me is stewed tripe. It doesn't appeal, that's all."

"You're not afraid of stewed tripe," sneers Minnie, "but I bet you'd run a mile from a live tripe. How do you know you wouldn't go ga-ga over flying, if you once tried it? Go on," she urges. "I'll give you a letter of introduction and a sandwich and a half."

I keeps on stalling, but it doesn't get me anything except increasing cloudiness and colder, and that kind of bothers me. Minnie and I haven't been hitting it so hot lately and I can see curtains for myself if I run out on the sky skid. Besides, I don't like the way she and Joe have been petting each other with their eyes. Swift always was a quick trick with the baby dolls and it's up to me to pry 'em apart before he grabs off her phone number.

"Let's go," I snaps, starting toward the Hallelujah; "and none of your cheap widow-and-orphan stuff for me. Spill your whole bag of tricks, feller. There's nothing on land, sea or air that can faze this lad."

"Thatta territory," applauds Minnie, and splits her lip rouge with me.

While Joe's helping me into a leather coat I'm still hopped up enough with anger to talk big and think large, but no sooner does he start the propeller whirling than everything blurs and I begin distinctly remembering things that happened to me when I was a kid. What a sucker I am—a sap that gets dizzy leaning out of a second-story window going up with a stunt flyer and daring him to do his worst!

Swift works fast. Before I knows it I'm strapped into the extra seat of the Hallelujah, the blocks are pulled from under the wheels and we're taxiing across the field. We lift, miss a fence, a barn and a flock of trees by what looks to me like the skin of a hen's teeth, and we're clear and away.

Funny about this here flying. You don't get no feeling of going up at all. You float in the air like you was hung to a chandelier and the earth sort of sinks and backs away from under you. Just the same it's spooky, looking over the side and watching cornfields and cow pastures turning into little green and brown rugs scattered over ground that's split up with concrete ribbons.

Joe keeps climbing, but he does it so steadily and surely that my nerve begins seeping back. I sits up and takes a little notice. "What creek's that?" I shouts, pointing to a slit of silver in the distance.

"Creek, hell!" yells Swift. "That's Long Island Sound!"

That shuts me up. I got no yen to be classed with the Chicago dame flying out of the town who mistook Lake Michigan for a pearl button that'd fallen off her coat.

We must have been eighty-six or ninety-three miles in the air when suddenly we drops like a rock. I'm straining at the straps all set for a jump when the plane stops and goes skimming along again as easy as you please.

"That's No Way to Talk About a Nice Girl"

Knee, and Sometimes Thigh, Deep We Slosh Through the Gooey Gumbo in the Direction From Which We Had Come

"Air pocket!" hollers Joe.

"Gosh," I gasps. "Lucky there wasn't a hole in it."

Higher and higher we climb and it grows colder than an organized charity with a deficit. It gets so I can't tell a shiver from a tremble.

"They say," I hears Swift yelp through the engine racket, "that this can't be done! The chances are it can't be, but here goes!" And he starts monkeying with the steering dingus.

"Stop!" I shrieks.

"Forget it!" bites off Joe. "Do you want to live forever?"

He points the nose of the Hallelujah toward the ground, but don't ask me what happens after that. Later on I was told he'd pulled a combination side roll and double loop with trimmings, but all I remember is whirling around, mostly balanced on my left eyebrow and seeing flashes of the sky and earth at split-second intervals. If you've ever been rolled in a barrel and tossed in a blanket at one and the same time you'll get the general idea.

"Well," grins Swift, when the bus is straightened out again, "it can be done!"

"Home!" I moans.

Joe's ready to call it a day, and after some easy riding, zooms down on the field for a gentle landing. I'm shaking like an aspen tree in a malarial swamp when I starts to climb out of the machine and Swift has to help me. Never again for me—and how never!

It's quite a walk to where Minnie's waiting for us, and before I gets to her I've pulled myself together handsome.

"Well?" she inquires.

"Wonderful!" says I, enthusiastic. "I wouldn't have missed it for anything. Too bad Joe didn't have time to do anything but the widow-and-orphan stuff."

Swift slips me a high eyebrow, but he's too much of a sport to turn over my apple cart.

"That hoochee-coochee swan dive he took," remarks Minnie, "looked kind of tricky from where I sat."

"Swan dive?" I repeats. "Oh, that," I shrugs carelessly. "It didn't amount to anything. We were never in the slightest danger."

"How could you be, with Mr. Swift at the wheel?" gushes the girl friend, giving Joe the coy eye and the maidenly four-flush. "Wouldn't you just love to be with him on the Portland hop?"

"I'd like to take him, too," comes back the pilot, "but the owner of the bus is to be my passenger."

"That's tough," says I. "I was just going to proposition you for the extra seat."

II

FOR days after the flight I trembles every time I see a bird or read of the stock market going up, but nevertheless I keep up a glib line of enthusiasm about aviation with Minnie. The frill's just gone plain cuckoo on the subject.

When I talk of love, she counters with levers; when I starts to discuss our future, she comes back with Fokkers and fuselage. A dark porch and a bright moon gets her sentimental about night trips through the air. And there's a lot of Joe Swift in her conversation. Finally I gets suspicious.

"You been seeing that bozo?" I asks.

"What if I have?" she snaps. "Do you own a 100 per cent of the stock in my company?"

"No," says I, "but I kind of thought that I held the preferred."

"Well," comes back Minnie, "you'd better take another inventory. Don't be a sap on Saturday night," she goes on more gently. "I've been to the field a couple of times since I saw you last and I've talked a little with Swifty ——"

"Swifty, eh?" I growls.

"That's all right," returns the chick. "You can't mister a bird, can you?"

"Haven't seen him off the field, have you?" I inquires.

"Only out of my bedroom window," replies Minnie. "He sailed close over the house yesterday morning and ——"

"If he keeps that up," I grunts, "he'll be dropping in on you some fine day with part of the roof."

"That would be terrible," says she, "if I didn't happen to be dressed."

I'm certainly relieved when I picks up the afternoon paper Monday and reads where all the babies in the cross-country race have gone to Portland for the take-off. But I don't stay relieved for long. I'm just about to leave the office when in busts Minnie, all hopped up with excitement.

"It's all fixed!" she shrills.

"What is?" I asks.

"You're going with Swifty," returns Minnie. "Come on and get busy."

"With Swifty?" I mumbles.

"Yep," says she. "Mason—he's the guy that owns the Hallelujah—backed out. I was at the field when Joe shoved off. He had no time to get in touch with you, so he asked me to tell you to meet him in Portland Wednesday morning. They breeze in the afternoon. Isn't it just too wonderful for words?"

"Much too wonderful," I snorts, "for words or deeds. It's darn thoughtful of Joe," I goes on, "but he'll have to hunt around and *cherchez* another passenger to punch a ticket for."

If You've Ever Been Rolled in a Barrel and Tossed in a Blanket at One and the Same Time You'll Get the General Idea

"What!" gasps Minnie. "You mean to say you'd let this chance go?"

"Like an express by a tramp," I assures her. "You think I can step out of my work on a minute's notice to go necking with clouds and fog banks? Anyway, what business have I got in Portland, Oregon?"

"Didn't you tell Swifty you were nuts and raisins about taking the trip?" demands the gal.

"I was just giving him a ride," says I, "for the one he gave me."

"You got to go," comes back Minnie. "Look at this." And she passes over a late edition of the afternoon paper.

Owing to a sudden illness in his family, Arthur Mason, owner of the Hallelujah, will be unable to make the hop with Swift. His place will be taken by Dan McGurk, a young broker, who has been a devotee of flying for years. It is reported that McGurk has been around Roosevelt Field for weeks offering fancy sums for a seat in one of the Portland-to-Portland racing planes.

"Well," says I, "I've seen papers announce it was going to be fair and warmer, but that didn't change the weather's plans any. I'll just call 'em up and tell 'em they made a topographical error. I'm staying here."

"You're afraid," snaps Minnie. "Here I've been working on Swifty ever since it was rumored that Mason might not go, to get the spot for you, and now you turn yellow. You can't make a sap out of me. If you don't take this trip you'll take another nonstop flight."

"From where?" I asks.

"From out of my life," she returns, and I can see that she means it.

"Be reasonable," I pleads. "I'm in the middle of some big deals right now and ——"

"Big deals, my eye," cuts in Minnie. "The sale of that Liberty Bond you've been working on for a month'll keep.

(Continued on Page 129)

THE BRUTISH PERSON

By THOMAS BEER

ILLUSTRATED BY JAMES H. CRANK

"I'm Fifty Years of Age, Girls, an' for More Than Half of That Time I've Been Tellin' the Lot of You it Ain't Polite All to Speak at Once"

ON THE whole, Mrs. Egg had no opinion of snow. It did well enough to pack around a dessert which must be chilled in a hurry, and she remembered that snowballing had been enjoyable in her slim youth. But this product, caking on the heels of her shoes and getting slopped into the kitchen by hired men or grandchildren, or nastily nestling into the crease between her first and second chins—and there came another flake!—was not one of her favorites. Nature, she thought, did a lot for mankind, but why snow? She picked her way along Turley Street, warming her tongue with a cinnamon drop, and panted lugubriously as fresh flakes patted her face.

Her three daughters, charging at her as a solid bulk of furs and pink cheeks out of a milliner's cavern beside the bank, said in their indistinguishable voices: "Mamma, it's so slippery you shouldn't be walking. How's poppa? Have any of the babies got bronchitis yet? Isn't it cold!" And this babble affronted Mrs. Egg so that she swallowed her cinnamon drop.

"I'm fifty years of age, girls, an' for more than half of that time I've been tellin' the lot of you it ain't polite all to speak at once. . . . No, none of the babies has bronchitis yet. Your poppa is some better an' cursed real comfortable this mornin', an' Benj'mina's sittin' up, an' it's extremely commonplace, Pansy, to remark that it's cold weather when any numskull knows it's nearly down to zero, an' I wouldn't be walkin' except Dammy has the car in Shanklin's gettin' some awful kind of thing fixed in the middle of the works which busted last night. It hurts Adam's pride not to be able to doctor any piece of machinery himself. He an' Thyreus was workin' half the night on it, but they had to fetch it in to Shanklin. As for the hat which you have on, Fern, it puts me more in mind of a swill pail than a hat, an' it's no good tellin' me it come ——"

"Came, mamma," said Mrs. Watson.

"—— come or came from a swell shop in New York. An' openwork stockings are no thing, Violet, to be worn on a day like this."

"I've got two pairs on, mother," said Mrs. Preble.

"It's sad," Mrs. Egg reflected, "that Adam's the only child of mine which inherited my ankles and feet. You girls all took after your poppa's family, whom were built solid below the knee. . . . Pansy, it was extremely good of Gladys Romaine to fetch you a lipstick from Paris, but that paint's too purple, kind of, for daylight."

Pansy Orthwein said, "It's the fashionable tint, mamma."

"It may be fash'nable, sweetheart, but it don't match the rest of your face; and who, I'd like to know, is there in Ilium which is worth painting your mouth for? However," Mrs. Egg puffed, "it's a pleasure to see that you're on such good terms with Miss Romaine. My gee! I can remember helpin' mamma make old Madame Romaine's nightdresses an' such for her, an' I had to take a bundle of 'em round to the old cow the mornin' after your poppa proposed marryin' me in front of the Baptist church an' scared me into a snowdrift I was so taken aback, not bein' seventeen yet an' my only other suitor a butcher's boy whose name I've forgot—but he had curly hair an' whistled extremely swell. Anyways, old Mrs. Romaine said, 'Tut-tut, Myrtle, what an untidy package!' An' I said, 'You go straight to thunder! I'm going to marry John Egg next spring when I'm seventeen and he says mamma won't have to be a dressmaker any more.' Which," she mused, "is the last time I ever spoke to a Romaine. . . . The one good thing I can say for your friend, Pansy, is that she has sense enough not to spoil the Romaine house by smearin' stucco all over it or tryin' to make it modern any. It's a fine piece of work like it is, an' the hussy has sense enough to let it stay like her grandfather built it. Seventeen thousand dollars the material cost alone, my father said. He was one of the carpenters. That's equal to twice as much these days. An' seven bedrooms on the second floor. Whom could that fool girl leave it to if her horse threw her tomorrow an' busted her neck? There ain't any more Romaines. Well, brutish persons perish an' leave their wealth to others. . . . Her mamma had relatives in Cleveland. I suppose there's some cousins around."

"The closest relation"—Mrs. Orthwein said this importantly—"is a second cousin. He teaches Greek at Princeton."

"It's some distance from here. . . . Well, she's a terrible lookin' female."

"Mamma!"

"Violet," said Mrs. Egg, with force, "I said that Miss Romaine was a terrible lookin' female an' that is what I meant. You may say that her shape is elegant an' her eyes is somethin' remarkable. If she chooses to dress like a hostler an' keep her hair cut so close you'd think she was scared of lice, it's her business. But it's no act of treason against the state of Ohio or anythin' for me to say I think she looks terrible. I asked your Cousin Thyreus if this is how ladies in Paris dress an' he said it scarcely was. She's twenty-six years of age, bein' some two hours older than your brother Adam, because Doctor Potter come directly from the Romaine mansion to me. She'd ought to know better.

"My gee! I'd like to be told what she comes back to Ilium for, anyhow. She ain't been in the town for two months in three years. She went over on the same steamer as Thyreus last spring, an' now she's back, an' I bet she's gone by Christmas. I don't precisely blame her, neither. She knows very well, unless she's dumb as a brass door knob, that she's only run after here because she's got a million dollars an' owns forty houses in town an' it's something for very trifling women to say that they've been to tea in the Romaine house."

"Mother," Fern Watson said, in a reasonable voice, "she's really a very interesting girl. She's kind of abrupt and—and rude; and I do think she dresses eccentrically, and she simply lights one cigarette from another; but she does talk very well—when she wants to. And she's sort of

The Brutish Person Was Halting Her Horse

pathetic, in a kind of way. And I must say she's the frankest person I ever met—for a woman. Because I never imagined I'd hear a girl say, just as if she was saying she didn't like clams, that she abominated her father. . . . You'd have one subject you'd get along on fine with anyhow. She thinks Adam's awfully handsome. She was asking how tall he is and how much he weighs the other day. She says he looks like an Egyptian statue!"

"So does she," said Mrs. Egg, grubbing another cinnamon drop from her hand bag. "It ain't a statue though. She looks like a mummy of a person named Rameses which used to be Pharaoh of Egypt. I saw him in an educational kind of book Thyreus has around the house. He's smilin', although he's dead as a baked ham, like the Romaines always did. And she might pick on a boy whom hasn't three children and a perfectly good wife to make complimentary remarks at. . . .

"What amuses me in all this business about Miss Romaine is how sudden she took it into her head to cond'scend to know all the lowly worms in this town. The middle of last winter she's drivin' around with her nose up an' not speakin' to a soul, an' then she suddenly takes to givin' tea parties with liquoors on the sideboard an' candy from New York, an' then she goes to Paris for the summer an' comes chasin' back with presents for people. Henry Romaine and her grandmamma would kick out of their coffins to hear of it. . . . Well, I got to get along. Food for two cases of bronchitis in a house takes some thinkin'."

She left her daughters and moved resolutely down Turley Street, taking careful steps. A wind out of Canada chewed her ears and baffled her view of things in the windows of three groceries, flinging all these nasty flakes of snow around.

Exercise might be healthy for a lady who weighed two hundred and twenty-nine pounds, but the wind was vexatious; it kept tucking her coat between her knees and gnawing her chins. It relieved her when Sanderson Patch Watson came abreast at a canter and politely took her basket.

"Where did you go off to, Sandy?"

"I and that Miss Romaine were havin' a hot chocolate in the drug store, grandmamma."

"My gee! When did you get acquainted with Gladys Romaine, Sandy?"

"I didn't," said Sandy; "she got acquainted with me. She said, 'Hello, infant, come and have a drink.' She smoked two cigarettes an' I had to drink her hot chocolate. She didn't want it. She's got a scar on one side of her chin where she had a mole taken off. It's all white."

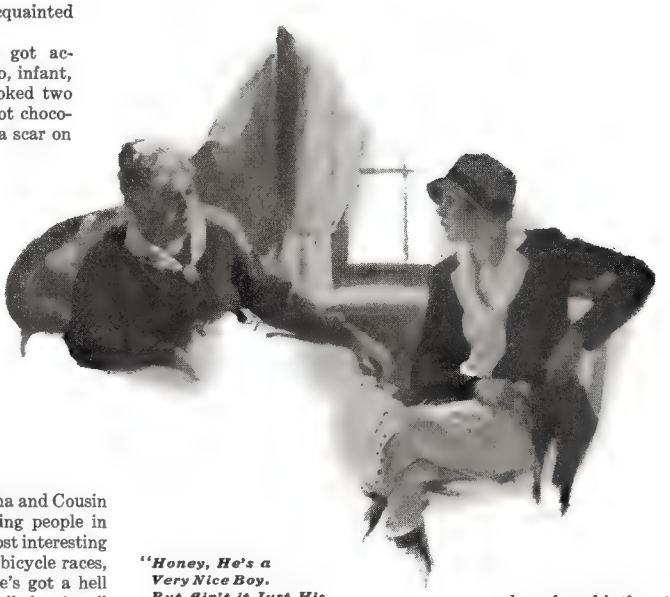
"Who told you she had a mole taken off, lamb?"

"She did. I asked her. She says she used to be very vain, only she took to readin' the Bible and quit because she read about everything being vanity and vexation of spirit. I told her you can say most of Psalms and Isaiah by heart and she said that's what gives you your philosophic expression, and you must be much more interesting than your daughters, and I said of course you are. I said that you an' Uncle Dammy and grandfather and Aunt Benjamina and Cousin Thyreus and dad were the interesting people in the family, and she said that the most interesting thing in Paris was the crowd at the bicycle races, and we had a nice time except she's got a hell of a cold and has to blow her nose all the time."

"Sweetheart," said Mrs. Egg, "you ain't thirteen years of age yet an' I guess you hadn't ought to say 'a hell of.' Your mamma might take an objection to it."

"I was just quotin' what Miss Romaine said. She swears a good deal," Sandy reported. "She's got soft boots that lace up the front on today. She —— Here's Uncle Dammy."

Adam gigantically came pacing through the flakes, which had made a white band around his knitted blue cap where it was rolled above his small ears. A tuft of snow had settled into his left ear's brown cavity and his dark neck was wet, because he always wore sweaters trimmed down from his throat even in the worst weather. Mrs. Egg had stopped arguing the matter when he was sixteen. Volumes of smoke from his continuous cigarettes probably kept his throat so hot inside that cold wind had no effect.



"Honey, He's a Very Nice Boy. But Ain't it Just His Face You're Chasin'?"

He now puffed two balls of smoke from his brief nose and said, "All ready, mamma."

"Baby, I got kidneys an' so on for lunch, but I couldn't think of a thing for dinner, sweetheart. Nursin' two people which don't care what they eat has kind of dried my brains up," Mrs. Egg panted, batting a flake off, "an' you'll have to think of somethin' or make Thyreus think. What's the good of havin' a poet in the family if he don't think of things?"

"All right, mamma," said Adam. He blinked snow from his black lashes and considered dinner for a second, lighting a new cigarette. Then he swung his legs over the low hitching rail under the frozen elms and went flitting across the street, dodging a horse and a motor as his short feet flickered in oiled moccasins.

"I hope he gets a turkey," Sanderson mused.

"Honey, Thanksgivin' was just two weeks back, an' you wasn't well that night, lamb."

"It was worth it," Sandy said. "Come on. We'll get in the car. . . . I hope Dammy gets a turkey an' some oysters to have in the stuffing an' a lot of sweet potatoes so's you can have them with the sugar all kind of crystally on 'em, an' the sort of celery with the brown sauce. I think you're awfully talented about food. So does Cousin Thyreus. He says you have all the inventiveness of the French mind, and a lot of American wastefulness. He says everything voluptious in your nature has taken the form of feeding people an' he isn't sure that it's moral. He says he used to come over to get a square meal off you when his mother was alive an' that he's always regarded you as a parent. He says your right name is Alma Nutrix. He means that you feed people in Latin. Cousin Thyreus is nice. He hasn't got as good belly muscles as Uncle Dammy, though, an' his legs are too skinny. He says he was so bored at college he was glad the war broke out so's he could enlist. I don't think I'll go to college, because Cousin Thyreus didn't like it, an' Uncle Dammy just went in the Navy, an' I'm going to be an aviator anyhow. . . . This is the garage, grandmamma."

"The snow's so tough I can't see where I'm headed, lamb."

Inside the garage, she could shake snow from her flat hat and get her breath. Thyreus Egg got lazily down out of the black car and said lazily: "Adam's mortified forever, Aunt Myrtle. The one thing he hadn't thought of was wrong. I'm rather vague about what it was, but we're all sewed up and the patient's recovered."

"You've been pretty helpful, Thyreus, I feel sure."

Thyreus lifted his fair eyebrows and drawled: "I've given Dammy my moral support from first to last. The charming thing about livin' with you people is that you don't make me work. Dad and mother always tried to find somethin' useful for me to do. Adam and Uncle John just take me as a decoration."

"You're a conceited pup, Thy!"

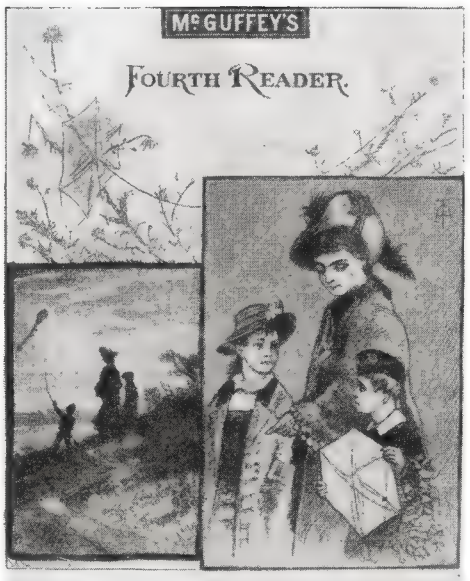
"Heaven made me beautiful," said Thyreus, "and I try to appreciate my blessings. . . . Get in the car, angel,

(Continued on Page 115)

Below the Steps. Mrs. Egg Wished the Steps Were Ten Yards High

THAT GUY McGUFFEY

By HUGH S. FULLERTON



I. PERSEVERANCE.

1. "WILL you give my kite a lift?" said my little nephew to his sister, after trying in vain to make it fly by dragging it along the ground. Lucy very kindly took it up and threw it into the air, but, her brother neglecting to run off at the same moment, the kite fell down again.

PHOTOS. FROM CULVER SERVICE

THERE are about a hundred of us—mostly Corn Belters, but some from the South, some from the Far West and a few Easterners—who meet twice a year in New York. We always depend upon Sam to get us together for a dinner, and usually he succeeds in rounding up fifty to sixty fellows between fifty and sixty-five years of age.

The last dinner was a triumph. We had a hint, from Sam's insistence that we all be there at 8:30 sharp, that he was planning something unusual. We were all herded into a reception room and kept there until everyone who was coming had arrived. Then Sam disappeared into the hall. A minute later he rang a bell and the door was opened. We all went in and stopped in delighted surprise. The banquet hall had been transformed into a schoolroom. Instead of tables, there were school desks, with each one's name on his desk. There was a raised platform at the end, with a tall desk, and back of that a blackboard on which were drawn comic pictures under the Spencerian alphabet. Sam stood at the desk, armed with a ruler, and after we had shuffled and exclaimed in pleasure, he rapped on the desk and said:

"Scholars will please be seated and come to order."

The Good Old Golden Rule Days

THEN the dinner came on, with the waiters and waitresses dressed as were the schoolboys and girls of fifty years ago. The dinners were served in lunch pails, to be opened on the desks, with doughnuts and fried chicken legs and apples, all wrapped in tissue paper, and cake and everything. There were rulers and pencils, a slate at each desk. There were mottoes on the wall, just like there were on the walls of the old schools of the Middle West years ago.

The effect of the scene upon the fellows was peculiar. There was laughter, joking, and then everyone seemed to grow more serious. It was evident we were all thinking of what were, perhaps, the happiest and most carefree days of life. After the dinner was eaten Sam rapped on the desk with his ruler and said:

"Children, we will not have recitations today. This is Friday afternoon and we will recite pieces. Robert, please come forward and declaim the speech of Logan, chief of the Mingoes."

There was a shout of approval as the judge, who is past sixty, arose, slouched forward, shuffled a moment, cleared his throat, looked at the ceiling, and then, straightening suddenly, broke into the speech of the old leader of the Shawnees defying his white persecutors. He stumbled once or twice, but finished strong, his voice shaking with emotion as he asked:

"Who is there to mourn Logan? Not one."

There was a hush, and the judge, brightening, said, as if surprised, "By George, I haven't thought of that for more than forty-five years, and it all came back to me after I got the start!"

"Very good, Robert," said Sam, rapping for order. "You may move up two places toward the head of the class."

Ham's hand went up, his fingers snapped, and when Teacher looked toward him he said, "Teacher, I know a piece."

"Very well, Hamilton, you may recite."

And Ham, who is the head of one of the greatest corporations of the country, went forward and started:

"Talent is something, but tact is everything."

He went straight through the recitation, almost without a halt, and was cheered as he returned, laughing and happy, to his seat.

That broke the ice. The judge gave Patrick Henry's speech before the Virginia House of Burgesses. Bill thundered Marmion's challenge to Angus; Ellis, The Village Blacksmith; Dick, The Burial of Sir John Moore. Someone tried Rienzi's Address to the Romans, flubbed it terribly, squirmed hopelessly for a while, and said, "Teacher, I forget," and was excused and sent to the foot of the class.

Hands were raised and fingers snapped all around the room. Everyone, it seemed, had a piece to recite. It was past one o'clock in the morning when Sam, suddenly serious, arose, rapped for order and said:

"Before school is dismissed I want you to drink a toast to the man who did more for American education, morals and culture than any other person, and whose books, next to the Bible, had the greatest influence upon the people. Gentlemen, William Holmes McGuffey."

We drank it solemnly, recited The Psalm of Life in concert and, forming lines, marched out to the cloakroom.

Who, Whence and Whither?

LATER, at the club, where a dozen or more of us night owls went to continue the reunion, the judge said, "Boys, that was the finest evening I've had since—since—well, since I studied McGuffey's Readers."

"Who was this McGuffey guy?" asked a New Yorker of a younger generation, to whom much of the proceedings of the dinner had been a mystery.

"McGuffey!" exclaimed the judge in shocked tones. "You mean to say you don't know who McGuffey was? Why, his schoolbooks, readers, were the best known in the world ——"

"I know," the New Yorker interrupted, "but who was McGuffey?"

"A great teacher, a compiler and editor of readers."

"Yes; but where did he come from? Where did he teach?"

"He was a New Englander, a Harvard man," insisted one fellow, who came from Boston. "I confess I know little about him except that he was educated somewhere in Massachusetts, went to Harvard, then went West somewhere and spread the light."

"He was an Ohioan," insisted a Buckeye hotly. "Born and raised in Cincinnati, taught there and printed his books there."

"You're both wrong," insisted the colonel. "McGuffey was a Virginian—received his education at our state university."

They argued hotly, reached the betting point, contradicted one another, and before the meeting ended came to the agreement that none of us knew anything about McGuffey positively except that his name was on the readers we studied at school. Most of us, after the argument had proceeded for some time, had a kind of fear that he would be found to be a product of some English school.

"Well," said the judge finally, "we know this much: That he evolved a new system of education, was the finest moral and cultural force in the United States during the formative period of the West, and gave millions of young Americans their taste for good reading. He produced three or four generations of orators and stump speakers, and drove home more moral lessons in the form of stories than many of the preachers did from their pulpits."

They appointed me to look up McGuffey, find out as much about him and his work as possible and help them decide their bets.

If anyone had told those fellows that the first individual who applied real effort to systematizing textbooks and adjusting lessons to the age of the students, and who conducted the first methodical experiments in child psychology, was a young backwoods preacher-teacher and that he procured his material and conducted his experiments in an embryonic college in the wilderness of Southwestern Ohio, he would have been ridiculed. Yet that was what I learned.

Gone But Not Forgotten

I DISCOVERED, too, that this guy McGuffey has not been forgotten. All through Indiana, Ohio, Illinois, Kentucky, Michigan and Iowa, and in some other sections, the McGuffey G. A. R. is organized or organizing. Scores of towns and cities have their McGuffey clubs, and in Indianapolis there is printed The McGuffeyite, a sort of national bulletin and rallying place for the veterans who in the little red, white, green, brick and log district schools of the West of fifty or more years ago laid the foundations of their education in solid classical English and in even more solid morality.

I. THE GOOD READER

1. IT is told of Frederick the Great, King of Prussia, that, as he was seated one day [illegible] a written petition was brought to him [illegible] it should be immediately read. [illegible]

In spite of the loyalty of those who studied his readers, McGuffey the man never has had an adequate or even a complete biography, although one old McGuffeyite, Henry H. Vail, wrote a brief synopsis of his life and work for private circulation. There are men still living who knew him and who worked with and under him. At Oxford, Ohio, the seat of Miami University, where he started his career, where he commenced the compilation of his books and perfected some of them, where he conducted his earlier experiments in child psychology, his memory is perpetuated in the McGuffey museum, where his desk, bookcase, chair, rulers and implements used in his work are preserved.

But the life history of McGuffey is singularly brief, so that the task of reconstructing the man depends largely upon the words and the letters of his fellows and of his beloved scholars.

To begin to understand McGuffey it is necessary to know something of the early history of Ohio. When Ohio was in process of evolution; when the politicians in the Federal Government were maneuvering to make one, three, five or eight states out of the territory; when boundaries were undetermined, and when what is now the state was a series of land grants, the chief of which were the Western Reserve of Connecticut and the Virginia Military District, it was the habit of the pioneers to set aside lands for the sites and future maintenance of colleges. Sometimes they commenced erecting college buildings before they did their own cabins. In this way Western Reserve, Ohio University and other schools had their beginnings before there were buildings, faculties or students. When the Symmes Purchase was completed after much wrangling, a large tract of land in the beautifully wooded hills north of the Ohio River and just east of the present Indiana line was set aside for the foundation of Miami University. The settlement was called Oxford in honor of the English university, and perhaps with the dream that it would one day be the seat of as great a school. The pioneers had fine visions.

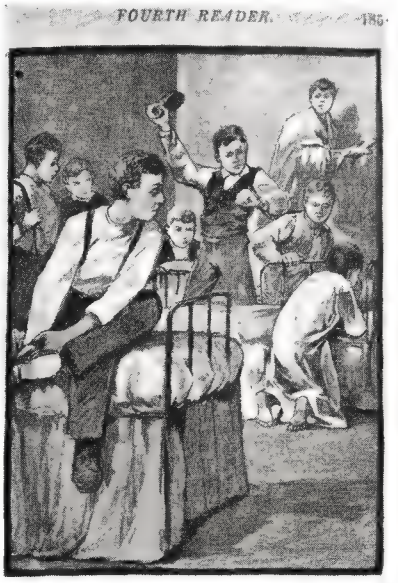
The land set aside as the site of Miami was in the heavily wooded hills that skirt the Ohio, although the wide valley of the two Miami Rivers stretched to the eastward and the hills are broken by the valleys of small streams. The wooded lands, which were to supply firewood and support the future school, as well as furnish logs for the first buildings, never have been cut entirely, and much of the virgin timber still stands, forming a beautiful park which is part of the campus.

The Teacher on Horseback

SOMEHOW the promoters of the enterprise raised $150, erected a log school, and, after years of struggle to cultivate that germ of a university, they raised $6000 with the help of the government of the infant state with which to erect the first permanent building.

From 1809 until November, 1824, the little college in the wilderness struggled along; a sort of hybrid school, a few children of settlers attending spasmodically, a few students of more advanced ages being instructed to the best of the ability of the master and tutor. But when the new building was finished in 1824 twenty scholars assembled. Rooms were let at five dollars a year, and the total charge for board, lodging, tuition and service, including the right to cut firewood, was ninety-three dollars a year. The faculty consisted of Robert H. Bishop, who was president, and a tutor named Sparrow. These two did valiant work in teaching and preaching, for in those days preaching the Gospel and giving moral instruction was a large part of education.

To reach Oxford the scholars had to come on horseback over half-broken and sometimes over blazed trails through the heavy forest, although some reached Hamilton on canal boats from Cincinnati, and then by stage over the rough forest road to the village. So great was the thirst for education in the backwoods that within a year the attendance had grown until more than 100 students were enrolled and the necessity of additions to the faculty became pressing.



"School Days at Rugby," From McGuffey's Fourth Reader

Two years after the opening of the new building there rode into Oxford a broad-shouldered rawboned young man with a great expanse of forehead, a serious and very Celtic face, relieved by a pair of remarkably handsome gray-brown eyes. He was astride a tall rawboned horse and he wore a long black silk bombazine coat, with breeches of the same material, strapped down under his instep. A high black beaver hat crowned his head, and it was set far back, exposing the broad brow. He carried books under one arm, while in the other hand he held an open book, which he read as the horse labored up the hill into the village. His saddlebags bulged with other books, while behind his saddle was a roll in which was his clothing.

His brow was high, his forehead very wide and white, although his face was tanned. Even then, although he was not yet twenty-six years of age, his fine reddish-brown hair was retreating from his forehead, giving him almost the appearance of baldness because of the great height of his frontal bone. The hair, however, thatched his broad head heavily, and he wore it long at the sides, so that it thrust out over his ears. His face was clean-shaven, his cheek bones high, and his mouth, down-drooping at the corners, was particularly mobile and sensitive, very expressive and quick to register the humor which at times lighted the fine eyes under their heavy brows.

Pioneers in the Wilderness

IT WAS thus that William Holmes McGuffey arrived at Miami to begin his work of reforming and advancing educational methods. The description was given me by a man who knew McGuffey well in his later years, and who had it from his father, who was one of McGuffey's early pupils, and it is perhaps correct, although another account says he arrived in a stagecoach from Hamilton. At least the picture of the man is correct, since in the next ten years he became a well-known figure over the entire district, for he rode tens of thousands of miles on his mission of education.

William Holmes McGuffey was the product of unusual conditions. His grandparents, William and Anna McKittrick McGuffey, reached Philadelphia from Scotland in 1774 and settled in York County, Pennsylvania. With them came their son Alexander, who was six years of age. General Washington stopped at the McGuffey home at least three times, and William McGuffey served in the Revolution. In 1790, when Alexander McGuffey was twenty-two, he and his friend Duncan McArthur, who afterward was governor of Ohio, were chosen as special scouts for the armies in the West. Samuel Brady, anxious to procure the best scouts, called for volunteers, and then, from among them chose the two who could run fastest, were the best woodsmen and best rifle shots and who feared the savages least, to operate against the Indians threatening the settlements in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia.

McGuffey proved the best man and McArthur, his chum, was next. For three years these two led the scouts over the country which then was a wilderness. Once McGuffey and McArthur lay in a swamp near Castalia, Ohio, all night, counting the Indians who were massing to fight General St. Clair, and the next day ran thirty miles to warn the American leader of the strength of the tribes. St. Clair was not convinced and sent them back to scout further. Three days later he was overwhelmingly defeated.

The next year McGuffey and McArthur led the scouts of Mad Anthony Wayne and were with him at the terrific defeat of the Indians which practically ended the troubles of the settlers in that district.

Early Education

MCGUFFEY then returned to Washington County, Pennsylvania, married and took up land, starting to clear and improve the property; but two years after the birth of his first son, William Holmes McGuffey, he removed to Trumbull County, Ohio. His wife, who was Anna Holmes, appears to have been a remarkable mother. The family was a large one and the work of clearing timbered hill land was heavy. The McGuffey home was a large log cabin, the site of which still is marked.

During the first eighteen years of his life William Holmes McGuffey had scant opportunities for education. The father taught him arithmetic, the mother taught him reading and writing. Schools were far apart and supported by voluntary subscriptions of the settlers, so that sessions were irregular and timed so as not to interfere with the heavy work of clearing land, building houses and roads and cultivating crops. The boy received instruction three winters—or parts of winters when the forest trails were passable—in

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feet, its head bending, as if it were sinking and melting away in its own richness.—Oh! when did ever man make any thing to equal the living, perfect flower!

2. But the sunlight that streamed through the window

Illustration for "The Tea Rose," by Harriet Elizabeth Beecher Stowe, From McGuffey's Fifth Reader

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ing not far into the dreary future, pictured myself led forth to execution in the presence of the very same spectators then assembled.

10. Luckily, poor Pepper was not seriously hurt; but Grandfather Nutter, appearing in the midst of the confusion (attracted by the howls of young Tilly, issued an injunction against all theatricals thereafter, and the place was closed; not, however, without a farewell speech from me, in which I said that this

would have been the proudest moment of my life if I had n't hit Pepper Whitcomb in the mouth. Whereupon the audience (assisted, I am glad to state, by Pepper) cried, "Hear! hear!"

11. I then attributed the accident to Pepper himself, whose mouth, being open at the instant I fired, acted upon the arrow much after the fashion of a whirlpool, and drew in the fatal shaft. I was about to explain how a comparatively small maelstrom could suck in the largest ship, when the curtain fell of its own accord, amid the shouts of the audience.

From "The Story of a Bad Boy," by T. B. Aldrich, McGuffey's Fourth Reader

AUTHORIZED BY TIME-TABLE

By A. W. Somerville

ILLUSTRATED BY GRATTAN CONDON

A RAILROAD smash-up, a wreck, is almost always good for the front page even in the great metropolitan editions, but the one we had at Canyon made hardly even a ripple. The Sand House and the Switch Shanty—these twain bear the same relation to the railroad that the Hot Stove League bears to the country village—were very much put out over such gross unfairness, and for weeks on end the main topic of discussion at either place was the present-day decadence of journalism.

Practically everybody on the railroad failed to understand the attitude of the papers—not that we objected to it, for the less publicity a wreck gets the better, for most obvious reasons. But it did seem to us that the reporters that handled it passed up excellent copy, because this meet at Canyon was sensational, it held drama, it possessed qualities that raised it high as a kite over the average run of pile-ups; it owned more potential news value than an ambitious chorus girl.

One newspaper man told me that the reason it didn't get a bigger play was because of the large number of interesting murders they were having, and he was a man who had the reputation for having a sense of humor too. When I laughed at him I guess he thought I was being disrespectful to the press.

I'll tell you the story so that you can laugh with me. In fact, you can do practically all the laughing.

The story of this wreck is really the saga of one man, a negro railroad porter by the name of Charlie. A humble person, this Charlie, a respecter of the Jim Crow car, a believer in the dominance and superiority of the white race. Yet no viking burial to a lord of all the seas ever approached the magnificence or the stark perfection of his end.

Twisted in the weave of this saga are two others. One of them was a freight conductor by the name of Griswold—everybody called him Johnny Griswold. The other was a bum—a worthless, treacherous bum.

According to chronology, the first part of the story belongs to Griswold and the bum. And because Griswold played a double part in the cast that brought the two trains together, it is necessary to know something of the man. For this runs true as a surveyor's line-up. You must believe in the freight conductor, John Hamilton Griswold, if you are to believe this story.

Now I knew Johnny Griswold, and I liked him. I liked him because there was nothing essentially small about his make-up. He didn't own to a complex nature; when he saw something that he wanted, he made the best bid he could to get it. He wasn't averse to physical violence, and when he was young I imagine he was rather hard to hold. You were either on his side or you weren't; and if you weren't on his side, you were an enemy. And if you were an enemy and also a treacherous weakling, Johnny had a contempt for you that was colossal and you might as well expect mercy from a trip hammer.

What interested me most about him was the number of people that he knew and the facts that he knew about them. His knowledge as regards this was positively librarian. Yet he was not a gossip—emphatically not; he was a first-class fighting man when he had to fight; he didn't blab scandal in order to liven up conversation; and he could be depended on to tell the truth—and he was particular who he told it to.

You have heard that Cæsar—or was it Napoleon?—could name at sight any man in his numberless legions. So have I, and prior to the time I knew Johnny I thought it canal water. Griswold was no Cæsar or Napoleon, nor was he anything but a homely six-foot conductor, a freight conductor. Yet there wasn't a man on nearly a thousand miles of main line that he didn't know. He knew that this fireman had married that conductor's daughter, and how many children they had, and who they were named after; he knew the service record of every engineer on the extra board; he even knew the genealogy of most of the negro section hands. If someone on the railroad died, and you weren't sure whether he was a relation or not, and hence you held out on the flowers, you could go to Johnny and he would either set your mind at ease or make you send the flowers. He was a well of personal records and relationships that was bottomless; he had never been known to fall down on a face, a name, a matter of personal history. A man of erudition, was John Hamilton Griswold, and a first-class fighting man besides.

"I Could See His Lantern—We Wuz on Top of Him. He Seen an' the Hoghead Seen at the Same Time"

Griswold was the conductor on 54 one certain night—a moonlit night, and he was on top, walking the running boards of a lofty double-sheathed automobile box when it happened. He said that he didn't see the negro bum until the moonlight danced on the blade of a six-inch clasp knife coming at his belly. The negro cut him twice before he could defend himself—lucky cuts for the conductor, unlucky for the "smoke."

Griswold was not without considerable prowess with his right and left, not to mention two large and heavily armored feet, but it was the lantern that saved his life. When he dashed it into the face of his attacker the glass shattered, and the glass and the hard-swung metal cut and temporarily blinded the negro. Griswold smashed him, knee and fist, and the black fell forward on his face. The conductor kicked the knife out of his hand and heard it flop metallically on the tin roof and go over the side.

As to what followed, even Griswold has only a hazy recollection. It must have been a battle that would make one of Rickard's promotions look like a tempest in a teapot. Both had their lives at stake and both knew it. Some might have called it an outburst of all that was worst in human nature; there are some among the untutored who would have called it grand. Rules? Ideas of fairness? Bosh! These two were fighting for their lives; they were back in the days where one man lived and the other man died. The conductor had the advantage in weight, but he was losing blood like an uncapped well; and the negro—well, the negro was a trapped rat. It must have been epic. Johnny says he remembers the end.

He said he took a blind swing, hoping it would land. It probably caught the "smoke" square on the button, and there was almost two hundred pounds behind the battered fist. Griswold said the negro slumped up against him and that he caught him by the shirt with his left hand and held him upright. He knew—Johnny knew—that in a very few moments he was going out; he could feel himself growing weaker. He shoved the negro away from his body with his left hand, his right fist caught the bum in the middle, folded him up like a thumped pillow and shot him over the side.

You don't stop to consider the doctrine of mercy when it's either your life or the life of your enemy—not if your enemy is trying to thumb your eyes out and ram a knee below your belt; not if you're atop a swaying, wrenching box car going at forty miles an hour, with the roughened running board under your feet slippery with your own blood; not with the eaves of the roof only five feet away and a gentle slope before you to help you throw your man.

Would you commit suicide in the name of mercy? Griswold didn't. They were at one end of the roof or the conductor would have followed the negro to the bowlder-strewn bottom. As it was, he just did catch a grab iron and saved himself. He was missing when they stopped at the Canyon water tank a few minutes later; the brakeman went out and found him and brought him to the caboose. They were afraid—the two brakemen and the engine crew—that he would die from loss of blood before they could get him to a hospital. They phoned in from Canyon for permission to cut the engine off and bring him in. They got the permission and a green board, and they kept an open throttle all the way to town. They had an ambulance waiting for him. They gave him a blood transfusion at the hospital; and John Hamilton Griswold, being much too ornery to die, was back on the job in thirty days.

The "smoke" went spinning end over end at forty miles an hour, and he dug up gravel and rock like a steam shovel

when he lit. After a long interval he dragged himself half erect and crawled out of the ravine into which he had been thrown. His face looked like a lion had slapped him, his clothing was almost torn from his body, one knee was stripped as clean of flesh as though operated upon. From the indications that he left, he was violently sick. He had every right to be sick; he had smashed from the height above into the gravel, sand and rock of a dried-up stream; he had bounced twice like a football before he settled down to the work at hand and used his face for a plow—he should have been dead.

There was a farmhouse about two hundred yards from where he fell. He blundered into it, this most unfortunate being, apparently through luck or instinct, for assuredly he could not see. The negro farmer said that he was paralyzed when he saw that inconceivable face leering up at him in the light of his lantern, and that in the terror of the moment he left the door open. The mangled one scrambled over the threshold to the center of the one room, rolled over on his back and lay still. The farmer said that his woman ran out the door and refused to come back, sleeping in the shed with the mule. The children got under the bed or went out to their mother, and about all the farmer admitted doing that first night was the stroking of his charms and the muttering of gibberish.

The next morning the farmer got his minister, and they discussed what had best be done. They thought, of course, that he had been hit by a train; and as he lay like one dead, they expected him to be ready for burial by nightfall. They got a negro doctor there at noon and found that he still lived. They were not unkindly people and what they could do for him they did. He lay as in a coffin for four days and five nights, and every twelfth hour the negro doctor guaranteed he would die within that hour.

More capable physicians than the negro doctor looked at him later, and their opinion was that he should have cashed in five minutes after he was pitched off the top of 54. Yet on the fifth day this negro who refused to die got up and walked with the aid of a stick! And at noon of this fifth day, or very near noon, he left the farmhouse and walked or crawled to the water tank at Canyon, a distance of more than two miles! We found where he had lain under a leak and let the water drop into his mouth. If he had possessed the strength, he probably would have climbed the tank and thrown himself in and drowned. We also found where he had hidden himself behind some timbers so that no engine crew could see him, and we could even trace his path back to the west switch. He must have been inhuman to have been able to think and to carry out his thoughts when his body was nothing more or less than hash.

Hash or not, he had the strength to twist the lamp standard with an iron bar he found and to wire the lamp in place so it would stay upright—and he had the cunning to do this and throw the switch at the one time during the night when it could have resulted in more than a derailment. He planned well; he fooled the engine crew on 6, he fooled the train and the engine crew on 5; he even fooled Charlie up to the last fraction of a split second.

Charlie was the porter on 5—the railroad porter. He would have considered it either a monumental lack of knowledge or an intentional insult if you had called him a Pullman porter. Charlie considered himself above Pullman porters; Charlie knew a great deal about his train and no little about railroading in general, which are two things—according to Charlie—that no Pullman porter since the conception of sleeping cars ever did know anything about.

Charlie knew how to pack hot boxes, and better—how to prevent them; he was the kind of porter that did prevent them. He knew when to take the flag up ahead to protect his train, and at no time, on duty or off, was he ever without ten or twelve torpedoes. Which might be construed as going a trifle too far, for torpedoes are nothing more or less than dynamite caps, capable of blowing a hand off, or a head. But torpedoes, to Charlie, seemed quite the proper thing and no little addition to his personal equipment.

Charlie always locked a switch carefully, he always jerked the lock chain once to make sure the lock had caught, and he invariably looked at his switch points to see if they were lined before he swung his hand in the high ball. He knew that he must stand on the opposite side from the switch stand when a train was passing over the points, for he understood that to stand near the lever was to court trouble, break a rule, and in addition be considered nothing short of a damn fool by the passing train crew.

Charlie knew every rule in the book, backward and forward; he knew how to apply them too. He would mope for days if the rules examiner, on his thirty-day pilgrimage, didn't give him a particularly hard question to answer. He was a good porter, old in the service; his pension was due. When he got his pension he would probably die very quietly and very promptly; or if he didn't die, he would probably sort of die out. Trainmen and enginemen are not usually very happy when they go out on pension for long and faithful service. Charlie was neither trainman nor engineman, but he had the same feelings. If he had been white he would have made an exceptionally good conductor. I can't say more for him.

Charlie had a failing, a foible, an eccentricity; name it and take it. Five years back, upon the retirement of another porter, Charlie had been taken off the plug run—he had been a porter on the plug since time immemorial—and promoted to the position of porter on 5 and 6; west on 5 one day, east on 6 the next, with a lay-over at regular intervals.

Numbers 5 and 6 are through trains, carrying Pullmans from the Mississippi to the Western Coast, from San Francisco back to the greatest of all rivers. Charlie found himself elevated to a plane that he had dreamed of but never really expected to attain.

Coincident with the transfer of Charlie came the new engines, broken in for actual service, mammoth, long-legged, big-bellied mountains, blazoned with brass on stack and feed heater and pipe work. To the simple, humble Charlie they automatically became a shrine before which he fell down and worshiped. He stole valve oil by the barrel to lay upon his altar. The engineer was not ungrateful; he invariably made the division record for the economic consumption of valve oil; and he gave to the porter, at the porter's request, the privilege of shining up the brass work. To the porter it was a privilege—I'll go

(Continued on Page 101)

"Listen, Boy," Said the Engineer, "When I Want Help on My Engine I'll Get It. Who Do You Think You are, Playin' Horse on My Engine?"

You Can't Lose a Luck Houn'

"Don' Yo' Look at Me Lak Dat, Boy!" Bulldog Grunted. "Yo' Ain' Gone Yit!"

By ROGER DANIELS

ILLUSTRATED BY J. J. GOULD

BULLDOG was mowing Judge Barringer's front lawn. The judge, attracted by the hum of the mower, went to the window and smiled. He and Bulldog had been police-court acquaintances for years, but it was only recently that Bulldog had saved his life when he lay wounded and helpless as the result of a lone hunting trip to the Big Ogeechee Swamp. Now he had taken the giant under his wing in the hope of keeping him out of trouble.

"That boy has certainly turned over a new leaf," he mused, as he adjusted his tie.

Half an hour later, when he went down the porch steps on his way to court, he found Bulldog had brought the mower to a pause under the big tulip poplar and was waiting for him.

"'Mawnin', Jedge Barringer, Yo' Honor," the big negro said with a wide grin. "How yo' is?"

"'Morning, big boy," the judge answered genially. "You're doing fine. Didn't I tell you there wasn't any sense in a great big nigger like you digging all the ditches in Chatham County for your board and keep? How long is it now since you've been out to Captain Jim's?" Captain Jim was the overseer in charge of the county chain-gang camps.

Bulldog shuffled from one itching foot to the other before he answered, and his grin widened. "Seems lak it was mos' a long time, ain' it, jedge, Yo' Honor?"

"A week tomorrow," said the judge.

"On'y a week, jedge?" the giant grunted, his forehead wrinkled and his lower lip stuck out as it always was when he was troubled. "Den it mos' suttinly mus' be a awful long week."

"Yes," the judge answered, his eyes a-twinkle, "the first week is always long."

"Yas-suh, jedge!" Bulldog guffawed. "Raickon it is."

The arrival of two members of the Chatham County police, who tumbled off their sputtering motorcycles and came up the long pathway on the run, brought the conversation to an abrupt end. Judge Barringer hurried to meet the approaching patrolmen. Another minute and he had gone in the wake of the sputtering motorcycles.

"Dawg-gone!" Bulldog grumbled. "If dat ain' jes' lak dem county po-lice. Dey jes swoop down on yo' when yo' needs 'em de leas'. Whyfo' yo' raickon dey cain't ev'n let me pass de time ob day wiv de jedge?"

But he was not one to ponder anything long, and the moment the judge was safely out of sight he turned back toward the japonica hedge.

"Chinkapin!" he bellowed. "Li'l' han'ful, wheah to yo' is at?"

The hedge parted like magic and out of it stepped a diminutive chestnut-colored negro. "What dem po-lice want dis time?" he asked.

"Jes so long as dey ain' lookin' fo' us, li'l' boy, don' let dat trouble yo' min'. Jes yo' hooks onto dat mowin' machine an' play yo'se'f a tune."

The little negro's face fell. "What yo' mean?"

"Hush up dat cryin' an' use yo' 'magination, han'ful," Bulldog grinned. "Ain' us got to git de grass cut fo' de ol' jedge?"

"Ah git yo', big boy!" Chinkapin grumbled. "Yo' says us, but yo' means me!" It had been a very long week, indeed, for Chinkapin, and he was beginning to wish he was back on the chain gang. He regretted the day he had decided that with his brains and Bulldog's brawn life would be worth the living. So far the partnership had been just the other way round. The slow-thinking giant had insisted on furnishing the brains and Chinkapin had done most of the work.

"Li'l' boy," the giant gurgled approvingly, "yo' gits mo' sense ev'y day Ah lets yo' live."

With a final parting gesture, Bulldog left his small companion in charge of the day's labors and headed for Savannah's negro belt with a battered derby hat tilted over one ear. Passers-by turned to gaze and grin as he went along. Bulldog basked under their eyes and fairly strutted. Presently, arrived at Yamacraw Bluff, he eyed the sunny docks below. Adulation had begun to bore him. He yawned and meandered down the hill.

Noon came and went. Bulldog shifted a board above his head to keep the prying sun out of his eyes, stretched lazily in the luxurious warmth, and then settled back against the lumber pile at the end of the wharf for another nap.

"Yas-suh!" he chortled. "Dat ol' Jedge Barringer speaks de whole truf. Dey mos' suttinly ain' no sense in a grea' big black nigger lak what Ah is diggin' all de ditches in Chatham County fo' mah boa'd 'n' keep. No, suh! Dey mos' suttinly ain'!"

All about him was the turmoil and bustle of the work-a-day world. He was in it, but was not a part of it. He had taken the judge at his word. Bulldog and work had parted company.

From across the river came the petulant bluster of a donkey engine on the Seaboard wharves at Hutchinsons Island. And when the donkey engine momentarily died down, a businesslike tugboat went nosing two barges up-river with a persistent whush-whush-whush-whush. Then a negro fireman, tending a switch engine that sobbed and gurgled on the other side of the wharf against which Bulldog lazed, broke into mournful song:

Ah'll be ca'ied to de new jail tomorrow,
Leavin' mah po' dahlin' a-lone;
Wiv de col' prison bahs all e-roun' me,
An' mah haid on a pillow ob stone ——

Bulldog half heard and grinned as he dozed. "Dat boy ain' singin' dem jail-house blues to me. No, suh! He ain'! Hush up, yo' black, greasy fiahman, an' let me sleep!"

He squirmed to get more comfortable and in doing so brought his primitive ear against a crevice in the wharf. All other sounds suddenly were blotted out, and hoarse and sinister as though it had been throttled, he heard the rasp of a choking cough. In that instant the big negro was wide awake.

The wharves along the river were always resinous with trouble. Here were men, white and black alike, who came and went with the shifting winds. More than once a loiterer had exchanged the contents of his pockets for an unsought lapse of memory.

The sinister cough rasped again, and this time Bulldog rolled over twice, caught the stringpiece at the very edge of the wharf and peered down over the side. His mouth spread wide in surprise when he saw an exhausted hound

desperately trying to gain a foothold against the slimy pilings of the wharf.

"Was dat on'y yo' dat scairt me lak dat?"

At the sound of his voice the hound rolled its bulging eyes upward in terrified despair. There was death in the glassy whites of them and the big negro shivered at the sight. A drift log came bearing downstream—a heavy, water-soaked timber that was certain to carry the hound under. Again those beseeching eyes were rolled upward.

"Don' yo' look at me lak dat, boy!" Bulldog grunted. "Yo' ain' gone yit!"

As a great terrapin might, he slid off the wharf head first, missed the on-bearing drift log by inches and came to the surface with the drowning hound safe against his shoulder.

"Now look what yo' bin an' done!" he scolded boisterously, as the frantic hound clawed against him. "Ah cain' climb up dat slipp'ry dock no mo'n yo' kin. Us bofe gits drownded!"

But there was a reassuring chuckle underneath the gruffness and the hound's struggles grew less frantic. Bulldog was treading water, backed against the piling. Apparently no one had seen or heard him when he went overboard. There was a loading gang at work halfway down the wharf beyond the piled lumber, and he might have made himself heard above the clank and clatter of the shunting switch engine.

Instead, he merely turned over on his back, and with the hound's head held well clear of the muddy red Savannah, went downstream with the tide. For perhaps two hundred yards they drifted before the big negro cut in behind a lumber schooner, found a place where he could get up, lifted the hound ahead of him and clambered out. One sunny L was as good as another, and Bulldog found a secluded haven every bit as comfortable and secure as the one he had left so precipitously five minutes before, and deposited his river-soaked burden.

The hound was all a-quiver from its cold wet nose to the tip of its cold drooping tail, but it picked up one forefoot timidly and stared anxiously at its rescuer.

"Dawg-gone!" Bulldog admonished. "Ain' yo' nev' gwine to quit lookin' at me lak dat?"

The hound licked its chops nervously and wagged its tail.

"If yo' ain' tryin' to make frien's!" the giant declared. "Mebbe Ah did pull yo' out, but, boy, yo' ain' owe me nuthin' fo' dat. Jes yo' run along befo' some white man ax me a lot ob fool questions, an' den what? Ain' no sense in a trail dawg makin' up to dis nigger. No, suh, dey ain'!"

The hound's tail thumped against the lumber pile and Bulldog broke into a grin.

"Ain' yo' heah me de firs' time? Dawg-gone, if yo' ain' de mos' pleadin'es' houn' dawg Ah ev' did see! But yo' sho is wastin' yo' time."

Still, he could not help but put down an appraising hand. The hound drew back with a whimper of pain.

"How come yo' pull away lak dat, boy?" Bulldog grunted. "Yo' ain' hu't?"

And then he saw. Just behind one of the drooping ears there was a wicked gash that laid back the flesh so that the shoulder bone showed white.

"Who done dat to yo'?" the big negro growled.

The hound flattened its head and whimpered, but made no further attempt to pull away when Bulldog fingered the wound. His knowledge was the knowledge of experience, and there must have been a manner in the touch of the negro's hand that caused the hound to suffer this crude doctoring without protest.

"Dawg-gone, yo' has got a lick!" Bulldog growled compassionately. "Ain' no wondeh de ol' Savannah was mos' too much fo' yo'. Ah raickon Ah couldn' swim mah ownse'f wiv a lick lak dat."

The hound wrenched beneath his prying fingers when they found a hard lump.

"Hol' on, boy," he soothed.

Quickly then, mindful of the pain he was causing, Bulldog gouged a thumb and forefinger into the wound. In sheer agony the hound writhed and snapped at him, but the giant drew back with a satisfied grin.

"Looka dat, boy!" he chortled, displaying a misshapen bullet. "Ain' no lick nev' gwine to git heal' up wiv dat prowlin' 'roun' loose."

He studied the bullet with a perplexed scowl, turning it over and over in the palm of his hand. His forehead wrinkled and his lower lip bulged out.

"'Magine an'body shootin' at a good houn' dawg lak what yo is! Onless ——" Again the scowl deepened. He sensed what might have happened and the thought disturbed him. Abruptly he shifted to a more satisfactory aspect.

"Ah raickon it's de mos' bes' us don' know nothin' a-tall. Nev' kin tell what de consequent might be fum us knowin' too much. All us knows is dat yo's hu't an' yo's hongry. If it wasn' fo' yo' hide, yo'd jes' rattle, shakin' thataway. Yas-suh, boy, yo' ain' no thicker dan a piece ob side meat, an' yo' makes me hongry mah ownse'f on'y to look at yo'!"

The last was uttered in the soothing singsong a negro mammy might use to her child, and there was no mistaking the fact that the hound had found a friend, and its tail began to wag in earnest. It set to shaking off the surplus water and Bulldog grinned. That was followed by a crazy half roll across the wharf.

"Yas-suh," Bulldog chortled, thoroughly pleased with the hound's antics. "De mo' yo' know, de mo' wus off yo' is. Us gits us dried out in de nice hot sun and den us eats."

He pulled out of his sopping jumper, wrung it as dry as he could and hung it up on the end of a projecting timber. Then, man and hound, they sprawled side by side in the kindly warmth. Fearlessly, the hound placed its cold muzzle against the man's hamlike hand. Bulldog shivered and pulled away. "Don' do dat!" he grumbled.

The hound looked up at him with sorrowful, pleading eyes, as if trying to show it had intended only to please. And in the hound's soft eyes the big negro read the hope of his own inmost thoughts.

"Daw-gone!" he blurted out. "How come yo' know Ah nev' did have me a houn' dawg befo'? An' mos' suttinly yo' is a 'fo'-Gawd houn' dawg, o' Ah ain' no nigger!"

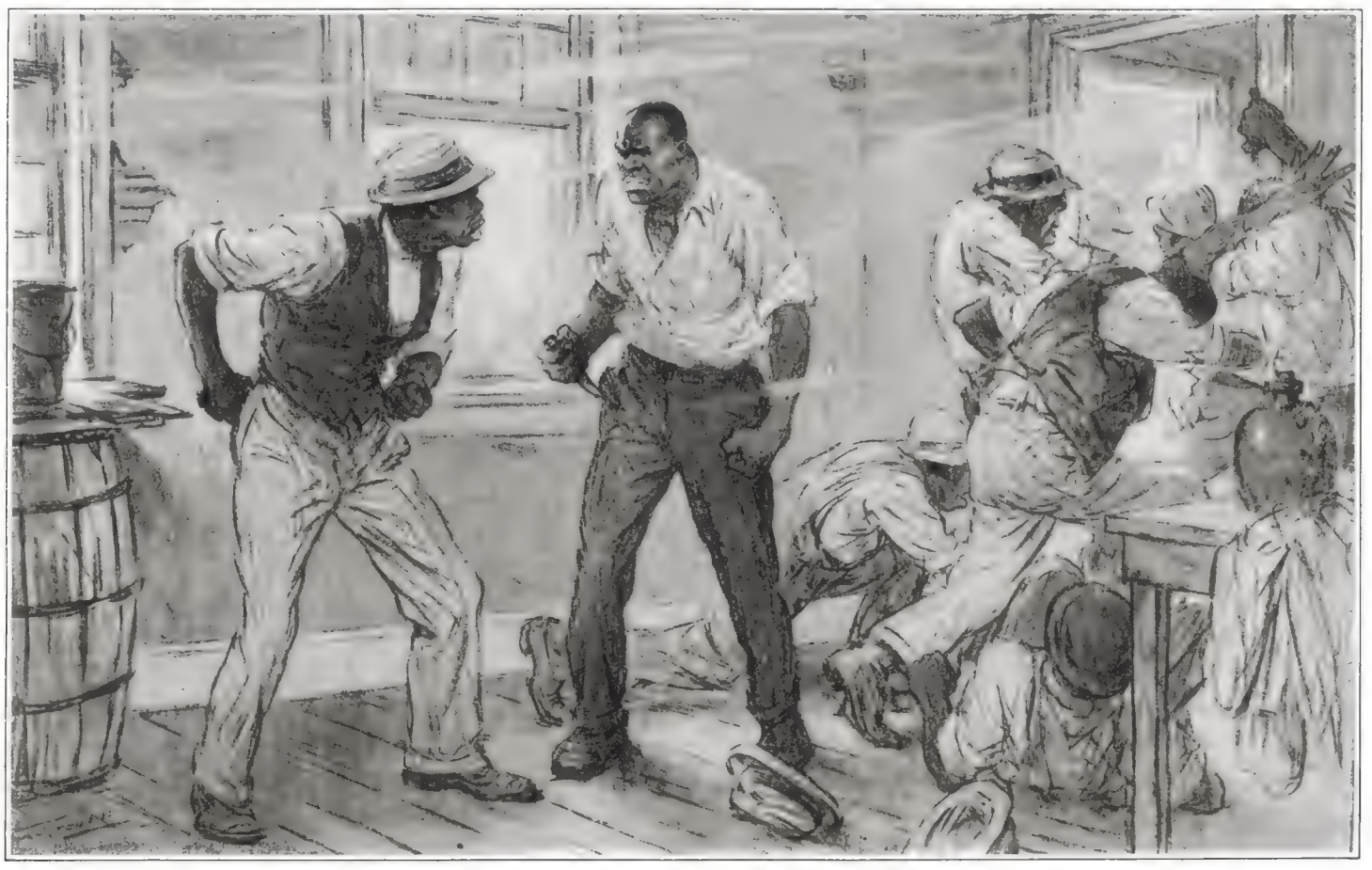
The hound's tail thumped against the wharf and the giant fairly beamed.

"Seems lak if Ah keep offen de chain gang long enuf, mebbe Ah gits us bofe a good home." He pulled one of the drooping ears. "How yo' lak dat, Side Meat?"

The tail thumped harder and the grin broke into a guffaw. "Dey ain' no tellin' how high us steps den. Ah raickon dey might ev'n run us on de Re-publican ticket and git me e-lected Pres-i-dent! How yo' lak dat? How come den mebbe Ah 'point yo' de Gran' Re-nointed Keepah ob de Fron' Do'yahd to de White House, wiv one ob dese heah hifalutin' yaller niggers lak dey got oveh to de De Soto Ho-tel waitin' on yo' wiv gol' buttons on he coat. Hot Hannah! Ain' dat swell?"

He sobered suddenly. "Den jes yo' 'members dat right now yo' is a trail dawg an' Ah is a nigger. Jes yo' keeps yo'

(Continued on Page 92)



The Hall of Chance Became a Mad Scramble, and as Steptoe Willie Evaporated Past Bulldog He Slipped the Giant a Knife

ACCELERATING SENTIMENT

By William Hickman Pickens

THE promoter who tries to fool a newspaperman lasts about as long as a paper umbrella in a rainstorm. Getting publicity is a difficult job, because all journalists are born skeptical and suffer from frequent relapses. If you claim anything in a newspaper office, the first things the reporters request are dates, facts and three reliable witnesses.

I have made many friendships in the newspaper game and these connections are based on square shooting. I never claimed anything I couldn't prove—if you gave me enough time. You might be able to swindle an editor out of free publicity once, but never twice; and having accomplished that, you had better keep on going. As my promotion compelled me to return at short intervals to every city in the country, it was up to me to establish credit with newspapers just as a business man would with a bank. I drew on them for publicity and my collateral was bona fide feature stuff that would make good reading.

Sometimes I would get a little too enthusiastic, as in the case of a mythical Japanese aeronaut who was to pilot a balloon in the international Chicago race, but I really intended hiring the services of a Nipponese cloud inspector and thought it all right to send in the matriculation papers first and locate the student afterward. When I couldn't find a Japanese pilot I had to think quick.

This taught me one thing: Don't shoot off your mouth unless you are prepared to hit the target with your teeth. After that I was cautious for a while, but my natural Southern optimism broke loose in 1914 and started scientists arguing all over the world. I tossed only a hopeful little pebble, but it caused a stone fight among the country's editorial writers.

In Memory of Langley

IT STARTED while I was doing a little gentle tapping in the taprooms of the San Francisco hotels. There was a friend of mine who was a rather cynical hotel reporter, and though he had the greatest admiration for my imagination, he discounted all my statements 80 per cent. I was busy ballyhooing the Flying Circus, but couldn't get very far with my friend, because he figured that my flying heroes were a mob of tramps who should be working for a living. As a brother tapper, I thought that he should be more sympathetic, but never a line of publicity could I squeeze out of him. He was especially sore at my clown aviators because he had covered Langley's attempts to fly and had seen that great scientist crucified by ridicule. On Sunday nights my friend sat in for the city editor and I usually picked out Sunday nights to try to blast some newspaper space out of his paper.

But the minute I showed up in the office he would wave his hand toward the waste-paper basket, meaning that I should drop my story in the discard and save him the trouble. One Sunday I had steamed up a fine fantasy about Lincoln Beachey planning to make the first indoor flight.

When my reporter friend saw me he said, "Pickens, you're giving me granulated eyelids."

For some reason my press stories were poison to him and I never did flash this one on him. Incidentally, Beachey did make an indoor flight later in the Palace of Machinery Building at the Panama-Pacific Exposition grounds. This building was 900 feet long and it was the boast of my trick flyers that they could fly off a postage stamp and land on a post card. It was the only indoor flight I ever heard of.

I knew that the reporter would give me a Mexican cheer on the indoor-aviation stunt. Suddenly I got a bright idea about his sentimental memory of Langley and his pioneer experiments which had ended in such a tragic manner.

"I'm not here to take up your time talking about my aviators," I said to him. "I told Beachey what you said about aviators going to work and he's decided to do something worth while. He thinks that you're right about Langley being the father of aviation and thinks that he can prove it. I've just wired the director of the Smithsonian Institution for permission to install a modern motor in the Langley plane now in the institute and fly it. Beachey is sure he can fly it and vindicate Langley."

That was the yeast cake that made the bread rise. He jumped up, stuck out his hand and said, "Pickens, now you're talking. Do you think Beachey can fly it?"

"Beachey can fly a kitchen table if you give him a big enough motor," I assured him.

My friend got all steamed up. I had touched him in a soft spot. He sent a copy boy to the "morgue" for pictures of Langley, Wright, Curtiss and Beachey. Then he put another man on the city desk and pounded out a story of Beachey, the man who was to vindicate Langley, and set his memory right with the world.

Just a word about Professor Samuel Pierpont Langley. On May 6, 1896, his model plane, thirteen feet of wing spread, actually was propelled into the air by a catapult and flew. It was powered with a steam engine and dropped into the water when the engine went dead, the professor having neglected to send an engineer or even a fireman along with the plane. But, encouraged by this trial, the professor, backed by the War Department and $50,000, constructed a machine of full size that would carry a man. The press and public were so derisive about Langley's plane, which was called an aerodrome, that Langley carried out all his preparations in secret.

The big attempt was made on October 7, 1903. The pilot was Charles W. Manley, and I'll say that he had more nerve than the man who first rode an elephant. Manley climbed into the machine, the catapult was wound up and somebody pressed the button. Instead of going up into the air, the aerodrome made a dive into the Potomac by the shortest and speediest route. The aerodrome carried Manley into the river and Langley's career went with the machine. The public hooted, even though such an eminent scientist as Nikola Tesla defended Langley staunchly to the end. Langley never flew, but his efforts proved that a heavier-than-air machine could fly. That's Langley's story.

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Eugene Ely in His Curtiss Biplane in 1911 Flew Over San Francisco and the Bay, Landed on the U. S. Cruiser Pennsylvania, and Flew Back to Land. The Upper Photograph Shows Him Leaving and the Lower Arriving on the Pennsylvania. In the Oval are Mr. and Mrs. Ely and Capt. Charles F. Pond of the Pennsylvania. Around Ely's Neck is a Life Preserving Arrangement for Use in Case He Met Disaster While Over the Water

A Much Delayed Wire

MY REPORTER friend wrote a beautiful article about Beachey, the Knight of the Air, who was going to rehabilitate the memory of a pioneer as only a man of truly chivalric impulses could. But like all newspapermen, he was exasperating. He wanted details. Just as I was sneaking out of the office, serenely content that my prize hen had laid a fine egg that day, he called, "Pickens, have you got a copy of that telegram to the Smithsonian Institution?"

That was an impertinent question for two reasons. First, I didn't have any copy of the telegram. Second, I didn't have a copy of the telegram because I hadn't sent any to the Smithsonian Institution. I told him that the copy was down in my office at the St. Francis Hotel, but that I would be glad to get it and bring it back to him. He seemed satisfied and expressed the story through. I hustled to the hotel and sent the much delayed wire to the Smithsonian Institution, got a copy and brought it back to him. The story was a sensation. It was relayed through the press, editorial writers chewed over the sentimental cud and praised Beachey for devoting his talent to the memory of Langley.

The heads of the Smithsonian Institution at first refused to allow the machine out of the building, and suggested that Beachey build a replica and experiment with that. But two weeks later they gave Beachey permission to fly the aerodrome. In the meantime I had Beachey out filling exhibition dates in the big cities and stalled for time. I asked for a postponement on the plea that they had refused a definite answer at a time when Beachey was free. Glenn Curtiss wired me, requesting that he be allowed to take Beachey's place in the aerodrome. I agreed and so did the authorities of the Smithsonian, and our share of the entertainment was over.

Curtiss took the aerodrome to his factory at Hammondsport, New York, installed a Curtiss motor in place of the clumsy steam engine and flew at Lake Keuka in the presence

of a friendly army of photographers and newspapermen. The aerodrome was put back in the Smithsonian with this placard on it:

THE FIRST MAN-CARRYING AIRPLANE IN THE HISTORY OF THE WORLD CAPABLE OF SUSTAINED FREE FLIGHT

This placard started another international controversy, with all the leading editorial writers choosing up sides against one another. As a matter of fact, the Langley plane wasn't flown until June 2, 1914, or more than eleven years after it was catapulted into the Potomac. In the meantime the Wrights had been flying for years.

PHOTO. BY BROWN BROTHERS, N. Y. C.

An Early Parachute Jumper

All this ballyhoo was steamed up because Will H. Pickens required a quick answer for a substitute city editor who thought that Will H. Pickens was a publicity hound. I had told him that Beachey thought the Langley aerodrome could fly—and it did fly. And although it may stretch almost to the snapping point, a Pickens never breaks his word. I made good, even though my friend made me perspire like bacon in the pan. But I cured his granulated eyelids.

Nine Lives

I GOT so swelled up over this that I began to figure that my imagination had nine lives. So when I took the Flying Circus to Los Angeles I decided to ballyhoo a Race of All Nations. I had a Hindu, a Japanese, a Spanish and every other kind of pilot except a Chinese. There were no Chinese flyers anywhere in the world. So I went down to the Chinese telephone exchange and asked the manager if he knew of a Chinese lad who would pose for an aviation picture.

He dug up a progressive young Oriental who had a two-dollar book on aviation and wasn't afraid of any man's camera.

The Sunday papers carried a picture of the world's only Chinese flyer. He was pictured at the wheel of his airplane, looking intently at nothing and with the peak of his cap reversed to the rear in real aviator style. It was one of the best flight photos ever taken in an armchair. The wheel which the Chinaman was clinging to so desperately had been ripped off a child's toy express wagon. There was no room on the walls of Chinatown for twenty-four-sheets, but I plastered the picture all over the Chinese quarter.

A month later the Circus was in Oakland and I had forgotten all about Oriental parachute jumpers, when in walked my Chinaman in an aviator's costume. He had taken some instruction at a flying school and had raised the money to buy an airplane. We gave him a few more lessons in flying and he was the star of our first Chinese Day in Oakland. This time he went on the twenty-four-sheets and the cream of Chinatown came out to see him fly.

A Real Oriental Aviator

THERE was a big crowd present when he took off, but he wasn't nervous. The field was short, the grand stand was high, but he kept his nerve. He managed to get off the ground, swept by the stands, cleared a fence, hurdled a clump of trees, all without the least show of nervousness. His flying was still perfect as he tried to fly through the window of a big barn. I saw him in the hospital that night and asked him if he was nervous and he wiggled his little finger in the negative. All the rest of his body was covered with bandages. Just as soon as he could hobble, he raised the money for another airplane among his compatriots in California cities. He was a star of the Flying Circus for a year and then took his plane to China.

In the year 1918 a page boy in the St. Francis handed me this card:

TOM GUNN
GENERAL DIRECTOR GOVERNMENT
AERONAUTIC DEPT. OF KWONGTUNG
CANTON, CHINA

When Tom showed me a check for $1,000,000 which the new republic had empowered him to spend for aircraft, I realized it was time for Will H. Pickens to take lessons from his pupil.

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Katherine Stinson Carrying a Red Cross War Fund Report From Buffalo to Washington, 1917

I had no planes on hand to sell Tom, as, unfortunately, I hadn't visualized the possibility of one of my former pupils ever bobbing up with $1,000,000 to invest in airplanes. He expended the money wisely and carefully, for he was an expert on engines and flying. Then he went back home to take his place among the progressive young mandarins. He was wealthy and influential when he died a year ago from an old injury sustained the afternoon that he tried to fly a forty-foot plane through a five-foot barn window.

The world never heard of Tom Gunn, who was the Langley of China. He learned to fly in an armchair, clinging to the wheel of an express wagon, but made history before he was through. This is the first time that my name has ever been mentioned in the Langley tests, but it was my wild guess that started things that Sunday in San Francisco.

The Geyser

LIKE Old Faithful in Yellowstone Park, a promoter is a geyser that must spout every so often or choke. The Langley and Tom Gunn spoutings almost engulfed the spouter, but in the light of subsequent events, you must admit that I made good, even though it took years, and that truth crushed to earth shall rise again, even though it may be a trifle flattened out in the process.

Katherine Stinson's flying with ramshackle planes was far more meritorious than the stunts being accomplished today. She walked into my Chicago office early in

(Continued on Page 133)

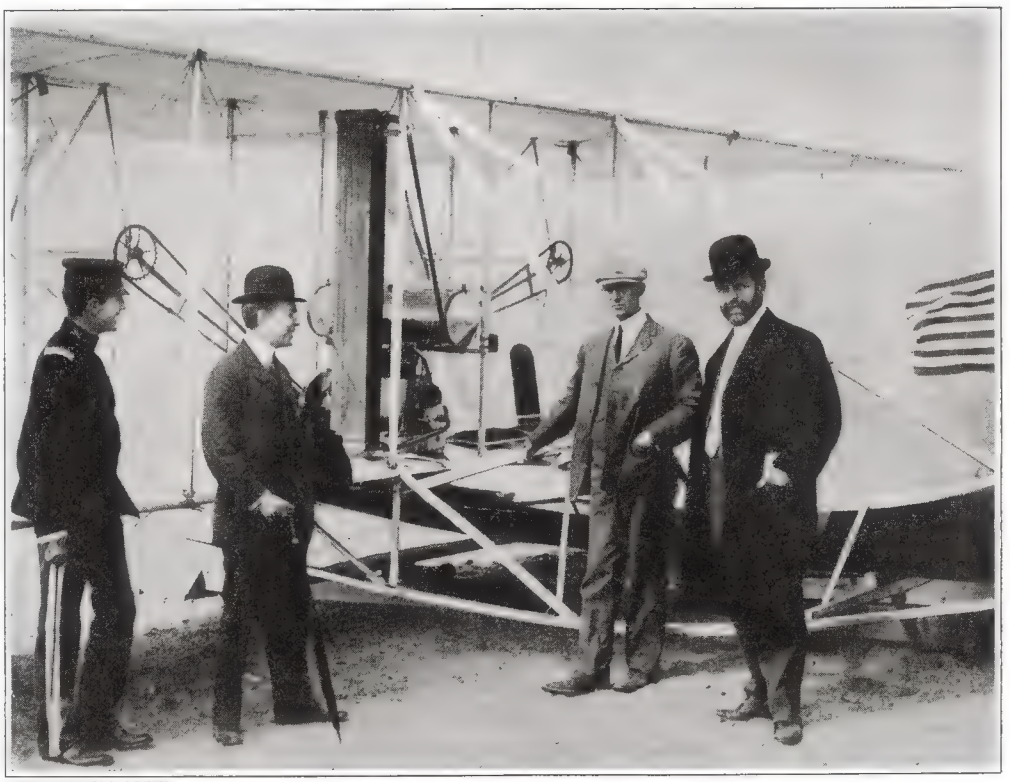

PHOTO. FROM WIDE WORLD PHOTOS

Captain Dovey, U. S. A.; Hon. James M. Beck, Former Solicitor General; Orville Wright, and Major William J. Hammer, Aeronautical Engineer, Looking Over the Wright Brothers First Airplane

The Prince Serves His Purpose

By ALICE DUER MILLER

ILLUSTRATED BY ARTHUR WILLIAM BROWN

III

LAWRENCE HOLMES was sitting at his desk opening his mail—or rather reading the opened letters which his secretary permitted to reach him. She was an excellent secretary and possessed every quality except a sense of drama. There was no gradation in her arrangement—a notice of a meeting of his club—a notice of an executive board meeting—a check—yes—no—actually his nephew paying him back some money—but—ah, yes, this was more natural, asking at the same time for some more—a letter from a lawyer suggesting a conference—he had always known they meant to compromise that suit—ah, at last a letter from Felicia in answer to his.

He had waited day by day for that letter. Of course he knew that if she had never turned up at all, he would have heard from the Brentons. Where had she been, he asked himself, when he had wanted so much to see her? Well, her letter would tell him:

Dear Lawrence: I felt so sorry not to see you the other evening. I went to meet you at the station, but did not succeed in getting there in time. I am coming to New York tomorrow—today by the time you get this—and should like to see you sometime in the course of the late afternoon, or after dinner. I have an engagement for dinner, or else I should ask you to take me to dine somewhere. Telephone me at the hotel, will you? I have something rather important to consult you about.

His heart sank. This must be the prince—and what was he going to say? Anybody else and he would have given his blessing with joy—just what she needed, dear little Felicia, a happy marriage—just what he, who loved her so much, had always craved for her. But not that dark foreign enigmatic little man. Good heavens! And yet what reason did he have for saying no?

He pressed the bell on his desk and his secretary entered. "Get me an Almanach de Gotha," he said.

"I never heard of it," she answered.

"Get it just the same." He was hardly ever cross, and his secretary resented it all the more, for that is one of the penalties of amiability. "Get me a copy of Mr. Marion's will, too," he shouted, rather spoiling the dignity of her exit.

He kept repeating to himself over and over: "Felicia is a child; she is not old enough to be married—not to a foreign prince. To a good clean simple American boy—yes; but these foreigners ——" He thought he would say no anyhow. What did one need of a reason when one knew one was right? The stories he had heard, as a lawyer, of the things that happened to American heiresses, tied hand and foot in a country not their own! Not his darling Felicia—not that child. It was just in order to guard against this sort of thing that her father had left the will he did. And was he, Lawrence, going to shrink from doing his duty? She was probably infatuated with the boy and wouldn't listen to reason. . . . The first time she had not listened to him.

Ought he to have paid more attention to her failure to see him the night he had stopped at the Brentons'? He was thinking more profoundly of Felicia than ever before in all their acquaintance, when his secretary came in to say there was a gentleman in the outer office who wished very much to see him—Mr. Orr.

Redmond Orr was the kind of man that other men speak well of. Lawrence himself spoke well of him, only the other day urging his election to the governing board of a club to which ordinarily only much older men were elected; a steady man, a responsible man, a man who had done a great deal for American sport. But it is one thing to respect a young man and another to enjoy his society, and Lawrence had never allowed himself to be much thrown with Orr for the simple reason that Orr bored him—bored him intensely. So he was surprised to hear the name of his visitor—at first surprised and then delighted. He guessed that Orr had come to see him about some candidate or policy of the club, but he remembered that Orr would know all about the little prince and would be able to give the opinion of a good clean honest American man.

"Show him in at once," said Lawrence, and greeted Orr with an encouraging cordiality. "I thought you were still in Green Valley, entertaining royalty," he said.

"I came down yesterday afternoon—especially to see you," returned Orr.

"Good!" answered Lawrence, always a little impatient of preliminaries. "What do you want to see me about?"

"About Felicia."

At this direct response, Lawrence felt his heart sink and said to himself that if Orr had noticed something wrong—if Orr had come to warn him —— "Well, what about her?" he asked, and he was distressed and surprised to hear something very slightly hostile in his own tone.

"What, indeed?" answered Orr. "The day before yesterday, Mr. Holmes, I should have said it was all clear enough. I should have said that I was coming here to ask you as Felicia's guardian for consent to our marriage—or whatever it is you ask of guardians—to tell you that she and I wanted to be married. But today—— I wonder if you have any idea what is going on up there at the Brentons'."

"What is going on?"

"There's a plot among those damned foreigners to get Felicia's fortune into their hands, to marry her to this little prince, to sweep her off her feet."

Lawrence cleared his throat. "You mean," he said, "that Felicia is in love with Prince Carlo?"

"No," answered Orr emphatically. "She doesn't care a snap of her fingers for him—of course not. How could you think such a thing of her?"

The lawyer in Lawrence was engaged in weighing the evidence. He would have accepted Mrs. Brenton's judgment of a girl's emotion rather than Orr's, and yet he felt very sure he had not been getting an honest opinion from Mrs. Brenton. He wanted to believe Orr: he wanted to think that Felicia was not in love.

"What makes you think she isn't?" he asked.

"She told me so."

Well, that was excellent testimony. Lawrence's face lit up. "That settles that," he said. "Felicia is the most truthful person I know, and if she says ——"

"I never thought for a moment she loved him," Orr interrupted. "For the fact is, Mr. Holmes, I feel quite confident she really loves me."

"Good God!" said Lawrence.

"Yes," Orr went on, slightly mistaking the cause of his companion's emotion, "isn't it a sickening thing to think of a girl like that—loving one man and selling herself for a title. Felicia of all people!"

Lawrence had to a certain degree pulled himself together. "It's impossible," he said. "You've got it wrong somehow or another. Either Felicia is not going to marry the prince, or else she is not in love with you—or possibly neither."

"She isn't going to marry him if I can stop it," returned Orr, setting his jaw. "You certainly wouldn't approve of it, would you?"

There was a silence. Redmond, horrified, supposed Holmes was considering his verdict. The fact was that he was repressing his impulse to reply in some such terms as this: "It's none of your business whether I approve or not; that is something between Felicia and myself. No, I don't approve, but I approve quite as much as I approve of her marrying a great materialistic tiresome fellow like you, who could about as well appreciate the fineness of her nature as—as—and anyhow she's mine—she belongs to me. Her father left her to me, and I have guarded her and ——" But of course he could not say this, and was astonished to find he felt it.

"If You Mean Officially, as Her Guardian, I Cannot be Sure Whether I Should Have Any Grounds for Opposing Such a Marriage or Not"

A long time passed before he answered: "If you mean officially, as her guardian, I cannot be sure whether I should have any grounds for opposing such a marriage or not."

"If she doesn't love him?" said Orr.

"That is a hard question to settle."

"No, it isn't—it isn't," said Orr. He thought a moment and added seriously: "Look here, Mr. Holmes, you know Felicia—the kind of girl she is. Do you think she would let a man kiss her if she didn't love him?"

"She let you kiss her—is that what you mean to infer?"

"I'm trying to tell you what happened," answered Orr, "that night of the ball when Felicia and I went to meet you and never got there. She let me kiss her. Of course you older people hear a lot of nonsense talked about the modern girl, but I assure you, sir, a girl like Felicia would not let a fellow kiss her unless she had a real feeling for him—you may take that as a fact."

Orr would have been astonished to find the fist of an older person suddenly crashing into his serious sunburnt face. Older people, indeed! The modern girl! Felicia! Well, Holmes said to himself, he knew now how fathers felt when upstarts asked them casually for their daughters. Paternal—his feeling for Felicia had always been paternal.

"But when you asked her to marry you—I assume you have done that ——"

"She did not accept me definitely, and yet," Orr hesitated, "she gave me the impression that she might accept me the next time I spoke. She seemed so gentle and sweet—you don't know how sweet Felicia can be, sir."

He didn't know—he who had practically molded her into the being that she now was.

Orr went on: "She kept saying that we ought to meet the train, and she would feel terribly if she missed you, but not as if she really meant it."

"I see," said Lawrence.

"Well," Orr went on, "when we got home, I stopped to put the car away, and when I came into the ballroom she wasn't there, and I went wandering about trying to find her, and at last I did—in the garden, with Karl Eugene on his knees beside her, kissing her hand."

"He, too!"

"She was crying."

"Crying?"

"Well, I don't know how well you know Felicia ——"

"I'm not sure myself."

"But you may take it as a fact that she doesn't cry for nothing."

"You're sure about that?"

"Oh, yes, Mr. Holmes, if you love a girl you get a sort of instinctive understanding of her that no outsider has—she doesn't cry easily."

For some reason the cool didactic tone was more than Lawrence could bear. He rose to his feet. "Well," he said, "I'll see you tomorrow, after I have thought this over, but at the moment I have an engagement I cannot break."

"You won't let her be railroaded into an engagement against her will?"

"Did Felicia send you to me?"

Orr shook his head. "Oh, no, Mrs. Brenton sent me. She said she thought you really had more influence with her than anyone."

"I see."

Why did that "really" make the phrase insulting? Holmes did not know. He only knew that he must be rid of this florid young man—or kill him. He hurried out of the office and left Redmond, still instructing him, at the door. Orr went north. Holmes south. He went to the Battery and, sitting down on a bench, pulled his hat down over his eyes and folded his arms.

He knew what his emotion was—nothing can poison the air, weight the heart, fill one with hate shot through with the pangs of love, as jealousy can. He was jealous—but in a paternal way, so he kept saying to himself. He was of another generation. Orr had said so. . . . Well, half a generation—fifteen years. And he had hitherto thought that an advantage! He had looked down on these unsophisticated boys and girls! Could a fine-grained creature like Felicia really be in love with a coarse, blatant, sports-loving fellow like that? How unjust he was! Orr was a good wholesome gentleman who had done a lot for American sport. . . . And what of it?

The thing to do was to put the whole matter out of his head until he saw Felicia that evening. And he must be careful not to say anything critical or reproachful to her. "In old times when you used to depend on my judgment." He mustn't say anything like that. . . . He spent the better part of an hour outlining poisoned phrases that he must not use. At the end of that time he was much bitterer than he had been when he came out.

Fortunately for him, when he went to luncheon he met some clients who obliged him to talk of their troubles, and when he went back to his office his state of mind was calmer, although in the short walk from his luncheon club to his office building he had again begun to savor the aching bitterness of the situation.

His secretary met him in the outer office. "There is a gentleman waiting for you in your private room."

"Who?"

She committed herself to nothing as she answered, "He says he's a prince."

"He ought to know," said Lawrence, and opened the door and went in. So this was the other one, was it?

"How do you do, Your Highness?" he said briskly.

The prince sprang up and clicked his heels together. "Ah!" he said, conceiving in one fleeting monosyllable what an American would have expressed by such phrase as, "Gosh, I did not think you would be like this!"

"I came to you in great fear," he said. "You were described me as an awful person. Ah, you smile—that is good." Lawrence had smiled at the literal use of the adjective, and the prince went on more solemnly: "I think you guess the reason I come."

"Yes, I think I know why you are here," said Lawrence. He made the boy sit down and offered him a cigar, which the prince declined.

"I come," said the prince, now very formal and erect—"I come to ask your consent that I marry myself with your ward, Miss Marion. My mother, the Princess Eugenia, rejoiced with me and will cable."

"Well, sir, we are all very much flattered," said Lawrence, "but in our ignorance, I must own I know very little about you."

The prince held up his finger. "I tell you," he said. "I am twenty-six—no brothers and sisters. Though from the point of view of royalty I am not, as we say in my country, the minaret on the mosque, my family is a very good one. My uncle is king, you know—not likely I will ever be king—my uncle's boy is strong like the ox. I am strong, too—not big—but don't wear out quick."

He smiled at Holmes. Lawrence stared at him. It was impossible to imagine this happy, friendly creature shutting

(Continued on Page 51)

"And You'll Come and Breakfast With Sarah and Me?" "Nonsense! I'll Come and Take You Away to Breakfast With Me"

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

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PHILADELPHIA, NOVEMBER 26, 1927

Wires Across the Seas

THERE is a tendency on the part of some of the bright young men sent by American newspapers and news-gathering organizations to the capitals of Europe, to feed their home readers occasionally with dispatches that would better never have been written. Their greatest fault is that in their proper anxiety to interpret European opinion they take on the color of their intellectual surroundings and accept European views instead of merely transmitting them. This acceptance has the effect of so coloring their dispatches that they become briefs for oversea nations rather than impartial news about what those nations are thinking.

Our press representatives who are sending us the news of the Old World are quite incorruptible. They would resent with physical violence any attempt at bribery; and yet there are instances in which they have been beguiled by social and official blandishments into adopting a frame of mind and a set of views which have the effect of furthering European interests and militating against American interests. They have caused no end of difficulties for our State and Treasury Departments, they have hampered international negotiations and they have sowed the seeds of incorrect opinion in millions of American minds. Their employers may well read their dispatches with closer analysis and ask themselves if these results are what they are paying out good American money to obtain.

These American propagandists who are blowing such resounding blasts upon the European horn are not nearly so blameworthy as they might appear. Their very intelligence, their praiseworthy desire to absorb as much as possible of their alien environments and to make themselves part of the picture in which they figure are often their undoing.

Within certain limits, the more intelligent a young American is the harder he falls for Europe. Only a mature mind fortified by wide knowledge and a vigorous but orderly imagination can truly visualize Europe and America side by side and justly compare them as living organisms.

The things that make Europe are easier to visualize than those which make the United States. Most of what Europe has is in her shop window, for all to see. Ancient cathedrals and palaces delight the eye. The art treasures of thirty centuries enthrall every intelligent American who visits her museums or great private collections. The culture of the ages flowers at the older seats of learning. Living is smooth because it is made so by personal servitors descended from a class whose business for a thousand years has been to make their masters comfortable. Roads that have been a thousand years in building make motor transport swift and agreeable. Old World pageantry, with its gold-laced costuming, its traditional ritual and its picturesque relics of medievalism, makes a vivid appeal to our love of the theatrical. We are so bedazzled by the surface of Europe that we often fail to see much below it.

What is worse, our young writers for the press often fail to see below the surface of America. They turn pitiless eyes upon our crudities, upon our poverty in certain amenities never found in a young country, and ignore our power, our national achievements, our intellectual vigor and our high general level of contentment and prosperity. There is no method of bookkeeping whereby we can establish a system of offsets and appraise the cathedral at Chartres in terms of Kansas wheat fields or Texas oil wells. There is no way to value the treasures of the Louvre in terms of Carnegie libraries. It is equally impossible to put an asset value upon our wholesome relations between labor and capital or upon the boundless fields of opportunity open to our ambitious young people in units of culture or architecture or old masters. Some of our greatest assets are intangibles. They do not charm the eye or obtrude themselves upon the notice of the superficial observer; but they are ours, and they are real and mighty and hold undreamed-of potentialities whether our writers have the wit to know it or not.

There is no more difficult exercise for the mind than to visualize America in her full proportions and ultimate possibilities. Few of us even attempt it. Some of us go a long way toward accomplishing it; but as often as not those who do are of sound discernment rather than of great learning; for there are those "who know everything and understand nothing and those who know little and comprehend everything."

Thorough knowledge of America, deep, ingrained and sympathetic, should be the first qualification required of those selected to send news to America from foreign capitals. This is the only firm foundation upon which to build a useful knowledge of oversea affairs. Not all our European correspondents are blessed with either. No wonder they are sometimes innocent cat's-paws.

Justifying Restriction of Immigration

THE National Bureau of Economic Research has just issued a study on Migration and Business Cycles that deserves to be commended to all students of business. There has been a great deal of loose talk about the value of untrained immigrant labor. We believe the policy of restriction of immigration to be sound. The restriction by quota may not have been the ideal method; perhaps the quotas were not correctly set; perhaps the time selected as base was not the best one. But a start had to be made, and a good start was made, in restriction. And we have no sympathy with the suggestion for setting up a flexible standard, with a board to guess when additional foreign workers might be found useful in this country and admit them on the basis of the supposed commodity need of labor.

It is generally coming to be recognized that congestion in overpopulated countries cannot be relieved by emigration. But this report makes it clear that migration affords no relief to cyclical unemployment. It is made clear "that to a large extent low employment occurs concurrently in the country of emigration and the country of immigration."

It does no good to go from one country with high employment to another country with high employment; nor does it ameliorate conditions of low employment in one country without aggravating the same condition in the other country. In short, migration would seem to hold out no real hope for amelioration of continuous or transient unemployment.

It is usually in times of marked business activity that a letting down of the bars is urged to secure more workers to aid in keeping up the high flow of goods and services that are being sought. Added population is wanted to help with the boom. This report brings out the probability that "the inflow of large numbers of new workers into the United States in times of prosperity has been a factor in increasing the intensity of boom periods and consequently the severity of the subsequent depression." This suggestion has certainly a sound ring. The problem of the recent immigrant in times of depression is familiar to all social workers.

A great deal of attention—perhaps too much—has been given to the melting-pot aspect of immigration. It is well that sociological considerations should be supplemented by purely economic studies of immigration.

The Well-Spent Dollar

THE American Motorists' Association is responsible for a proposal that is as novel as it is interesting. If the plans of this organization come to maturity its officers will memorialize Congress in favor of having the Federal Government allocate to the several states, for the purpose of constructing World War memorial highways, the greater part of the $407,000,000 which France owes the United States for materials bought after the Armistice. The originators of this plan propose that this sum be parceled out to the states on a pro rata basis determined by the volume of Liberty Bonds bought by each commonwealth. Preliminary estimates indicate that a distribution made on this basis would give New York $97,000,000, Illinois $25,000,000, California and New Jersey $15,000,000 each, and so on down the line, with $127,000 for Alaska.

The association would thus dispose of 90 per cent of the $407,000,000 and would favor the appropriation of the remaining 10 per cent for the construction of a whole series of fine highways running from important cities to the national capital.

There is so much to be said both for and against these proposals that they are bound to occasion some lively debate. There have been so many slips 'twixt cup and lip in the matter of collecting European debts incurred during the war that many of us will believe the eagerness of our motorists to file a claim on these French debits to be as optimistic as it is premature. We shall only be courting disappointment if we are rash enough to spend, or even allocate, a single penny of these war obligations before the funds are actually and physically in the hands of the Treasury Department.

The general movement for the extension of motor highways, broad, straight and smooth, needs no defense. The good roads movement in Britain was started by Julius Cæsar a generation or more before the beginning of the Christian Era. In the United States it did not get under way until the 1880's; but it has already attained such impetus that we are every year completing a greater mileage than the great Roman road builder achieved during his whole military career.

Even at that we have made only a beginning. We have thousands of miles of improved roads that fully met the needs of an earlier decade, but which must presently be straightened out, widened and rid of dangerous curves and excessive grades. Countless towns and villages must remain in a state of virtual isolation until new highways connect them with the centers of trade and give them accessible primary markets.

A statement made by Dr. S. M. Johnson of the American Motorists' Association explains why motor-car drivers feel that the proceeds of the debt indicated should be devoted to road improvement. According to this authority the United States sold to France some $400,000,000 worth of road material for twenty cents on the dollar. Some of it was used to build and to repair roads in France and became part of the permanent physical assets of that country. It had nothing to do with saving France from a common enemy. It was a purely commercial transaction. Mr. J. B. Weeks, president of the American Motorists' Association, well says that it is time to put a stop to the economic waste resulting from the operation of billions of dollars' worth of practically 100 per cent efficient motor vehicles over roads that cause an automobile deterioration of 40 per cent.

There is no easier or quicker way of getting rid of money than in needless and ill-advised road building; but when every dollar spent buys a dollar's worth of substantial and needed highway it is laid out to as good advantage as the taxpayer's dollar is ever employed.

Simplifying the Income Tax

By William R. Green

Chairman of the House Ways and Means Committee

NOTHING is easier than to criticize and nothing more difficult than to do real constructive work. So the world is full of critics whose accomplishments do not accord with their own estimate of their abilities, while the real constructionists are not only rare but far more modest. On the other hand, proper criticism is often very useful and, whether well founded or not, it is the privilege of every citizen to criticize the laws that Congress adopts, and in a general way hold Congress responsible for them. The form of our income-tax law has been much criticized. Some of these criticisms have been by persons who thought themselves experts, but who, nevertheless, have contributed nothing constructive. Some are mere general criticisms by laymen. Though these are not helpful in a constructive way, the layman is justified in insisting that better results be obtained or a good reason be given for failure to improve the form of the law.

It ought, however, to be understood at the outset that neither the Ways and Means Committee of the House nor the Finance Committee of the Senate, which present revenue bills to their respective houses, prepare the forms of these bills. In fact, they have but little to do with the form thereof, which is prepared by experts, just as is done in England, and the form is seldom changed by the committees. The time of the members of the committees is so fully occupied with questions of tax rates and when and where they should be applied, as to leave no opportunity to attend to drafting the bills. That matter, as stated above, is left to experts of high standing and of long experience with reference to tax matters who are specially qualified for such work.

It does not follow, however, that the form of the law cannot be improved. The experts who prepared it would be the first to admit that its form could be much bettered and that it ought to be redrafted. But they would say that they had never had a fair opportunity to complete their work, and they would be right in their plea. The period elapsing after the general form of the bill is agreed upon is altogether too short for good drafting work and there are always last-minute changes, the result of differences between the House and the Senate. The draftsmen have been called, upon very short notice, to solve extremely complicated technical problems, and the wonder is not that there are imperfections in the work but that it is as good as it is.

Those that have had experience with the administration of the income-tax law and the preparation of revenue bills are now very generally agreed that, during a period when the committees and Congress are wrestling with the question of what shall be the maximum surtax and what the normal rates, how far exemptions shall be carried, and what shall be done with reference to the estate tax, what reductions shall be made in the rates on individual incomes, and hundreds of other similar questions, neither the committees nor Congress can give sufficient attention to the form of the law and that any experts called, no matter how competent they may be, need more time than can possibly be given them when the revenue bills are under consideration. In accordance with this view Congress provided a new method in the last revenue bill.

The Revenue Act of 1926 provided for the creation of a Joint Committee of the House and Senate on Internal Revenue Taxation, composed of five members from the Ways and Means Committee of the House and five members from the Finance Committee of the Senate. It is not necessary here to enumerate all the powers and duties of this committee, but one of the most important, and perhaps the most important, was the simplification of the income tax. The writer was selected as chairman of the committee. For certain reasons the selection of the chairman and the organization of the committee staff was delayed

(Continued on Page 123)

"I AIN'T QUITE DEAD ENOUGH JUS' YET, MISS EVA"

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

DRAWN BY B. ALLEN ZANE

The Comic Artist Designs a Home

Be Versatile!

THE applicant for a position in a road orchestra sets forth his qualifications in an interview with the leader:

"I can play the comb beautifully and get very much the same effect on a cazoo. I can pick two tunes on the banjo at once, while suggesting a piano and violin accompaniment. I can juggle three Indian clubs while I play My Sunday Gal on the harmonica, which I fasten in front of my face with elastic tape, and at the same time play the zither. Perhaps my best stunt is one in which I sing Just Lovin' My Baby in soprano and bass, play the drums and xylophone, keep three hats in the air with my head, and dance the black-bottom to the tune of Sundown."

Orchestra leader: "Hired." —*Marie George.*

Completely Reformed

I HAVE seen them in the movies and I read of them in books—
All the sinister policemen, all the persecuted crooks,
All the inoffensive burglars on the job or in the pen,
All the honorable gamblers, all the vicious clergymen,
And the tender-hearted ruffian and the cruel son of peace,
And the lofty-minded wanton and the venomous Lucrece,
And the admirable pirate on the crimson-tinted foam,
And the loathly common person with his family at home,
And the evil-hearted farmer and the estimable tramp;
For the villain is the hero and the hero is a scamp,
And they're showing up the Fathers and a-calling of them names,
While they're putting up a statue to the gallant Jesse James.
So I'm off to buy a slung shot, a revolver and a knife,
As a convert to the doctrine of the Nobler, Badder Life.
—*A. Guiterman.*

DRAWN BY F. STROTHMANN

What They are Thinking About While You Tell That Funny Story

DRAWN BY DONALD MCKEE

Flapper: "What? You Want to Marry Me? And You're Twenty-five Years Old! None of That May and December Stuff for Me"

The New Prize Fighting

THE happy family reunion around the radio the night of the big fight, with grandma knitting and nodding in pleased approval

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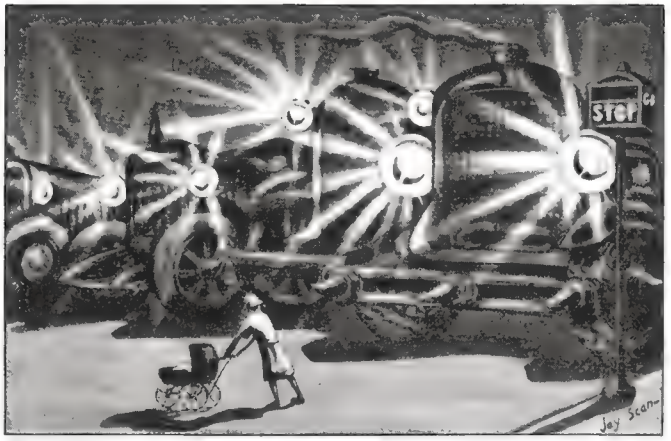

DRAWN BY JAY SCAN

How it Looks to Her

DRAWN BY LEO JOSEPH ROCHE

Uncle Tom's Cabin as it Was—and as the Movies Would "Reproduce" It

There's a difference in flavor in *slow-cooked beans!*

You can tell it the moment you taste Campbell's Beans. Smoothness—richness—the mellow bean flavor in all its true deliciousness. Every bean on your plate tender, meaty and tempting. Every bean as wholesome and digestible as it is good to eat.

And your hunger is completely satisfied. You realize that you have enjoyed your food and received plenty of real substantial nourishment. For slow-cooking makes Campbell's Beans more than delicious. It cooks them so thoroughly that you get the benefit of all the body-building nutriment.

Reputation is the reward of quality. As proved by the national picture—seen everywhere—of women making their daily purchases for the home and regularly selecting Campbell's Beans.

SLOW-COOKED **12 cents a can** **DIGESTIBLE**

Except in Rocky Mountain States and in Canada

GRANDFATHERS WILL BE GRANDFATHERS

By Horatio Winslow

ILLUSTRATED BY HARLEY ENNIS STIVERS

"I Can't, Walt. It's Terrible. It's Sacrilege, Walt. I'd Rather be Dead Than to Have Lived to See This Day"

VII

FOR the first time in about twenty-four hours I began to feel relieved about Bill, because it looked as though he was going to be saved for his art after all.

"Bill," I said, when we broke away from Lola, "everything is all right now."

"Yes, Walt, everything is all right now."

"All we have to do is just lie low till you get married."

"That's all, Walt."

"And you won't have to marry that little bourgeois girl."

"No, Walt; I'll just have to marry Lola."

"It will do you an awful lot of good, Bill, to be married to a woman like that. She'll see that you keep true to your highest artistic ideals."

"Yes, I guess she will, Walt."

"That way you always got your art."

"Yes, I got my art, Walt."

Conversation sort of died down then and we walked over to my place not saying anything in particular. Bill didn't seem to be cheered up as much over his future as I thought he ought to have been. He admitted the marriage was a fine thing and would probably send the old hyena raving back to Milwaukee. But he didn't speak about the wedding in a way that you could call enthusiastic.

"Bill," I said, "you know you can hang out at my place until after the ceremony; your grandfather'll never find you there."

But Bill thought the best way to keep out of sight was to quit Paris altogether. So we dropped in at the Closerie-des-Lilas and had a couple of coffees and tried to figure out just where Bill had better go. It took us until near noon to decide, because I thought Bill ought to take the first train north and go up into Brittany; as long as he was shifting south afterward, it would be better for his art to have a complete change of scene. And since Le Roudic de Keriado seemed to find Brittany a good place to meditate in, maybe it would be the same with Bill. But Bill figured he ought to go south, because if he was going to live a while in the south, the sooner he became accustomed to the climate the better, on account of its being practically impossible to meditate in a climate you're not accustomed to.

Then we both remembered that getting married in France needs an awful lot of papers and birth certificates and formalities and this and that, and in the end Bill said, "Well, what's the difference? I might just as well keep on in the room I have now, because probably that's the last place he'd look for me. Besides, no matter what risk I was running, I wouldn't miss the banquet tonight and seeing Le Roudic de Keriado."

So we dropped in at a restaurant and had something to eat and a couple of coffees, and then Bill went up to his room to meditate about his novel. I went up to my studio to document myself a little more about my picture, A Study in Yellow. For a while I documented myself sitting down; then I decided to stretch out on the bed for a minute and meditate. It must have been a case of autohypnosis, because the next thing I remember it was five o'clock. So I got up and put on my other collar and walked over to the Closerie-des-Lilas. The paleo-meditationist banquet didn't begin before eight, but I thought some of the bunch might be waiting there. Nobody I knew, though, was in sight except Kearney Sears, and he came hurrying by as if he had just remembered he'd forgotten something.

So I said, "Hello, Kearney, what's the rush? You look as if you had something on your mind."

"If you had my troubles," he said, stopping, and with an expression on his face I never saw there before, "you'd think you had something on your mind yourself." Then he began some remarks about the paleo-meditationist banquet and asked why he had ever let himself be persuaded into promoting it.

"Kearney," I asked, "what's wrong?"

He shook his head. "In my opinion that old coot Le Roudic de Keriado is wrong—all wrong."

"Kearney," I said, "you hadn't ought to talk that way. Le Roudic is the greatest genius of modern times."

"He may be all that and more, but just the same he's an old coot. Here it is three hours before the dinner begins and the venerable goofer is missing. Where is he?"

"You ought to know; you're running things."

"Sure I ought to know, but I don't. His housekeeper wrote that he'd reach Paris today and that's the only definite word so far. I've met four trains already without a sign of him, and I'm getting sick of it. What are you going to do with an old hoptoad like that who won't open his mouth? The chances are he's forgotten all about this banquet in Paris here tonight, and that he's squatting on some menhir, or dolmen, along the road meditating."

"Well, Kearney," I said, "that's art."

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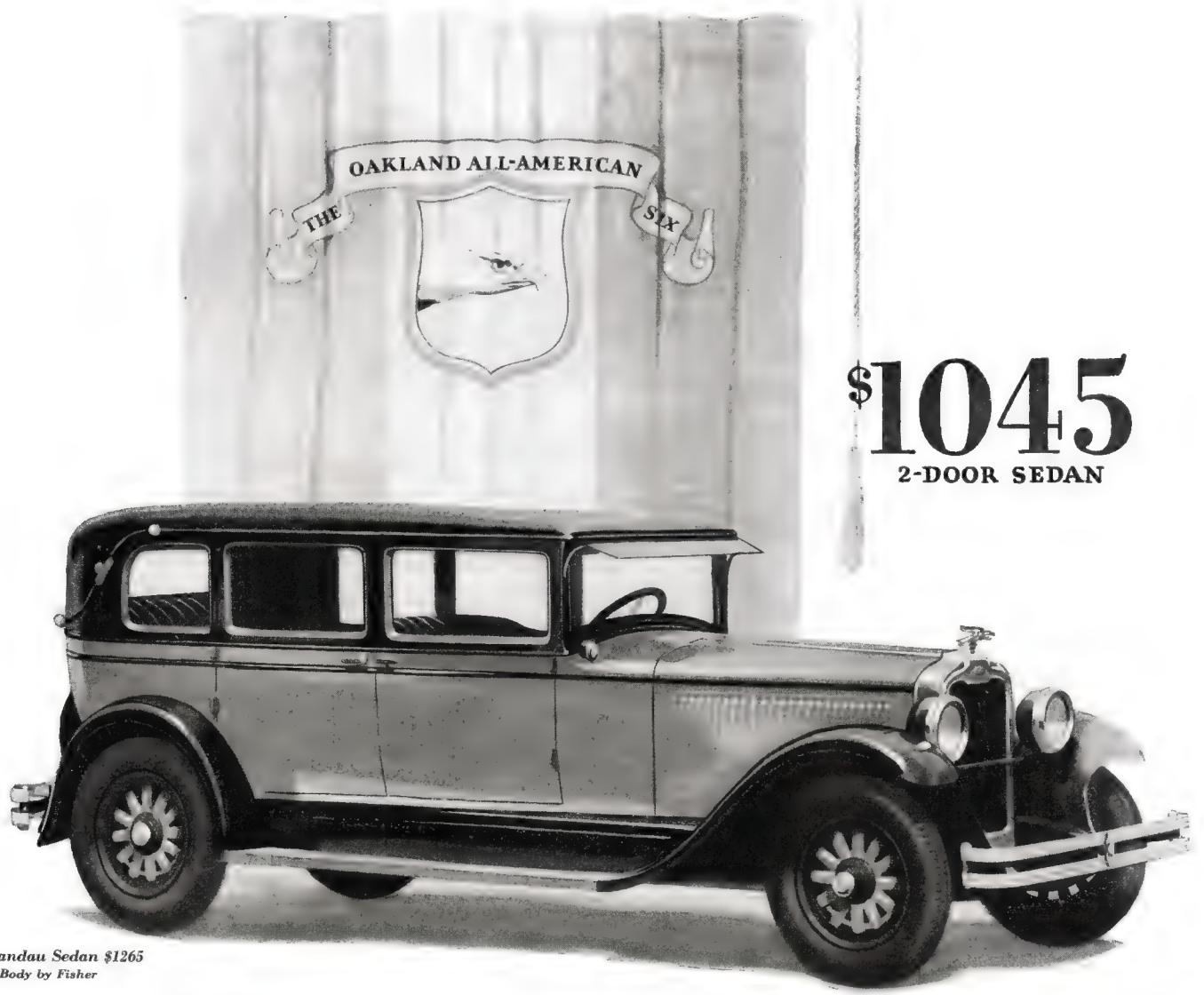

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A something almost magnetic—many qualities in one. Call it personality. Call it what you will. But you feel it when you see the car—and it thrills you when you drive!

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OAKLAND MOTOR CAR COMPANY, PONTIAC, MICHIGAN

OAKLAND
ALL-AMERICAN SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

(Continued from Page 28)

"It may be art, but as far as I'm concerned it's just a kick in the face. Everybody tonight will hold me personally responsible. If I ever get out of this fix I'll never promote another banquet, whether I'm asked by the paleo-meditationists or the Noble Order of Red Men."

Kearney was taking it so much to heart that I felt obliged to say something to encourage him.

"Kearney," I said, "of course, in the accepted sense of the word, us paleo-meditationists aren't symbolists, but every true artist has got to believe in symbols up to a certain point. If he didn't, what would become of his art? Well, now, Kearney, supposing you don't find Le Roudic; why not use a symbol to replace him? For instance, in the chair where he ought to be sitting, put a volume of those poems he published twenty years ago. They'd stand for the man himself, see? Everybody would understand that and everybody would be satisfied."

Kearney gave me a quick look. "Walt," he said, "you deserve more credit than anybody's ever handed you. As an artist you are the prince of idea men. When you said 'symbol,' back there the sun broke out from behind the clouds and began to shine. If the worst comes to the worst I'll remember that—symbol—symbol." And he hurried away, looking relieved.

I was glad that something I said had helped Kearney out, so I took a coffee and went back and found Bill. He was just opening his eyes after having meditated all afternoon. I asked him if he'd seen anything more of his grandfather and he said he hadn't.

"He's deep, Walt. He's holding a couple of decks of cards up his sleeve. But he can't influence me. In this business I'm adamant, Walt—adamant. Something else: I know him well enough to be sure, no matter what he says, that he's suffering torments on account of being away from Milwaukee. He can't live if he don't have his little ten hours of work every day. Well, let him suffer, the old hyena."

We stopped in at a place on St.-Michel and had a couple of coffees and then strolled over to the Closerie. It was getting on toward eight and the paleo-meditationists were gradually drifting onto the terrace and ordering *apéritifs*.

Bill had been feeling a little worried on account of my news from Kearney, so right off he asked a Spanish paleo-meditationist if Le Roudic had come yet. And the Spaniard said he had, and that a personal friend had seen him in his Breton costume, walking along Rue Stanislas with Kearney Sears.

Of course this cheered both of us up quite a lot, because we'd always felt it would be life's greatest inspiration just to set eyes on a man who'd spent twenty years meditating without rushing into any ill-considered production. So we ordered a couple of *apéritifs* ourselves, and by the time the bunch began drifting upstairs we were feeling pretty good. Mostly they were men, but there were a couple of paleo-meditationist girls too. At the last minute Lola blew in and had an *apéritif* with us. She looked all agitated, but as if she was trying to conceal it.

"Where's Le Roudic?" Bill asked.

"Kearney's bringing him later. Kearney wants the dinner to start at the scheduled time and then Le Roudic and he will show up a little before ten o'clock. You know, at ten o'clock it will be exactly twenty years since Le Roudic went into the silence and began to meditate, and he doesn't want to be tempted to speak till the time is up. Suppose I pass the word that Kearney wants us to begin without waiting."

And when she said this Lola jumped up out of her chair. I don't know whether her dress was caught in the table or what, but she sprang up so quick that the table went clean over and the three *apéritif* glasses smashed to flinders.

Bill's face was white. Then I remembered.

"Why, Bill," I said, "that don't mean anything; it's just a superstition." And Lola said the same thing. But you could see Bill took it serious.

"It means bad luck," he said. "Walt, you saw what it did to me before, and I've proved it to myself over and over again. All those glasses smashed around my shoes means something pretty rotten is going to happen to me."

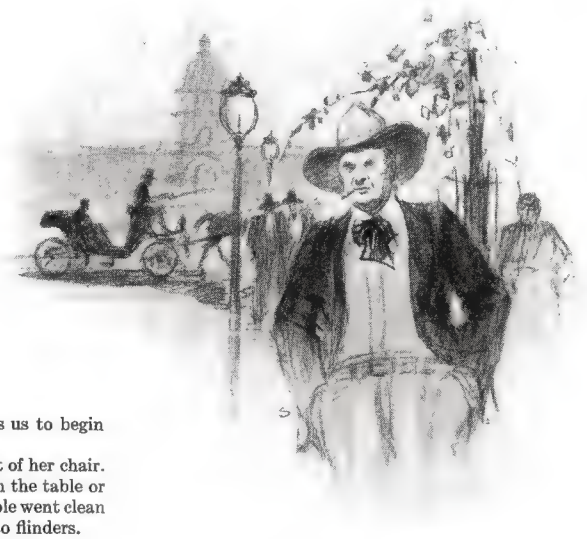
Lola kissed him a couple of times and said, "I won't let anything happen to you, Bill." But she looked worried.

"You can't do anything about it, Lola—nobody can. And all I can do is just to expect the worst."

VIII

THERE was a tremendous gang up in the dining room over the Closerie-des-Lilas. I don't suppose anybody before ever saw so many paleo-meditationists gathered together in the same place. And what made it all the more remarkable was the good feeling shown on all sides. Generally when a lot of free spirits get together there's something in the air that makes you feel how they all hate one another. But this time it was different.

Melmer McHaffy, the Dublin superatheist, was talking in an almost friendly way with Mike O'Hare, the Irish primitive mystic. And a Jap paleo-meditationist was cooing to a Chinese ditto as polite as a sewing circle. And a Hungarian maximal pacifist was smiling at an Austrian major expansionist. And two Italian pro-imperialists were scraping and chittering and being amicable with a Greek unconditional Fascist. And the French modified anarchist was slapping the German absolute anarchist on the back.



He Had On One of Those Broad-Brimmed Cowboy Hats; a Big Drooping Bow Tie Under His Chin, and a Sort of Blue Velvet Jacket; and He Was Smoking a Cigarette

And that's the way it went all around the room. It looked like the parliament of man, the federation of the world. I never thought I'd live long enough to see anything like it. The coming of Le Roudic de Keriado seemed to have wiped all petty disputes out of existence. It was wonderful.

The only thing I couldn't understand was the way Lola acted. Usually Lola was pretty calm, and when she wanted to do something she went and did it without any hesitation. But now she had the air of wanting to make some move and not knowing exactly how to begin. She was sitting beside Bill, and it was only after a couple of false starts that she said to him, "Bill, you know your best interests are mine, don't you?"

"Yes," Bill said, but in a suspicious way, as if he'd noticed something himself.

"Well, what would you say, Bill, if I should ask you to leave the banquet now and not come back?"

"What's the big idea?" Bill asked in the same kind of voice.

"Bill, you realize how fond I am of you and how well I understand you and how much I believe in your art."

"Yes, Lola."

"Outside of Le Roudic de Keriado himself, I don't feel there's anybody in the paleo-meditationist movement to compare with you, Bill."

Bill didn't say anything; just sort of nodded.

"Now, Bill, I wouldn't like to see your future spoiled by a disappointment."

Crumpling up his napkin, Bill turned all the way around so he could face her. "What are you getting at, Lola?"

"Wait a minute, Bill. We both admire Le Roudic, don't we?"

"You know how I feel, Lola. I consider Le Roudic de Keriado the greatest man that ever lived, and when I think of him meditating for twenty years without even writing a word, I'm overcome—just overcome."

"I know, Bill, and that's why I want you to be careful. Suppose you see Le Roudic tonight and suppose you're disappointed—disillusioned. It might ruin your entire artistic future."

"Le Roudic de Keriado couldn't disappoint me, Lola," Bill said, folding his arms. "I don't care how he looks or how he acts. Ever since I first heard of him I've been looking forward to this moment, and if I didn't take advantage of the present opportunity I'd consider my whole life wasted. That's final."

(Continued on Page 66)

Then She Said to Bill, "Something Terrible Has Happened. I Can See it in Your Face"

AS A CHARMING HOME . . .

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The End of an Epoch

By F. Britten Austin

ILLUSTRATED BY HENRY J. SOULEN

IN THE bleak conventionalism of nomenclature made necessary by the complete obliteration of every minor topographical feature, battalion headquarters for the night of the 14-15 September, 1916, had been fixed at S-11-b-4.2; in a shattered ex-German trench system between the two patches of splintered tree stumps known familiarly as High Wood and Devil's Wood on the bare downs north of the Somme. The fitfully illumined midnight darkness permitted only staccato silhouette views of the locality as, having ascertained that the four companies were duly gone to ground in the fragmentary trenches and more or less linked shell holes they were temporarily to occupy, the adjutant returned stumblingly and cursingly to the colonel and the major second in command. Those two officers, their faces dimly visible by the glowing cigarette ends under the flattish shrapnel helmets, were seated at the timbered orifice to an ex-German dugout; an attempted investigation of the interior having induced a unanimous and emphatic preference for the open air.

"All O. K., sir," reported the adjutant.

"Good," said the colonel. "Now we've nothing to do but wait."

"They've got us here early this time," remarked the major. "I hate this confounded waiting, but it's better than scrambling into position five minutes before zero hour like we did a fortnight ago."

The adjutant seated himself on a pile of the plentifully strewn semi-eviscerated earth sacks that had made a barricade, filled his pipe, lit it cautiously in the concealment from the enemy afforded by the former parados of this all but flattened trench. He also hated that confounded waiting—that waiting in which it was better not to think. To the westward their own artillery was engaged in a methodic bombardment which had already lasted three days. Near and far the blackness was torn by guns firing in stabs of flame, and a slamming as of iron doors, by howitzers discharging in a great livid blaze and heavy double detonation. To the eastward the enemy artillery replied perfunctorily in similar flashes, similar slams and detonations. Overhead, uncanny wailings crossed each other under the splendor of the stars.

Every now and then one of those wailings changed its note to an ugly hissing rush, descended to terminate in a sudden brevity of reddish flame, a deafening crash, more or less close to them. Their own shells were falling on a diversity of map-deduced targets, some far away in a closely calculated search for the hostile batteries, for suspected concentration points, for the roads and tracks and communication trenches by which reliefs and ration parties would be in nocturnal activity; others—the majority—disrupting in ever-renewed twinkles of flame, in vindictive multiplied explosions, along the enemy position, whence the flares tossed upward nervously and incessantly. From where the adjutant sat he could see those flares innumerably repeated to right and left, from horizon to horizon, the nearer ones shedding a milk-white ghastly glare as they popped into intense incandescence and hung driftingly, those more remote dwindling into the semblance of low bright stars that dropped and soared again.

So, every night for two fantastic years, those baleful lights had risen and dropped and risen, illuminating the rigid horrors of a narrow no man's land, on a contorted line that stretched from Switzerland to the North Sea—a line that, despite fearful and prolonged intensifications of conflict, now here, now there, monstrous paroxysms of effort from now one side and now the other, was still unbroken and scarcely modified. To the adjutant, puffing at his pipe in a stomach-sinking tension of the nerves—God, how he hated these waits before zero hour!—the immensity of that unending battle in which he was but one of millions of ciphers imposed itself not for the first time in an overwhelming awe. It seemed a conflict as of invisible space-filling gods, transcending the mere humanity they used as agents.

A flat-helmeted soldier arose in the darkness from the adjacent shell hole where the headquarters signalers had established themselves, saluted in a stolid normality of discipline.

"Brigade wants to speak to adjutant, sir."

He got up stiffly, went into the shell hole, squatted to exchange a few words over the field telephone. With a fierce downward rush, a violent crash, a random high-explosive shell burst a dozen yards away, blew acrid smoke over him as he returned to the colonel. He cursed irritably.

"Brigade has just had aircraft report, sir. They say there are three more suspected machine-gun nests in S-6-c—warn us to look out for them." He switched on the shaded electric lamp at his belt, picked up the folded-back map in its leather case, likewise at his belt. "No change in zero hour, sir," he added, as he bent down to the map.

"Ruddy machine guns!" murmured the major. "They're stiff with 'em again, I suppose!"

"Deuced hard to spot, too," said the colonel equably. "Particularly their latest dodges. Typical bit of boche thoroughness, those deep shafts with a counterpoise lift to shoot man and gun up to the surface the moment the barrage passes. I give full marks to brother Fritz for doing his job properly."

"Damn him!" added the major, with emphatic sincerity. In a former existence he was anxious to resume at the earliest possible moment, he had been a stockbroker, and he was unable to share the regular soldier's detached professional admiration for the painstaking efficiency of the enemy.

The adjutant looked up from his map. "Here we are, sir," he said. "Between their first and second lines. That makes eight nests reported there, and God knows how many more besides! I'll warn the companies." He scribbled four notes on his message pad, addressed them, called sharply: "Runner!"

Another flat-helmeted soldier appeared out of the darkness, took the messages, saluted, vanished.

"Show me where they are," said the colonel. "Confound them!" He looked with interest on the torch-illuminated map filled with a complicated network of red

(Continued on Page 34)

SWIFT

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(Continued from Page 32)

and blue lines amid which the adjutant had made a number of penciled crosses. "Let's hope our barrage puts 'em out of business."

"We'll hope so, sir," agreed the adjutant with a dutiful affectation of optimism.

"Can't help it if it doesn't," said the colonel. "We've got to make a job of it and break through this time—G. H. Q.'s determined on it, so Brigade tells me."

"It always is," growled the major. "It's been determined on it for the last two and a half months—ever since this show started. I see they've got the cavalry up again for the dash to Berlin—divisions of 'em, brought up from their holiday home by the sea. And all they'll do is just what they have done before—promenade around for three or four days, blocking up the roads and getting in everyone's way, and then go back again. I don't believe G. H. Q. has ever been to have a look at this war. It reads about it in the newspapers, and the dear old Balaklava generals recite the Charge of the Light Brigade over the mess port. Cavalry!" He finished in a short laugh of bitter sarcasm. "Why not bows and arrows!"

"The principle is all right," replied the colonel, with a touch of asperity. It was in his blood to defend the wisdom of hierarchical authority against the impertinent criticisms of amateur soldiers. "If ever we're going to break through it must be with an arm that combines mobility with offensive power. The trouble is that cavalry horses can't lie down and take cover from machine-gun fire."

"And you can't very well get them to gallop in gas masks, sir," put in the adjutant. It was something to have a topic of conversation in this nerve-racking wait for zero hour. "With every month both sides are using gas more and more. I wouldn't mind betting the battlefields are flooded with it before we're finished."

"Very likely," agreed the colonel. "I'll admit that personally I don't see where cavalry are ever going to come in—less than ever with gas added to all the other unpleasantnesses. And on balance, gas helps the machine gunner. With both sides wearing masks, it makes the attack on him more difficult. The machine gun is the dominant weapon of this war, and the side that first finds an answer to it is going to win. So far I don't see that answer."

"There won't be any answer," said the major vindictively. "The poor old infantry will just go on exposing its extremely vulnerable skins to bullets sent at six hundred a minute by a comfortably camouflaged Hun squatting in a hole in the ground. And when we're all scuppered, G. H. Q. says, 'Break through? Who ever meant to break through? This is a war of attrition.' 'Attrition' is a good word for the newspapers. What it really means is that the machinery for killing has become so perfect that neither side can do anything except get itself killed in heaps. This isn't a war—war means getting something for your money and your casualties; this is civilization committing suicide. For thousands of years humanity has been making war, and now it has become so clever at it that neither side can win. Attack and defense is the irresistible force meeting the immovable obstacle. War, as humanity has always understood it, has become impossible. This is the end of an epoch, my friends." He spoke like a man who has been long brooding over a problem.

"You want a spot of leave, major." The colonel smiled at him in the darkness. "It's the best cure of all for pessimism."

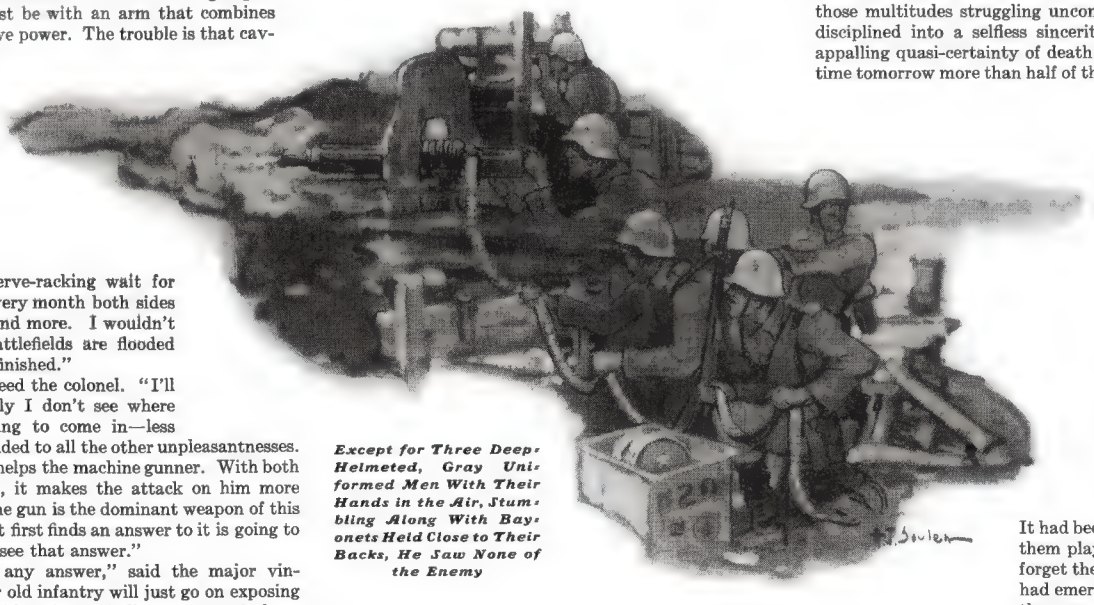
"This isn't pessimism," retorted the major; "it's common sense. I don't pretend to know anything about high strategy. I'm only a plain business man who is accustomed to get his living by the use of common sense. Look at the history of this war so far. Whether the boche makes a push or we make a push, it's all the same. In an effort to knock out the machine guns an immense concentration of artillery blows everything off the map—except the machine guns. And then the infantry goes forward over ground so churned up as to be almost impassable—a floundering target for those machine guns and the equally intense shelling of the enemy. The whole thing has become a contradiction in terms—infantry can't advance except by such artillery fire as makes the ground impossible to advance over.

"Look at this show. We've been at it two and a half months, and bit by bit we've blasted the enemy off a few square miles; but always before we can get up guns and supports over the shelled area, he has had time to organize a new line. It must have cost us a quarter of a million casualties already, and it's getting worse. The divisions are now only lasting three days in the forward area. They come out shot to skeletons. In the last show we had 60 per cent casualties and we never saw the enemy. It's just as bad for the Hun. He had the same experience at Verdun. Modern weapons have made war impossible, though naturally you can't expect the professional soldiers to realize it. Men will still fight in the air and on the sea, of course; but between two nations equipped with all the resources of civilization, land warfare as it has been traditional for thousands of years has come to stalemate. It's the end of an epoch, I tell you."

"There's something in what you say," said the colonel reluctantly—"unless someone invents a neat answer to the machine gun. It all comes back to that."

"What's this new machine-gun stunt we're supposed to be coöperating with, sir?" asked the adjutant. "Who are the Heavy Branch, Machine Gun Corps? I've never heard of 'em."

"Hanged if I know," replied the colonel. "Something so hush-hush that even the Brigade hasn't been told; although it's been ordered to advance in close support of their machines, whatever they may be. Another one of those patent stunts that never materialize, in all probability."



Except for Three Deep-Helmeted, Gray Uniformed Men With Their Hands in the Air, Stumbling Along With Bayonets Held Close to Their Backs, He Saw None of the Enemy

Far away to the southward there was a sudden outburst of fierce battle in the night, a rapid thudding thunder of artilleries awakened to desperate intense action, a furious crackling of distant machine-gun fire. They rose to their feet in curiosity. Miles off, the dark sky was suffused with vivid and incessant sheet lightnings.

"What is it, colonel?" asked the major. "Are we attacking?"

The colonel shook his head. "I don't think so. It's probably Fritz trying to forestall us on some sector he's nervous about—coming up against our machine guns for a change."

For some minutes they watched that fight of whose vicissitudes they could deduce nothing. Then the colonel yawned. He glanced at the phosphorescent dial of his wrist watch.

"Well, it doesn't concern us," he said. "We've still got an hour or two. I'm going to have a little shut-eye."

He pulled his short overcoat about him, lay down on the earth, his head pillowed on a sandbag, was apparently instantly asleep.

The major yawned also.

"I think I'll do likewise," he said. "I've been up since four ack-emma."

He laid himself similarly to repose in the angle of a shell-shattered traverse. Fatigued though he was by a long day's marching over the dusty roads from the lost paradise of the rest area, by the harassments of steering the battalion up through complicated communication trenches encumbered with every kind of unit, by the final supervision of the companies, now officered largely by fresh arrivals and more than half composed of new drafts, as they took up their jumping-off positions for the attack where they would advance in second line, he could not imitate the wisdom of that snatched sleep. Nervously tense in anticipation of the fateful dawn—not yet had he recovered from the suppressed neurosis inflicted by the last horror-filled attack, had an accumulation of such neuroses behind him—he sat acutely awake, listening to the confused violence of that distant conflict, listening to the slamming of the guns, the overhead rush, the savage shell bursts, of the still methodic bombardment in their own sector.

From the enemy line the flares still soared in ceaseless renewal, and at irregular intervals a machine gun hammered spasmodically in suspicion of some movement in the wire-tangled no man's land. Every now and then as the enemy's less frequent shells exploded at hazard in this dark flickeringly silhouetted landscape, there came a sharp cry for stretcher bearers. He could hear the vague murmur of other bodies of men in movement, had occasional briefly lit glimpses of figures stumbling among craters and chaotic excavations as of some grotesque circle of the inferno. They also were taking up their positions for the attack. Concealed in the darkness, scores of thousands of men were floundering over the shell-smitten ridge, were crowding up the zigzag duck-boarded communication trenches, concentrating for the great push which was to be made on a three-corps front. He found himself imagining the secret apprehension which surely gripped every one of those multitudes struggling uncomplainingly, obediently, disciplined into a selfless sincerity of effort, toward an appalling quasi-certainty of death or mutilation. By this time tomorrow more than half of them would be casualties.

He thought of his own battalion. It had been dreadful to see it when it came out of the last push, all but officerless, reduced to less than half its strength. In the leafy rest area where the entire division had been sent to fatten up again, the survivors had sat around listlessly, white-faced and haggard, every man mourning the loss of a pal, every man haunted by the thought that next time it would be his turn. It had been part of his job to make them play games, to make them forget the horror from which they had emerged, the horror to which they must inexorably return. If only leave home had not been canceled! He could see again those poor wretches who came to him begging for it, each with his pathetic tale, his tragedy—the sergeant with the dreadful eyes, whose wife had just had a child. For none of them could he do anything.

Not even the officers could get home. How he had hungered to see his own wife—bless her!—in the little book-filled house where in a remote incredibly happy past he had written journalism for a living, and delicately exquisite poetry for love and for her fond appreciation. Extraordinary how his life had changed, how the lives of all these myriads had changed, in that madness of warfare which had so unexpectedly, so violently, metamorphosed a placid world! If only he could have seen her dear, true eyes looking into his, have felt her arms around him, have renewed the ecstasy of her kisses just once more, perhaps for the last time! It had been impossible. Day after day the distant thunder of the battle had muttered unceasingly, and while it continued all leave was stopped. The new drafts had come in; some enthusiastic, some anticipatively scared.

They had drilled and drilled, had filled the village *estaminets*, had bought rubbish from the village shops to send home to their dear ones, had written sackfuls of poignantly inarticulate letters he had had to help censor.

And then at last the orders had arrived. The division was once more going in. It was wonderful how the men had pulled themselves together to meet that heart-searching certainty. Singing its favorites—Keep the Home Fires Burning, Pack Up Your Troubles in Your Old Kit Bag—its tin hats jauntily askew, its rifles irregularly at the slope, but its fours correctly aligned, the battalion had swung again along the dusty roads with the other battalions of the brigade, of the division. It brought a choke into the throat to see them. They were all volunteers—soon now the politicians would have to bring in conscription for the

(Continued on Page 36)

"MOSAIC"
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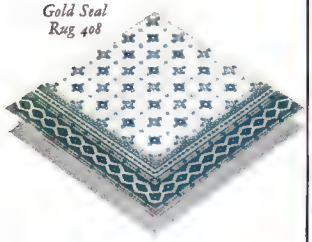

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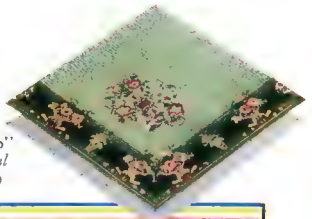

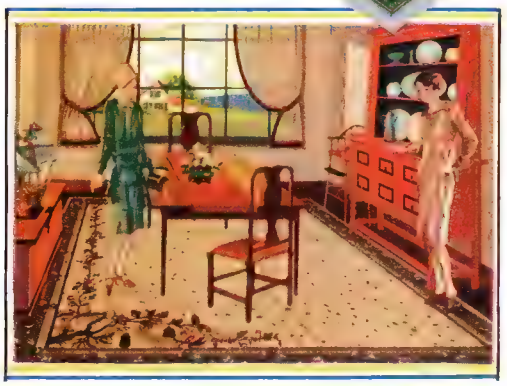

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(Continued from Page 34)

shirkers!—all picked for physique and intelligence from the eager crowds which had besieged the recruiting offices two years ago.

Never, he felt, would Britain have such an army as that magnificent Kitchener Army which routine-bound regular staffs, enmeshed in their own orthodoxies grown monstrous, sent again and again to futile massacre on the blood-soaked ridges of the Somme. Perhaps the major was right. Victorious warfare had become impossible. A scientific civilization was merely committing gigantic suicide in a blind frenzy of scientific destruction where equal met equal. When it awoke from that madness never again would there be such a war. It was the end of an epoch and the flower of its manhood was perishing with it.

He looked up sharply from these bitter meditations, was instantly again the alert soldier these last two years had made him. What was that? Through a somewhat increased vehemence of their own artillery fire, through a sudden sound-swallowing engine roar of aeroplanes flying low in the night, he could hear a strange noise, altogether unwonted in the forward area of a battlefield, the clattering metallic noise of machinery in motion, the popping detonations of motor exhausts. It was a noise that approached slowly from behind their own lines. He could not imagine what could cause it on this trackless desolation of soft earth where no vehicle could pass; was sharply anxious lest the nervously vigilant enemy should hear it also, should send a shower of shells on this area now crowded with crater-lurking troops. The enigmatical noise continued, became louder, ceased. He listened for it, heard only the persistent cannonade, the engine roar of the invisibly circling aeroplanes, and then, as the aeroplanes passed to a comparative remoteness, the faint murmur of human voices in the obscurity.

A couple of dark figures silhouetted themselves against the stars, standing above him on the edge of the trench. One of them spoke:

"Here's battalion headquarters, sir."

He rose from his pile of sand bags. "Yes. What is it? I'm the adjutant."

The other man answered, in the voice of an officer, "Good evening. I wonder whether you could lend me a few of your men with spades. One of my machines is badly ditched."

Machines—the idea of such was oddly incongruous in this closeness to the enemy. It brought a recollection:

"Oh, you're these hush-hush people, I suppose."

"Heavy Branch, M. G. C.—that's our label for the present, anyway. I should be awf'ly obliged to you ——" The strange officer was a pleasantly mild-spoken young man.

"Certainly. We've been told to assist you. Where are you?"

"Fifty or sixty yards down the slope." The officer pointed in the darkness. "We struck a particularly bad hole—just a little too big, or not quite big enough."

The adjutant called up one of the headquarters runners, sent him with an order to the nearest company.

"I'll come and have a look at you," he said in an idle curiosity. Anything was better than to sit there brooding. "What's this gadget of yours?"

"It's a little surprise for Fritz—the thing that's going to win this war—at least, we believe so," replied the young officer as they stumbled together through the spasmodically illuminated blackness. "You'll see for yourself."

Conversation was difficult over this soft ground shelled into innumerable pitfalls. The adjutant reserved his breath for their fatiguing progress, reserved his skepticism. "Win the war"—ever since he had been at the Front they had been going to win the war in the next five minutes. He declined to be excited.

"Here you are!" said the officer, a touch of pride in his tone. "Ever seen anything like that before?"

Revealed in the leaping gun flashes, the adjutant perceived a large, vague shape—a shape which seemed that of some weird prehistoric monster, wallowing in its primeval slime. It was motionless, looked like a huge squat toad lurched sideways and nose down in a big shell crater. At a little distance from it was a companion, also motionless, its snout stuck up in the air. Men were busy about them.

"Good Lord!" ejaculated the adjutant. "What do you call those things?"

"Some of us call 'em 'Willies,' and some of us call 'em 'Tanks,'" replied the officer. "We've been so very hush-hush we haven't got a name fixed for 'em yet. We're only just starting, you know."

"And what are they for?"

"Well, they'll push down a house if it's in their way, and they'll go straight over any normal trenches. They're armored against anything but a direct hit with H. E. shell. As for machine guns, they might as well be pea shooters against 'em. When we see a nest we shall just roll over it and squash it flat. There are two kinds, differently armed, male and female. The one that's ditched is a male—it's got a six-pounder Hotchkiss as well as machine guns. The female has machine guns only. Nasty things to see coming for you, what?"

"I should say so!" agreed the adjutant. "You'd think you'd got the jim-jams. How many of them are there?"

"That's the pity," said the officer. "They ought to have waited till we had five hundred machines and use 'em in mass to make a surprise break-through. But you can't expect imagination in the army. It doesn't like us and it doesn't believe in us. It did its best to prevent us coming into existence, and now it insists on using us before we're properly ready. We've got forty-nine machines, but only about thirty will get into action, and those split up in driblets all along the Front. Not enough to do any real good, and just enough to let Fritz know all about it. Never mind, this is only the beginning. We'll have thousands before this war is over, and when they come into action it's finish to trench warfare. It's finish to old-fashioned warfare altogether. We don't like shells, but infantry and machine gunners are casualties in advance when we come along. The best they can do is to put their hands up quickly. It's engine power against muscle power, armor-proof steel against human skins. We go over barbed wire as if it were thread and no trench can stop us. I don't suppose you realize it, my friend, but you're looking at the beginning of an epoch-making revolution!" He spoke with a specialist's enthusiasm which left the adjutant skeptically unconverted.

"What crew do they carry?" he asked, in a tactful avoidance of discussion.

"Eight men—rather crowded and uncomfortable. Like to see inside?"

While the just-arrived infantrymen dug around the ditched tank, the two officers went across to its companion. A steel door in her side was open and the adjutant peered into an interior lit by dim electric bulbs. A large motor engine in the center took up most of a confined steel walled space where there was just room for the gunners to sit on bicycle seats at the breeches of their weapons. Up in the nose was another seat for the driver and the subaltern in command. The officer pointed out the narrow slits of thick glass through which alone they could see what was around them. The air inside was fearfully hot, and thick with petrol fumes. The adjutant felt devoutly glad he had not to go into battle in such a contraption.

"We're only experimental, of course, as yet," said the officer, enthusiasm still in his voice. "We don't really want this clumsy wheeled tail, and the new ones being built have got a better engine—are better altogether ——" He was interrupted by the deafening starting up of the engine of the ditched tank. The monster heaved convulsively, crawled with an ear-shattering roar and clatter from the shell hole which had been just too big for it, stopped.

"All aboard!" shouted the officer. The crew of the other tank ran toward it, scrambled in through the steel door, which was shut after them. He turned to the adjutant. "I'm showing 'em the way with a flashlight," he said. "Good night, and many thanks."

"Good luck to you!" He achieved a human cordiality despite his skepticism, and stood aside to watch.

With sudden violent detonations from exhausts that spouted bluish flame, with an appalling clatter from the endless steel tracks that passed under and over them—surely the enemy must hear!—dragging their clumsy wheeled tails, the uncouth monsters moved off into the darkness, were silhouetted against the enemy flares. He could see them pitching and lurching over the inequalities of the ground, nosing their way forward like weird creatures emerged from an antediluvian past.

It wanted two minutes to zero hour. The dawn had already broken to a clear sky that would be brilliantly blue when the sun came up. From the shell hole where, with the colonel and the major, he lay concealed, the adjutant peered over a landscape of lunar desolation. In front of him the shells of a steadily maintained bombardment burst in geysers of black smoke among the twisted and contorted wire in front of the enemy trenches, burst in the trenches themselves in violent gouts of upflung débris; it was not yet the barrage. Nearer to him he could just discern the crouching crater-sheltered khaki figures who would presently spring up in the first line of the attack. Nearer still, similarly concealed, were the four companies of his battalion.

He could not see those monstrous machines. They were camouflaged somewhere out of vision. He had told the colonel and the major of them, had been met with cynical, even vigorous skepticism. It would be the P. B. I. who did the job, as usual. The enemy trenches seemed untenanted. Save for a few watchers in concreted emplacements, their garrisons were sheltering in deep dugouts from the bombardment. It was all very orthodox, and very unpleasant to the nerves. He had had experience enough to know precisely the value of that fallacious quiescence of the enemy; to imagine precisely what sort of reception would meet those khaki-clad thousands the moment they rose for the assault.

One minute! The major, revealed in the morning light as a robustly built man, a black mustache on the usually ruddy but now pale face under the flat shrapnel helmet, was drumming nervously on his map case. The colonel, gray-mustached, haggard in an overstrained middle age, lay peering through his field glasses, trying to spot the enemy machine-gun posts. He himself made sure, with a hand that trembled involuntarily, that his heavy revolver was fully loaded, that the gas mask hanging from his neck was susceptible of instant use if required. High up in the sky, sun-suffused at that altitude, aeroplanes were wheeling like gnats. Far away in the enemy back area, anti-aircraft batteries were dotting the heaven with little smoke puffs. A very ordinary morning.

Thirty seconds! He had a vivid little vision of his wife still sleeping in the bedroom whose window opened onto the garden where birds piped happily. He mustn't let himself think of such things—hoped to heaven those new company commanders were up to their job. Pity the last lot had gone—good fellows. They'd be in it long before his wife waked—he might be dead, and she still sleeping—shut up! He glanced at the signalers in the next shell hole, stolid at their instruments, ear pieces on their heads—nothing more would come from Brigade now. He could imagine the brigadier, characteristically biting at his white mustache in his anxiety. What a lot of old men there were, throwing youth into the furnace—doing their best though.

Ten seconds! The thudding of his heart was uncomfortable. The bombardment of the enemy trenches diminished. A haze of smoke drifted over the broken wire, here and there completely blown away in broad channels. He glanced again at his wrist watch—three seconds—two—one.

There was an appalling world-splitting crash and roar behind him, a manifold shrieking in the air. Almost simultaneously the entire length of enemy trench went up in a wall of black-brown smoke, of high-tossed earth vomited in shattering continuous detonations. The roar persisted in a feverish violent drumming, hundreds of batteries firing at their maximum, maintaining those Valkyrie shrieks in the air, that multitudinously detonating wall of smoke. From their own front line, trench mortars and Stokes guns had also suddenly opened fire. He could see their missiles soaring over into the smoke; the noise of their discharge and their explosion alike indistinguishable in the bewildering chaos of noise. The ceaseless shells of the barrage were now falling a little farther away, well beyond the wire.

From the tumbled earth between him and that spouting inferno had arisen a multitude of khaki-clad, flat-helmeted figures. They plodded and stumbled forward in little groups of specialists—bombers and bayonet men, Lewis gunners, machine gunners with the heavy weapon dismounted and divided among the squad, cumbrously burdened Stokes gunners, stretcher bearers—moving, it seemed, with a curious deliberation. He watched them in a dry-throated suspense, an acute anxiety, as they went into the whelm of fumes through the lanes between the tangled wire. The battalion was to follow at three minutes' interval.

From the opposite horizon came another immense crash, prolonged to a roar. The enemy counter-barrage fell with a shriek, shot up in a cataclysmic multitudinous detonation, in a long eruption of smoke and twinkling flame, between him and the first wave of the attack, continued in a violent drumming similar to that thunderous drumming which never ceased behind him. In the air was an incessant succession of sharp cracks, followed by a menacing drone—shrapnel bursting in handfuls of suddenly produced balls of smoke whence darted snakelike uncoiling heads. Suddenly he heard—with a shock of apprehension not less unnerving because he had been listening acutely for just that—a rapid methodic hammering, tiny in the universal din. The enemy machine gunners were popping up from their deep holes, behind the barrage which had failed to destroy them.

He glanced at his wrist watch. Yet another minute! The colonel had put away his field glasses, crouched with a whistle ready at his lips. The major scowled under his flat helmet. In the adjacent shell hole the signalers had already packed up their instruments and a man held the reel of wire ready to uncoil in their advance. Away in front of them—beyond the continual eruption of the counter-barrage, not now quite so violent, since their own counter-batteries had got onto the enemy guns—the hammering of the machine guns was a rattling fury, was interspersed with the petty thuds of bombs just audible in the appalling uproar of the vehemently drumming artilleries, the ceaseless crash and crack of shells arriving in inexhaustible flights. He saw an aeroplane circling boldly at a low altitude above the thick smoke—a contact machine reporting progress. Again he glanced at his watch. It was amazing how quickly that minute had passed! He took a deep breath to still the violence of his heart, willed his knees to firmness as he bent for the spring erect. He was the adjutant—must set a good example. He refused to contemplate that sudden little vision of his wife leaning over a baby's cot.

The colonel's whistle shrilled, and simultaneously he could faintly hear the whistles of the four companies, the whistles of other battalions. Instantly he was on his feet, had automatically commenced to walk forward over the loose crumbling soil of the

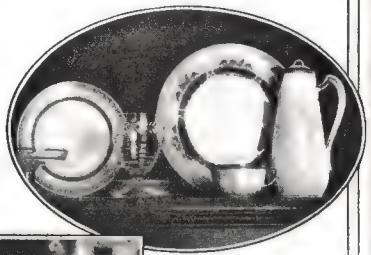
(Continued on Page 141)

An Amazing SOAP Discovery

New BEADS *of soap instead of chips and flakes*

Colgate & Co. announce a startling scientific discovery which revolutionizes washing . . . . This patented* product is different in form, in action and in results from any other soap you have ever seen.

Women marvel at these thin, quick-acting soap beads. On the left you see an amazing picture of these tiny beads through a powerful magnifying glass . . . the utterly different form of this new soap is the secret of whiter clothes—less drudgery—softer, daintier hands.



Dishes that gleam and sparkle . . . glistening china and glassware . . . Super Suds gets dishes sparkling clean in less time than any other soap.

* * *

How you'll revel in that first Super Suds wash you hang out to dry in the sun! How your neighbors will envy its snowy whiteness!

SUPER SUDS is different from any other soap you have ever used. It is made, by a new patented* method, in the form of beads—tiny, porous, quick-sudsing.

The instant these marvelous little beads hit running water, they dissolve like magic, because their walls are incredibly thin (several times as thin as soap flakes). In a flash you get rich, lively, hard-working suds which instantly begin to seep through your wash. The perfect blend of ingredients in Super Suds makes it the most efficient soap for all family washing—including the finest fabrics.

When you use Super Suds, there's no more need to rub and scrub until your back aches. You can throw away your washboard forever.

Saves one extra rinsing

Women can now dispense not only with their washboards, but with one extra rinsing as well. For these unique soap beads dissolve so completely that your clothes can be rinsed like magic—you can save three-quarters of an hour's drudgery in rinsing alone—and your wash will never have that yellow look, which comes from clinging, undissolved soap particles.

Try this quick-sudsing soap for dishwashing.

Learn the joy of using a soap that gets dishes sparkling clean with complete safety to your hands. Its scientific blend and complete solubility remove any possibility of harm to delicate skin.

Leaves no film on dishes

Super Suds dissolves so quickly it saves much time in dishwashing. It dissolves completely—therefore it rinses off easily. No film of undissolved soap is left on glassware or china. You don't need to use a dish towel with Super Suds—and still you can have dishes that shine as though polished. Merely let them drain and dry by themselves.

Super Suds is inexpensive. It is the biggest box of soap on the market for the price—10c.

Why take chances with soaps that redden your skin? With Super Suds you can wash dishes three times every day and still have hands as soft and dainty as a young girl's.

© 1927 Colgate & Co.

OCTAGON Super Suds

The BIGGEST box of soap on the market for 10¢

**Product, process and apparatus covered by U. S. Letters Patent Nos. 1,051,441; 1,090,740; 1,600,503; 1,634,640 and Reissue No. 16,749.*

The Greek mathematician and inventor, Archimedes, discovered and used many of the principles of mechanical engineering two hundred fifty years B. C.

IN ONE generation automotive engineering has revolutionized civilized life. Yet many of the fundamentals of the science are older than the Christian era.

The spiral bevel gears, which Packard developed and was the first to use commercially, are based on the principle of Archimedes' screw—in use 2,000 years ago. Today these gears are found in nearly every motor car except the very lowest priced.

They are but one example of the hundreds of advanced steps Packard has pioneered in the 28 years it has held engineering leadership in the industry. For Packard engineering no less than Packard beauty of line has been widely imitated.

The greatest achievements of Packard engineers and designers are the new Packard Six and Packard Eight—the finest, the most beautiful and the greatest performing cars Packard has ever built.

PACKARD

ASK THE MAN WHO OWNS ONE

OUT-OF-DOORS

Not About Bird Dogs

I AM married. Without shame I confess I wouldn't trade my wife for the best bird dog I've ever seen. Now a good bird dog takes training, and most hunters are perfectly willing to take some pains to see that the dog goes into the woods properly educated and fitted for the work in hand. But when their wives go along small thought is given the matter. Usually Mary tags along because she thinks John likes to have her. She's being nice to John. John thinks he'll give her a good time and have less trouble, less kick on the expense of his trips, and more time off if he takes her. When they return home she confides to her dearest friend that the trip was awful, and he tells his partner matrimony has certain drawbacks in the camping season. But each smiles feebly at the other, neither caring to admit the belief that the other is altogether and completely cuckoo. And being a good husband myself, I want to go on record—Mary is always right.

It's John's fault. His understanding stops with the bird dog.

All her life Mary has had a powder puff within reach. She is miserable if her nose is shiny, just as he would be with a stone in his shoe. But he persuades her to leave the powder puff home, instead of insisting on her taking it along with those other things that will make her happy. That one little powder puff or some similar implement of torture means something to her, and without it the mental readjustment to a new environment is depressing to her. So whatever her happiness demands at home must go along and must be given serious consideration.

Better Reading Than Sleeping

BEFORE they start for the out-of-doors, John gets out his old sleeping bag. The blankets haven't been dry-cleaned in years. If he found those grimy old blankets on the bed at home he'd raise the roof. But he expects Mary to love them because they have the aroma of the woods about them—but not to her. Secretly she cringes, but, being game, she says nothing. If John knew his business he'd have the blankets dry-cleaned, buy her a good lightweight camping mattress—either pneumatic or lamb's wool. He would also take along her little pet pillow. Then she'd have a comfortable night's rest. Really, there has been more bunk written about balsam beds than anything else in the out-of-doors. No one ever takes time to make one properly, even if he knows how and has the material. It's no wonder Mary thinks a balsam bed furnishes good home reading, but mighty little comfort.

John then makes another mistake. Instead of blowing himself to a good mosquito-proof tent, as he should, he spends hours concocting vile-smelling mosquito dope. Mary would rather be eaten alive than use it, although John explains it has a lanolin base. The fact that it also has in it sticky pine tar and citronella that stings Mary worse than the insects doesn't bother John. She'll just have to get used to it.

John won't wear a head net either, but he forgets Mary doesn't chew and doesn't care whether she smokes or not—so she wouldn't mind having one—and they do keep out mosquitos and black flies. She'd rather have one inside it than be outside with a million. Besides, one mosquito inside the net soon gets fed up and becomes lazy.

He also insists that she have woodsy clothes, swearing her trousers are a perfect fit, when he knows they bag awfully at the seat. He wouldn't be seen dead in them—but then no one will see her. As a matter of fact she sees herself and that's enough to make any girl miserable. Even if clothes don't make the man, they make or break a hunting trip for your wife.

The footwear is even more important. Don't try to make Mary wear heavy wool socks when she's been wearing silk or cotton. If the weather is cold and these are essential, then she should wear the ones she's used to next the skin and the coarse wool ones over these.

The same applies to moccasins. All her life Mary has worn high heels. The leg tendons won't stretch properly for long-distance hikes flat-footed. I have no doubt Minnehaha had a different point of view from this—but you can make up your mind Mary needs heels of some kind. Otherwise three miles on the portage will put her completely out of commission. Also include buckskin gloves to protect her hands. That's important.

When the food question comes up, consult her. Never mind those government rations you studied. You aren't training Mary to go into the Army. Take a good variety of food, and don't feed her beans or bacon or eggs straight until she's ready to scream.

Don't forget to include also a good warm sweater and good-looking, lightweight waterproof raincoat and hat. She will like to fish in the rain with you then.

And if she does come in tired and weary, explain to her how, with a good big sponge, a dish pan or pail, you can get quite a respectable bath, especially if you can turn a waterproof tarp into a bathtub. But don't forget the sponge.

No, as I say, it's John's fault. He fishes with a fifty-dollar rod and twenty-dollar waders with felt soles. Mary has a pole costing two-fifty that John himself couldn't cast a decent fly with to save his life. Mary has heavy-weight, slippery rubber boots with no hobnail sandals. She's parked on the sidelines where there aren't any fish anyway, while John lies faithfully about the big catch he made right in that spot last year. But Mary keeps smiling because she's a good sport. And you'll also notice it was John who made that comment about matrimony having drawbacks—not Mary.

WILLIAM M. NEWSOME.

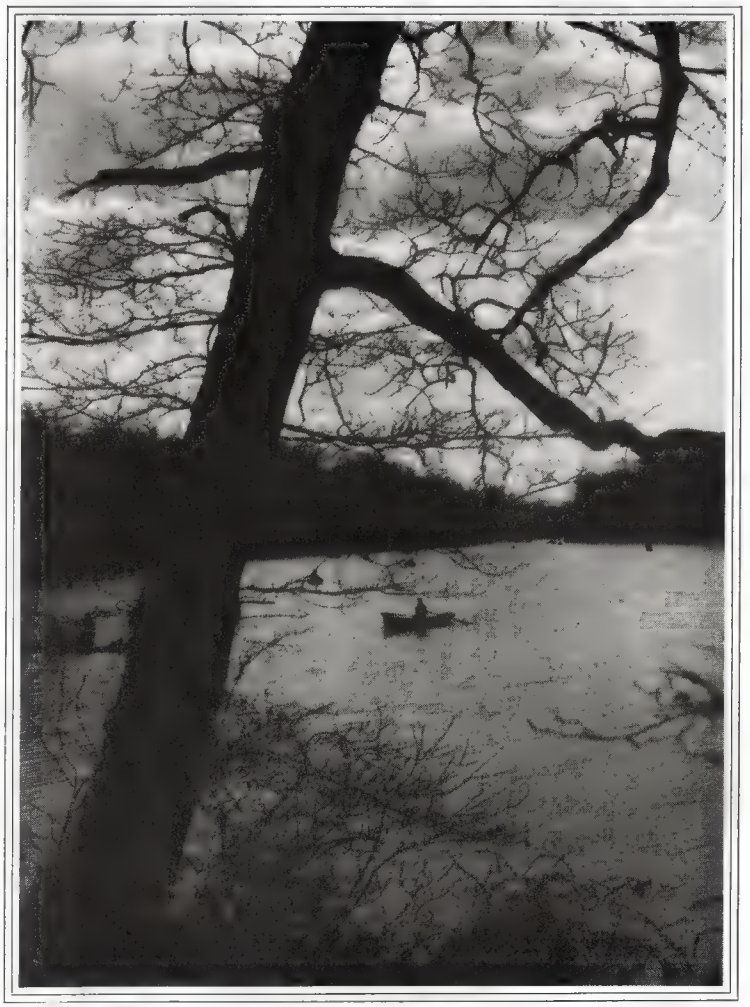


PHOTO. FROM F. P. RUNDELL

The Bronx River, New York

When a Man's a Burro

ONE of the best possible tests of a woodsman is his ability to back-pack into the wilderness and live comfortably with the supplies and equipment he carries in the pack sack on his back. Hiking is an inexpensive form of vacationing. Every outdoor enthusiast can easily find hiking trails close to home. Each state has parks and forests where the hiker can tramp and spread his blanket under the timber, toss up the flapjacks and fry his bacon before an open fire and unloose that primitive instinct.

Hiking also has genuine advantages for sportsmen. A hunter who back-packs into game country enters quietly and unseen. The game does not know of his presence until he starts to hunt. There is none of the shouting, chopping and clatter that accompany outfits organized on a larger scale, and which often drive away the game before the hunters have a chance to unlimber their rifles. The hiker can usually take his pick of the trophies and depart. He can travel country impassable to horse trains; he can make short cuts and go where he pleases, without regard for trails and roads.

Many sportsmen are using supplementary hiking outfits in their autos. The best fishing and hunting are found back some distance from the end of the highway, so they park the car and hike in to find this better sport. I found this practice quite popular in Yellowstone Park two years ago. The fishermen were back-packing into the mountains to the inaccessible streams and lakes, leaving the nonangling family with the car at one of the camps.

There are a number of styles of packs that hold and carry the hiker's outfit in a neat waterproof package. I prefer the waterproof-canvas pack to the woven baskets used by many Adirondack guides and hunters, because it lies snug against the body and does not catch in brush and fallen timber and throw the hiker off his balance in rough country. It also shapes itself to his back and packs a heavy load more comfortably. The three straps which close down the flap can be adjusted to hold either a small or a large load, and the pack can be expanded or contracted to meet the needs of the hiker.

The 24-by-25-inch and 26-by-27-inch packs are very practical for the average short hiking trip and they weigh only about two and a half pounds. When loading the pack one folds the blanket to fit and places it in first, so it acts as a pad between the back and the lumpy articles in the outfit, such as the cooking kit and the food bags.

A pack should have broad leather shoulder straps. Web straps will wrinkle and crease when wet, and cut into the flesh badly. A tump, or head strap, is essential. I do not use this continually; just at intervals, to rest the shoulders and when I cross a log bridge or ford a dangerous piece of water. Then I slip the straps from my shoulders and carry the pack by the head line only. If I should fall or slip I can throw off the pack by a quick twist of the head and be free of its encumbering weight. A well-loaded pack might easily drown a man in bad water.

The hiker must choose each article carried in the pack with rigid care. Back-packing is not merely a matter of strong muscles; a wise head is necessary to select and put in use the equipment his strength carries, and upon which he depends for food and shelter in the wilderness. Select each item with the thoughts of light weight and practical service in mind. The hiker is limited to a rather scanty equipment, because he is his own pack burro and he must

(Continued on Page 41)

Old King Spear was a merry old dear,
A merry old dear was he—
He called for his gum—when they brought him some
He shouted "Hurrah for Wrigley!"
MOTHER GOOSE UP-TO-DATE.

It's Easy to Remember Wrigley's Double Mint.

Once you try it you won't forget the lasting, full-strength Peppermint flavor of Double Mint!

For this is REAL, no-fooling Peppermint, *built-in*, generously heaped in, until it lasts, refreshes, satisfies unforgetably.

H114 *After every meal*

(Continued from Page 39)

forgo some of the luxuries available with other forms of camping.

In the pack of an experienced hiker will be found either a light tent or a shelter cloth, a heavy blanket, a woodsman's tick and a light raincoat or poncho, which can also be used as a waterproof sheet between his bed and the ground. There will be a cooking kit and about twenty pounds of grub, which quantity will last one man a week in the woods, and if he shoots small game or catches fish, it can be stretched out over a period of two weeks.

There are two styles of compact lightweight shelters suitable for hikers. One can procure small tents made of special waterproof fabrics, 5 by 7 feet in size and weighing from four and a half to eight and a half pounds. These little tents sleep two in real comfort. They have a waterproof floor sewed to the side walls, and the door and ventilating window are covered with bobbinet screens. A small awning can be stretched out to shield the door from sun and rain. These tents are waterproof, windproof and bug and mosquito tight. When two hikers travel together such a tent is ideal, as one shelter does for both and the weight can be divided. Tents, however, weigh more than the simple shelter cloth which is usually carried by the lone hiker.

In mild weather the 7-by-9-foot shelters give the most protection for their weight. They are erected to form a sort of lean-to tent, with open front and ends. I have one, made of light tenting, which weighs less than two pounds. It has pieces of tape sewed every half foot along the nine-foot sides, which are tied to ten-foot poles at camp. One pole is staked flat on the ground, and the other is supported about four feet high by forked stakes, so the shelter cloth forms a shedlike roof covering a space of about five and a half by nine feet.

The hiker spreads his bed along the rear of this lean-to. The woodsman's tick is merely a bag about three and a half by six and a half feet in size, made of stout cotton-flannel blanket or khaki drill. In this you stuff dead leaves, grass or pine browse, to form a comfortable mattress. Put the rubber blanket underneath and you sleep comfortably with the heavy blanket over you. If the night is cool, build a fire in front of the open side of the lean-to.

Sleeping on Air

More luxurious are the rubber mattresses which can be blown full of air. These make a couch that rivals the feather tick we used at home when we were kids, and it takes a strong-speaking alarm clock to arouse the hiker who sleeps on air at night and packs fifty pounds gross by day.

If you are in mosquito country, carry a piece of mosquito bar in the pack sack. At night cut a thin green wand, five feet long, and bending it in the middle, stick the ends in the ground to form a horseshoe arch over your head. Then drape the bar over this, tuck the edges in under your bed and tell the pestilent buzzers to take the air.

So far we are comfortably equipped with a shelter cloth weighing two pounds, bed tick two and a half, rubber sheet and blanket weighing six and a half, which gives you only eleven pounds to pack for your shelter and bed, which is not a bit bad from the standpoint of light weight and mobility.

I have lived comfortably in the woods with only a nine-inch frying pan, bowl, spoon and my pocketknife for kitchen utensils. With this limited equipment, I first boil the beverage in the pan, turn it out in the bowl and cover with a piece of bark to stay hot until I cook the biscuits or bacon. Being alone, I use the skillet both as a cooking pot and a plate. But the addition of a three-pint kettle makes this outfit more practical.

For Thy Stomach's Sake

I mix the baking powder in with the flour before I start. When I am ready for camp bread I open the sack, punch a hole in the flour, pour in a little water and knead up the lump of dough. No mixing pan is needed. I have a little grease hot in the frying pan, and the dough is either fried over the fire or baked with the pan propped beside a bed of coals. I always put in an extra portion of baking powder. This margin of leavening makes up for poor cooking skill and permits the addition of oatmeal or corn meal to the flour when I want variety in bread.

With a limited cooking outfit I make stick bread each evening. This is easily prepared, is quite tasty and leaves a minimum of dishes to wash. Put a little grease into the bread dough—either bacon grease or minced bits of fat bacon—press the dough to half an inch thickness and cut into inch-wide strips. Have a club of some sweet wood, say birch, sassafras or maple, about three feet long. Heat it well over the fire and wrap your strips of dough spirally around the hot end. Hold it over a bed of coals, or if you are busy, stick the club in the ground so it leans over some coals; turn occasionally. This leaves the frying pan ready for game or fish.

If the hiker drinks tea, a very few ounces suffice, and he can pack a little more of some other food. Personally, I always drink cocoa in the woods, for it has a high food value in addition to the stimulating and invigorating action. I pack a mixture of cocoa, powdered milk and sugar, equal portions of each. This makes one of the most satisfying drinks I know of in this wood-alcohol age, and a quart, steaming hot, will shrink a fifty-pound pack down to forty in short order. And it is possible to turn out a fair substitute for cake by adding this mixture of cocoa, sugar and milk to the camp bread.

My grub list of twenty pounds is usually divided as follows: Cereal ten pounds, raisins two pounds, sugar two pounds, bacon four pounds and cocoa mixture two pounds. The cereal is composed of: Flour four pounds, rice two pounds, beans two pounds, and corn meal two pounds. This is a rather limited menu, but it has staying qualities and keeps that gone feeling away from your belt, and if you are packing in country that affords small game or fish, you can live like a prince. Kings are out now, for purposes of comparison. Then, too, don't forget salt, pepper, matches and soap.

Select rather fat bacon and have it sliced. You use it for cooking fish or game. These foods are tied up in small waterproof bags. Some hikers carry the bacon in a tin can with friction top, but I don't like the weight or the bulk of the can in my pack. I wrap the bacon up in oil paper, and it packs nicely in the waterproof bag.

A stout-bladed pocketknife and a small ax suffice for edged tools. A sheath knife is not necessary unless you expect to skin out big game. If the weather is apt to be frosty, carry a belt ax, otherwise the pocket sizes are ample for mild-weather camps. Your matches are in a waterproof box, with a small strip of sandpaper glued to the bottom. You appreciate this in a heavy rain. A two-inch chunk of candle will be a lifesaver to the less experienced, for starting a fire when everything, yourself included, is wet.

I wear stout leather shoes, not boots, for dry-land tramping. For swampy country nothing equals the light hunting shoes with leather tops and rubber bottoms. Take a change of socks and underwear. For cold weather, light wool undies are best, but in summer I stick to my cotton ones. I also wear a flannel shirt, but I advise you to carry a heavy all-wool stag shirt, to slip on when waiting along some game trail. It will prevent chilling when inactive.

Travel Light

Have a large handkerchief, your pipe and tobacco, if you smoke, a small first-aid kit, compass, map of the country, razor, comb and a small mirror. A tiny repair case holding a needle already threaded, small tweezers, a few nails, tacks and some soft copper wire may enable you to cope with emergencies that otherwise would prove embarrassing. Forget your pride and hitch your suspenders to the tops of your hiking trousers. I admit there's no romance to suspenders, but they take the weight of the stuff in your pockets from your waist, and you will tire less readily on the trail.

Your pack should weigh from thirty to fifty pounds, depending upon your physical condition. Let me warn you against overloading. Do not start with a pack that wears you down day by day. In the first enthusiasm of the start it may seem light enough, but eventually it will drag down your strength and turn your vacation into a nightmare of drudgery.

Before you start on the hike, load the pack and try a test jaunt of five miles to try things out. Camp, and pitch your tent, make your bed and cook lunch. If you are not strong enough to carry the outfit necessary for lone hiking, take a partner and share with him or her the weight of such common articles that will suffice for both.

MAURICE H. DECKER.

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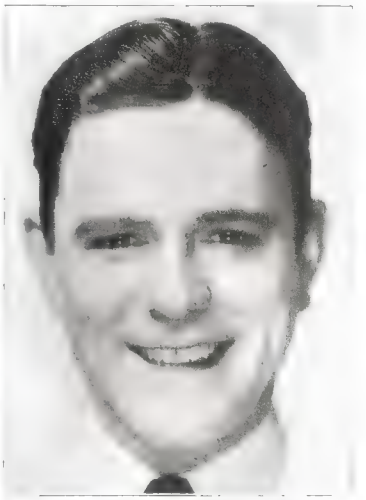
The Summer Playground of the Pacific Fleet, Port Angeles Bay, Washington

Watch This Column

Our Weekly Letter



GLENN TRYON

Remember That Name!

I would like to have you keep an eye on this young man, **GLENN TRYON.** I am much interested in him myself, and would like to know whether or not you confirm my opinion.

GLENN TRYON is a new type of comedian. His ways are original. He has borrowed from no one. He is the ingenious youngster, bubbling over with spirits and personality and is always stepping in confidently "where angels fear to tread."

In his first picture, ***"Painting the Town,"*** a clever conglomeration of fun-making, he scored heavily with theatre managers who naturally choose pictures which they think will please their patrons. In ***"Paris or Bust,"*** it is my opinion, he has accentuated his triumph. I feel certain that when you see this young man in these pictures you will thank me for this reminder: "Remember ***Glenn Tryon.***"

I am always seeking new faces and youthful beauty for Universal Pictures. The American public demands it, in my estimation. During the process, we "stumble" on to real finds occasionally, and thus stars are made. How much money picture producers spend developing new prospects, it would be hard to say, but it runs into countless thousands.

"'Uncle Tom's Cabin' is a classic in motion pictures that every man, woman and child in this country should see." Can you imagine how happy I felt when I read the above in a letter from H. E. Davenport, of Pasadena, Cal., after viewing Universal's great spectacle at an early showing?

Speak to the manager of your favorite theatre and tell him you follow the news of Universal Pictures and are anxious to see them in his theatre. Tell him today!

Carl Laemmle
President

(To be continued next week)

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THE RIVER

(Continued from Page 5)

Across the table we talked of Black Mountain, and Rosalee gave to the affairs of the residency the importance and flavor of court gossip. Her eyes were dark, unfathomable, and when she laughed they sparkled beautifully. I could not remember ever watching any woman's eyes—I had been reared in a home where there were no women—and I wondered such things had never before impressed me. After supper she went into the front room, to reappear almost at once with a checkerboard.

"Which do you want?" she asked. "Red or black?"

Having played this game frequently with the contractors, I beat Rosalee in short order by three kings and an extra man for good measure. During the third game she asked where I lived.

"Do your people expect you tomorrow?"

"I haven't written them the exact date."

Presently I admitted I hadn't written at all. We each made a move or two. The silence lengthened. "Why don't you say something, Rosalee? Don't think for a minute I'm not anxious to see my people."

She glanced up from the board. "I don't believe you have any people."

I made a move but kept my finger on the man; the move was ill advised and I withdrew the man and tried to concentrate my thoughts. Certain matters which I had never mentioned to anyone surged through my mind: Upon my grandfather's death one of my half sisters, Alice, had come from the East to take charge of his house. She had dismissed an old servant named Amos, saying, humorously no doubt, that at last she was giving him his freedom; then she had sold the library at public auction—all those books!—to make room for a sun parlor, and had assigned a room to me on the third floor. Nevertheless, I had decided to go back, for I owned by inheritance one-third of the estate.

Aloud, to Rosalee, I said, "I have several half sisters; also, there's my half brother, judge of a court in an Eastern city. I received a letter from him not more than a month ago. I showed it to Ellen Marsdon. You can ask her."

This reference to the only other woman who had been on the residency brought our game of checkers to an abrupt and surprising end. Rosalee jumped up from her chair, accidentally overturning the board; and while kings and common men rolled around the kitchen floor I listened to a bewildering torrent of invectives. Rosalee's anger, as unexpected, passionate and short-lived as an April storm, left me stupefied. I had no idea what it was all about. I got my rifle and hat.

"Does it take an hour to walk a mile?" Rosalee tried to laugh, but her voice quavered. "Allen John, I couldn't help it, and don't care! I've been thinking these things for a month—ever since they took Jorgensen away. I had to get them out of me; I had to say them to somebody." We picked up the checker men. "Will you play one more game?" she asked.

I couldn't; I might get to the station too late to flag down the midnight. But when she poured water over the dishes I offered to dry them for her. I had time for that.

"I don't want you to wipe dishes," said Rosalee. She was still angry. "Ellen Marsdon. She don't fool me a bit—not a bit, Allen John. She sent Kingpin back to jail. I know it, and I know the reason. She made him give himself up so she could try to get a pardon for him. Then he'd have to marry her. I know. And she looked down on the people of Black Mountain, like she was the moon, above everybody. She's bloodless, that's all; cold, frozen. A pale moon looking down on everybody. I hate her!"

"She's like the moon," was all I could think to say. "She's beautiful."

Rosalee turned on me. "Is she prettier than I am?"

"She's different."

"Is she prettier than I am?" insisted Rosalee.

"No," I admitted. "You're prettier than anybody I can remember. I never noticed such things before."

Her eyes became thoughtful as she looked at me during a moment of silence; then she laughed and told me the wood box was empty, and would I get her an armful.

The night outside was clear and cold, and the river, streaked with foam, was dimly visible through low branches of the trees. With arms piled high I stood in the shadows listening to the distant murmur of the rapids—flowing, flowing, a meaningless sound. Possibly no one had ever given it a thought. I continued to listen.

When I reëntered the house Rosalee asked what was the matter. She said I must have seen a ghost out there. The lamplight blinded my eyes. But there was nothing the matter, I told her.

"Then why did you put the wood on a chair, if nothing's the matter?"

I gazed at the empty wood box, telling myself, "It's nothing Rosalee can understand, nothing I can understand either—nothing at all." I had merely listened to the river flowing from some unknown source to some unknown ocean. That was all. "It's nothing anyone could understand," I said aloud.

Rosalee made an impatient noise with the dishes. "There isn't anything I don't understand—about men. Allen John, put the wood in the wood box."

I obeyed mechanically, and sat down at the table with my back to her. The clock became audible—a cheap, commissary alarm clock with a loud metallic tick. Time and the river. Vague, monstrous, insensate, they were out there and in here and everywhere. My mind came back to Rosalee and I tried to visualize her dragging men down and down until they ended their own lives and the lives of others. I must think of these things, for the hour was nearing midnight and soon I must go away, never to see her again. It would be best to get up and leave without saying a word, without looking at her. I rehearsed this in my mind. Then I got to thinking of the room reserved for me by my half sister—the gray walls, the sealed-up fireplace, the white marble mantel. I could see each detail, and I could see Alice standing in the doorway, motionless as a statue, smiling a little. Rosalee wasn't cold; no matter what else she might be, she would never be cold.

"Why did you say I didn't have any people?" I asked abruptly.

"Because I thought it," replied Rosalee.

"Well, you're wrong there. Perhaps you thought it because you haven't any people." She did not answer. "Rosalee, have you any people?"

"No," she said, "and I don't want any."

I asked where she had been born; and she told me on a river barge, adding with emphasis that her father had owned the barge.

"What river?"

She didn't know what river. Always some river. She didn't remember their names.

"Did you always live on a barge until you came here?"

"I lived in a convent most of the time—until I met Dollar John Munsel."

"A convent! You!"

She dried her hands, even put some kind of lotion on them; then coming to the table, seated herself above me and clasped her knee. "Why did you say 'A convent! You!' in that way? I want you to tell me."

"I was thinking what you did to Marsdon," I replied doggedly.

"What did I do to Marsdon?"

I couldn't answer.

"Did Ellen tell you that?"

"No."

"Who then?"

"Nobody told me."

"Then why did you say it?"

"I don't know why I said it."

There was no appearance of anger; possibly her anger was too deep to reveal itself. Her voice had the tone and quality I had noticed during the afternoon—as low as the murmur of the water among the water grasses. "I know why you said it." She was silent for a long moment during which uncanny emotions crept through me—inexplicable emotions. She was close to me, yet far away. "You wanted me to deny it," she said. "You're afraid it's true."

"I don't want it to be true, but I don't care whether it's true or not." And this did not seem a paradox; I liked her.

"Anyways," said Rosalee, "it isn't true. Marsdon never touched me—never, not once in his life. I wouldn't let him. And it wasn't because of anybody except myself either. Marsdon, him!" Her mood changed subtly. "I'll tell you something, and you can think of it on the train tonight. No woman could live on this residency two years with hundreds of men around her and let them touch her—men like Marsdon. She couldn't live." She gazed down at me solemnly. "Think of it tonight."

"I don't have to think of it," I said. "I don't know anything about it. I believe what you tell me."

"Marsdon, him!" she mused. "All the men of Black Mountain liked me—all of them. That means something."

"I like you too. There's something I want to tell you."

"You needn't," she said quickly. "I don't want you to tell me. I know what you're going to say. I want you to go. I wouldn't know what to do with you. I've only known men like Marsdon—him!—and Dollar John Munsel—him! And men like Healy and Monty and Jim Hart and Jorgensen—that kind. I wouldn't know what to do with you."

"You think I'm not a man at all; you think I'm too young. But maybe I could prove I'm as much a man as Healy or Jim Hart or even Jorgensen. You think ——"

"I don't know what I think," said Rosalee. "I want you to go away—to your people. I wouldn't know what on earth to do with you." She began to laugh, but it was not ridicule. For some reason it was pleasant intimate laughter, which caused me to stammer:

"Rosalee, I—I ——"

She put her finger on my lips. "Listen!" she said, and turned her head toward the window. Both of us listened. There came a faint echo of a far-off wail.

"What is it?" I asked. Then I knew. I continued to listen, breathlessly. A low distant rumble became audible. It grew louder, louder; it drowned the murmur of the river, persisted for a few moments; then, suddenly it was gone, as if Fate, with invisible dark wings, had rushed past.

Bewildered, I gazed at Rosalee.

"Are you frightened?" she asked.

"Yes," I admitted.

She laughed uncertainly. "Maybe I like you for being frightened. It shows you don't know anything about me—about any woman. It shows I'm the first."

The midnight had crossed the bridge.

IV

THE hours that followed, between midnight and dawn, will never come again, and this is equally true of those fantasies and emotions.

At the door Rosalee said good night; she would see me tomorrow.

"Tomorrow? May I see you tomorrow, Rosalee?"

"Of course."

Perhaps there was nothing in these words to intoxicate the world and rob the firmament of reason. I was to see her tomorrow, and the door had closed, leaving darkness. But Rosalee had loaned me a lantern.

Following the path, I watched the antics of my own shadow. It lagged behind, it

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And believe us, George *can*—for George is George Williamson, inventor and maker of Oh Henry! George first made Oh Henry! in his own little kitchen—and folks took an instant liking to it. Because of the simple, wholesome things that went into it. So now Oh Henry! sells by the millions because it's still made this good, old-fashioned home-made way:

FUDGE CENTER: 1½ cups pure cane sugar; ½ teaspoon creamery butter; 1 cup rich, full cream milk; 1 cup corn syrup; white of one egg.

CARAMEL LAYER: 4 teaspoons creamery butter; 1¼ cups corn syrup; 3 cups rich, full cream milk; ¼ teaspoon salt.

PEANUT LAYER: 3 cups prime No. 1 Spanish whole nuts, roasted in oil (hulls removed).

CHOCOLATE COATING: Melt one pound pure milk chocolate.

So when you feel like home-made candy, say to yourself "Let George do it"—then step up to any candy counter and ask for Oh Henry!

Oh Henry!

CANDY MADE THE HOME-MADE WAY

raced ahead, climbed into the willow trees and, reaching out, became a part of the flowing water. Yet neither this nor the increasing roar of the rapids was sufficient to occupy my thoughts. I was thinking of her; and glancing up through the branches said a word or two aloud to the stars: "So you're looking down at me!"—nothing original, nothing which has not been said on other nights by other people. But heretofore if I had ever noticed the stars at all they had seemed aloof, impersonal, high in the heavens, cold and small. Tonight, for some reason beyond understanding, they had come close down to earth on intimate terms; and I said things of a complimentary nature, while they no doubt thought of me as a person to be envied.

I paused here and put the lantern on the ground and measured from my finger tips to my wrist the incredible smallness of Rosalee's foot. For a long while I stood there; then picking up the lantern, moved on slowly.

The foam of the rapids crawled between dark glistening rocks. The foam had a purple tinge beneath the night sky and the roar beat into my brain. I took the small silver coin from my pocket and, in the light of the lantern, looked closely at the date. Rosalee had said this was the year of her birth. Almost a year separated us, a year less a fraction; and, oh, how important those few months seemed! But perhaps she had made a mistake in reading the numerals; and perhaps, also, there was some mistake about the date of my own birth. I convinced myself of this and held her in my thoughts as though both of us were ageless and destined to endure until the end of time.

A little later on this night, not without difficulty, I found the shack in which I had left my luggage. A weather-stained mattress lay on one of the bunks, a rusty cookstove occupied a corner; and when I hung the lantern on a nail I was struck at once by the homelike appearance of the place. How much warmer were these board walls, tinted brown with age, than the cold gray of the room reserved for me as a sop to the conscience of my relatives! Opening the telescope, I took out my blanket and hung a few things here and there, and immediately the room appeared as if it had been mine for years. Here was a place one could go out from each day and return to at night—a place to leave with regret, glancing back at the door, and return to with a sense of ownership. I would read many books late at night lying in the bunk with a lamp on a box at my side, and arise in the morning to cook my own breakfast and bathe in the river. These walls—I examined them none too critically. They were mine to decorate as I pleased—with guns and several other interesting objects, such as fishing tackle and perhaps a pair of snowshoes and a few furs from the animals I would kill.

Getting out of my clothes, I determined to be asleep in no time and to awaken at dawn for a plunge in the river. Tomorrow I would get breakfast at Widow Thompson's, then walk the fourteen miles to Olive Springs and bring back a number of things on my shoulders, including an ax and perhaps a bolt of print stuff for Rosalee to make curtains for the windows of her house.

The thin mattress had a musty odor, but this did not greatly trouble me—a mattress of corn shucks, with a cob or two left in for good measure. I would get another tomorrow; also another blanket. Pulling my coat over my shoulders, I lay there making mental notes of necessary supplies. The list grew to overwhelming proportions. I seemed to be struggling along the valley road weighed down by a huge unwieldy bundle, like Atlas with the world on his shoulders. It required an effort of will to shake off this nightmare.

Now into this semiconsciousness came Rosalee, and I tried to visualize her more clearly, but felt only a certain vague bliss. The roar of the rapids abruptly broke through these emotions and I listened, wide-awake, to the deep, perplexing undertone; then tried to close the roar out of my consciousness by thinking of the men who used to carouse here at Hellhole. I began to wonder sleepily who had lived in this particular shanty. Whose bunk was this? Whose tormenting mattress? The hoarse laughter and shouts of men insinuated themselves into my mind and, opening my eyes, I stared into the motionless darkness. The laughter and shouts came from the rapids. Overhead there were other noises—the rustling of leaves, the soughing of trees, and a scampering across the roof. To this last I listened intently, deciding it was nothing more than the wind rattling the tar-paper roofing. Again I closed my eyes. And now I could see Rosalee clearly. She was sitting on the kitchen table, with her knee clasped in her hands, looking at me steadily. Her eyes, as mysterious as jewels, seemed to have required ages to give them their wisdom and beauty.

Suddenly the rushing sound of the rapids engulfed this vision, my eyes opened slowly and I found myself sitting upright, staring into the darkness at an object that moved like a maniac around the room. I jumped out of the bunk, trembling; then stood in the center of the floor laughing. My own clothing, nothing more, was flapping crazily in the wind.

A valley, a mountain, a river; countless deserted shanties; and in all this region there were only two people. To be here alone was a fearful novelty. But I told myself I was willing to meet whatever might come along in the daytime, and I'd meet whatever might come at night with the same readiness. This resolve robbed the night of whatever fears it had held. The darkness became friendly and I slept.

V

THE world had never before waited for me. Each morning it had been marching along intent upon its own affairs, and seemingly indifferent whether I got in line and marched along with it or stood at the side and watched it pass. But this day was different. Something just outside the shanty awakened me, whispering: "He's asleep, so we must wait. He inherited us last night!" And when I jumped out of the bunk and opened the door, there it was, the whole world, waiting. Clear sunlight, motionless shadows, fragrance of pine trees, and the river not a stone's throw away, shimmering in the morning light. I thought of Rosalee's theory, "If you go in each day it won't be cold." And discarding all clothing, I left the shanty at top speed, and upon reaching the water, plunged in. Still shivering, I got into my clothes and cut through the woods to Thompson's Valley.

Widow Thompson showed no surprise. She gave me breakfast in the kitchen; and upon discovering my intention of staying on the river for a few days, possibly longer, she said nothing—not a word. I gathered, however, she suspected me of wanting back the initialed handkerchiefs and gray shirt I had given her the night before as a farewell present. I told her to keep these things and consulted her as to necessary supplies. She made a shrewd bargain for butter and home-baked bread, and ended by lending me the farm horse and wagon.

By midafternoon the horse brought me back from Olive Springs with the wagon well loaded with crates and boxes. In each instance the order had been duplicated—one pile for Rosalee, one pile for me; and therein lay the seed of a small tragedy.

Rosalee was nowhere to be found; and this was just as well—when she returned she would find her kitchen closet mysteriously stocked. I visualized her surprise and also her delight. However, when the supplies had been piled on the floor of the closet they seemed to have shrunken on their trip down the valley, and to cure this I decided at once to give Rosalee all the provisions and to take my own meals at the farmhouse. Another load and still another was brought in. Also, there was a bolt of print stuff for her window curtains.

Leaving a new ax at the woodpile, I carried a mattress and blanket and a few tools to my own shanty, then returned, and after making sure with a glance that no detail could be improved upon, I went outside to kill time by chopping wood until Rosalee should return. The chips flew this way and that, and three armfuls had been carried in before it suddenly dawned upon me that the horse and wagon had not been taken back to their owner.

In a joyous mood I drove to Thompson Valley, and while returning through the woods before dusk, caught a fleeting glimpse of a cock pheasant. I fired and missed—my mind being on other matters. But with eight shots I brought down two gray squirrels and took these to the river to dress them, one for Rosalee and one for Widow Thompson. Game I myself had killed!

The river at this point ran from east to west, and somehow seemed to be just the length of a day, rising with the rising sun and flowing now into a sea of dusk. Night came on. A light from Rosalee's house appeared through the trees.

Hurrying up the path toward her house, I began to whistle in a way I had heard an actor whistle long ago and had practiced ever since in order to get the treble notes as plaintive as a flute and, at the same time, to carry the accompaniment and make it thrum in a thrilling manner. Rosalee must have heard me. The door opened and a rectangle of yellow lamplight cut the darkness. Silhouetted in the doorway, she called to me:

"Allen John, is that you? I thought you had gone home!"

"Look! I killed them myself! One for you and one for Widow Thompson."

"What's in your other hand?"

"The skins. I know something about curing them, soft as a glove."

Rosalee was laughing; but a few moments later, standing in front of her kitchen closet with her back to me, she became silent. She had asked what I wanted for supper and I had told her I could eat some canned cherries—the white kind. I had bought a whole crate of the white kind. The silence lengthened. "They're on top," I said. "The best Mr. Wilbur had in his store." Rosalee said nothing. And this surprised me. Then the clipped-wing crow sensed her mood and began to run up and down the kitchen table making fearful noises. Suddenly Rosalee wheeled around and said something to the bird: If he didn't shut up she would wring his neck! Then she turned to me: "Did you put those things in my closet?"

"Don't you like them?"

"Did you put them in there?"

"Yes."

"Tell me why you put them in there."

I couldn't answer.

She glared at the crow, then back at me.

"What's in those boxes? Food?"

"Yes. Cherries."

"What else?"

"Corn," I stammered, "tomatoes, succotash."

"Succotash! What else?"

"Everything . . . soup."

Her eyes were flashing. "Soup! Succotash! What else?"

I tried to think of what the other crates contained. "Cherries ——"

"You said that." She put her hands on her hips and faced me with such determination I was unable to think at all. I gazed stupidly over her head at the crowded closet. There were boxes of canned meat and dried fruit and bags of potatoes.

"Is that all?" she demanded.

I shook my head. "No."

Seeing I could go no farther with the list, she turned to her pet crow. "He thinks—what does he think we are?" In a few breathlessly short sentences she interrupted my motive: "He thinks he can buy us, body and soul, with succotash." She began to laugh in a high key. "Corn, tomatoes, soup! Is there any rhubarb? Canned rhubarb?"

"No," I faltered.

"Well, is there any spaghetti?" She made me answer. There was a whole case

(Continued on Page 46)

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If you are like the average motorist—when your carburetor fails to operate properly—your natural tendency is to pull out your choke or step on the accelerator. And this practice, if resorted to continually, means pitted valves and diluted crank-case oil, and in a short time leads to scored cylinders, burned-out bearings, and repair bills.

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Removes the most common cause of:

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- √ PITTED VALVES—loss of power
- √ HARD STARTING
- √ STALLING IN TRAFFIC
- √ OIL DILUTION—scored cylinders

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(Continued from Page 44)

of spaghetti. Suddenly her mood again changed. She was in a fury. "Take it out of my closet—spaghetti, soup—all of it!" She was trembling. "My closet," she moaned. "It can never be clean again—never!" The crow, running up and down the table and ducking his head at each turn, wailed and sobbed in a heart-rending manner.

"Rosalee, you're crying!"

"I'm not!" she sobbed, and ran past me into the front room and slammed the door.

I stared down at the cluttered closet. The crow fluttered to the back of a chair and, feathers ruffled, peered at me with its beady black eyes. I couldn't meet his eye. I felt guilty of some nameless crime against Rosalee, against her clean cupboard.

Shouldering one of the crates, I started out the back way, then made myself turn about face and go to the door between the two rooms. There was no answer to my knock.

"Rosalee, I'll get rid of those things in no time. You won't ever know they've been there. In no time. I didn't think of it that way; it never crossed my mind." And I left the house.

Upon returning for the second load I found Rosalee in the kitchen. Neither of us spoke. Picking up a large box of canned stuff, I disappeared into the night. When I came back she said:

"You didn't have time to take that box to your shanty."

No. She was right about that. I shouldered another crate.

Rosalee got between me and the door. "Allen John, what are you doing with them?"

"I'm throwing them into the river."

"You can't throw away things like that!"

"I'm going to get rid of them for good."

"You're not!" But she must have seen that my mind was made up. "If you don't get them out of the river, Allen John, I will." And she ran out of the house ahead of me.

When I reached the river bank Rosalee was in the water, with her dress floating around her. I called to her to move out of the way.

"Get out of the way, Rosalee; I'm going to throw this crate where the current will catch it!" I called again. She paid no attention. I started to hurl it beyond her, over her head; but a vision of what might happen flashed into my mind. I imagined her floating like a broken pond lily on the dark water.

"Rosalee." Dropping the crate, I waded in with some notion of lifting her in my arms and taking her up the path to her house. I determined to do this, but was far too clumsy to carry out the determination. My feet got tangled in the water grasses; I floundered, made an effort to maintain my balance, then fell flat. Upon coming to the surface I could hear her laughing. "Some day"—I managed to gasp—"some day you'll find I'm not a person to laugh at." And groveling among the grasses I came upon the submerged crates and started with them toward Hellhole.

Rosalee followed silently at a short distance. The crates cut into my shoulders and I wanted to put them down and rest, but that would start her laughing again. Upon reaching the first shack, I deposited them on the floor.

"Is this where you're going to live?" she asked from the doorway, adding, "It's the nearest shanty to me."

"I'm going to live here, yes, until I've cut enough wood to last you through the winter. I've made up my mind to that, and nothing can change it."

"Will you do something else? Will you bring these boxes back to my house? I want them," she said, "for both of us."

"I'm going to get my meals at Widow Thompson's. It's all arranged."

"No, you're not." She was close to me in the darkness. Both of us were dripping. "Allen John, you're going to bring those boxes back to my house, now—this minute."

My teeth were chattering beyond my control. "N-n-no," I said doggedly.

"Yes, you are." And without another word she left the shanty.

I walked the floor, stumbling now and again over those devilish crates. Far down the river I could see a light that shone steadily. What was she doing? How could such a little thing make me feel so miserable? Suppose I had thrown that crate! The vision came again into my brain—a broken water lily floating lifeless down the river into a sea of dusk.

Leaving the shanty, I ran to the far end of Hellhole, got into dry clothes, and with a crate on each shoulder, followed the path downstream. These were the same boxes, yet I was not conscious of their weight at all. I would put them on her porch noiselessly, then go to Widow Thompson's for supper. I determined never to see Rosalee again. As to that wood—I pictured myself romantically cutting it somewhere back in the mountains and carrying it to her woodpile at night.

On reaching her house I got a glimpse of the kitchen table, set with two places. I was hungry. Further, through the window I could see a chair which held a small pile of wet clothing and this somehow caused longing beyond my control to take possession of me. I lowered the crates to the porch, but did not accomplish this so noiselessly as I had intended. In fact, one of the boxes slipped from my hand.

Rosalee came to the door. "Allen John," she laughed, "are you trying to knock my house down?"

That evening she sat on the bed, making curtains and talking of small matters—an intimate talk, punctuated now and again by the guttural noises of her pet crow. Rosalee said she liked the material I had purchased at Olive Springs, and unwinding the whole bolt, she allowed it to billow around her. It was cream color, with a thin red line running through it; nothing gaudy, but clean-looking.

"Did you pick it out yourself?" she asked.

I had to admit Mr. Wilbur, proprietor of the general store, had helped.

Sitting near her, I cleaned my rifle, used plenty of oil, then dry rags; and putting a piece of white paper in the breech, held it to the lamp and told Rosalee to look through the barrel. It dazzled her eyes, she said. Also the stock, when polished with a cloth to bring out the grain, was worth a glance.

After a time I put the gun in the corner and watched Rosalee's hands—nicely formed hands, sure of themselves, like the rest of her.

"Where'd you learn to sew, Rosalee?"

"In a convent at New Orleans. I told you I lived in a convent. I lived there for nine years." She made all her own clothes, she said; and jumping up, got one or two garments.

"You made this?"

"Every stitch."

In the clothes closet hung other dresses, while a chest of drawers in the corner held a number of things. She enumerated what each drawer contained; as, for instance, the bottom was stocked with linen and pieces of silk, and when there was nothing better to do she made sets and sent them off to be sold for a price. "I used to help Dollar John make counterfeit money, but this is easier," she confided solemnly. Also, I gathered, it was just as profitable.

At the school in New Orleans Rosalee had learned many things. She was put into the convent at the age of seven and came out one night when she was sixteen. For nine years she hardly saw a man. "I hardly knew what a man looked like," declared Rosalee. Then, one afternoon, a man had come to mend the gratings. This was Dollar John Munsel, an ironworker, also a counterfeiter. "Even if I had known he had served a sentence," said Rosalee solemnly, "I'd have run away with him. I'd have run away with any man."

John Munsel left the screws out of a basement window, and that night he and Rosalee were married. She showed me the ring and told me of the awakening. A dark romance.

"You didn't love him?" I asked bluntly.

"I never loved anybody until I saw Kingpin." She talked extravagantly of Kingpin, as though he were superhuman. At the penitentiary—so Dollar John Munsel had told her—everybody had done what Jorgensen said, without him saying anything. "And everybody did what he said without him saying anything, at Black Mountain—even before he became resident engineer, while he was still a levelman." She marveled at this until I boasted that when the engineers came back they were pretty sure to make me a levelman.

"Will they do what you say without you saying anything?" she laughed.

"I don't know anything about that. Maybe they'll do what I say when I say it."

The first pair of curtains so delighted Rosalee that she determined to finish the whole lot. "You go to your shanty, Allen John, and get some sleep, and the curtains will all be finished and up at the windows in the morning."

I told her I could sit here all night watching her sew. After a while, however, I heard her laugh and, looking up, asked what was the matter. "Maybe you thought I was asleep. Well, I heard every word you said."

"I haven't said anything. I've been quiet as a mouse." She told me to lie down and she would waken me in time to put up the curtain rods. She couldn't sew, she said, for watching my head bob around on my shoulders.

I sat on the bed beside her, with my back against the wall. The quick movement of

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PHOTO, FROM EARLE C. TIBBETTS

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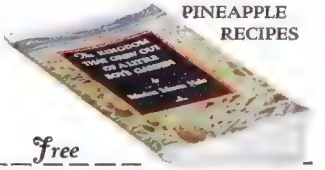

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(Continued from Page 46)

her hand fascinated me—stitch, stitch, stitch. I closed my eyes for a fraction of a second, to rest them; the wall slipped away, but I caught myself in time and sat up rigidly. Presently Rosalee ended the torture by removing the print stuff from the bed.

"Put your head down here or you'll fall over and mash me."

Stitch, stitch, stitch.

"Rosalee, you smell sweet. What is it—like water lilies?"

"That's just your imagination. I never use any perfume—never."

"Water lilies. . . ." Stitch, stitch. My eyes closed, but I cannot be sure I slept or that this was merely a dream. Through wrought-iron gates I seemed to enter a dark garden where the presence of flowers could be felt but not seen. I could see only a grating in the wall of a convent, and presently the grating moved and a girl stepped out into the starlight. A faint, clean fragrance pervaded the garden, and I knew the girl was Rosalee. Then, as sometimes happens in dreams, a shadow passed, and the shadow had the twisted form of a man. He sidled toward her; and when I tried to move, my feet became rooted. I could only sway like a rooted sapling. I tried to call a warning, but, also, I was mute. The girl moved and the fragrance moved with her, for they were one, and the shadowy man became her shadow. As he passed I struck him with my fist, but he was nothing—nothing that could injure her spirit—merely a shadow. Now I could see them standing, heads bowed, in front of a gigantic crow with clipped wings and hunched shoulders. Then the garden became empty and dark and there remained only the starlight and a faint fragrance of water lilies that I knew would last forever.

"Allen John." I heard Rosalee's voice. She had finished another pair of curtains.

I sat up, blinking. "Another pair. All finished?"

"Yes. What were you groaning about?"

"I guess I was dreaming."

"I guess you were!" She tapped her knee with her thimble. "Ouch! Oh! Oh! We've sat here so long my leg's gone to sleep."

I haven't the slightest notion at what hour she finished the curtains that night. Nor does it matter.

VI

THE days grew shorter. Each morning I chopped wood and became more and more skillful—a matter of practice; possibly anyone could learn. When the frost worked its way into the logs they split easily, with two wedges driven home with a large wooden maul. By swinging the ax day after day I got so I could split a hair. Also, as a further piece of skill, I practiced giving the helm a twist, so that the blade, as it went back over my shoulder, would make a complete revolution, glinting in the sunlight. When Rosalee stood at the kitchen window I did this carelessly, in a way to impress her.

Each afternoon, rain or shine, I hunted up the river or down the river or through the mountains. The gorges dripped with sunlight and at times were hung with mist so thick as to give the effect of rocks and giant undergrowth at the bottom of the sea.

There were silent areas, silent even when the wind and sleet howled above them, and warm areas that one came upon with a feeling of friendliness. At first I hunted alone, later with Sam Thompson. Alone one could pause to examine interesting objects—a little frozen lizard, a pebble with moss on it, a cliff with fir trees clinging to the rocks. If I missed a shot I would tell Rosalee that evening I had had a bad day. "Out of eight shots I missed one."

I remember the night I brought in my first gray fox, and the day I got another. There was a bounty on these, but there would be time enough to hunt for bounty money when I needed it. Widow Thompson was kept well supplied with squirrels; I saw to that, and also carried bags of game to Mr. Wilbur at the Olive Springs general store. The skins I reserved for a purpose.

Returning before nightfall, I would bathe above the rapids—lather quickly, plunge in, swim to midstream and back, then jump out gasping for breath. Rosalee's notion, though well enough as a theory, never stopped my teeth from chattering.

Her hour was also dusk and her place was in the swift water opposite her own house. Now and again I saw her swimming against the current, her arms and shoulders hardly distinguishable from the white foam, gaining a little, losing a little, and finally being swept downstream to disappear altogether. Once I caught a glimpse of her dallying too near the rim of the sluggish whirlpool, but when I shouted a warning her laughter mingled, like a few grace notes, with the roar of the rapids.

One night I tried to read her a lecture: "There was ice in the river today and I saw you in swimming."

"Well, what of it?"

"You must have been cold."

She gave me a look. "I'm never cold. If you don't believe it, it's because you know nothing about it."

Though she would never go hunting with me, I taught her the proper way to hold and aim the rifle. With the magazine empty, I would tell her to aim at her diabolical crow, perched on the back of a chair.

"If it goes off?"

"Then you may take the next shot at me."

During the more memorable of these evenings we did nothing at all, merely talked; and at other times we played checkers or pinochle, and kept a running score; more often I worked over the squirrel skins and other furs, or read aloud from a volume of natural history, while Rosalee, glancing now and again at the illustration, listened absorbed, with her hands idly in her lap, or else embroidered a design on a strip of linen or made a set. These undergarments were sheer beyond belief. You could pull them through a finger ring.

Then, on a night in November, I suddenly awakened from deep sleep with the sense of someone standing motionless inside my shanty.

"Rosalee," I asked, "is it you? What's the trouble?"

"I can't sleep."

"In that case we'll take a walk along the river. What time is it?"

We followed the path beneath the willows to the railroad bridge. The abutment dropped its shadow silently over us like a veil without weight, and within this shadow the river murmured mysteriously. There was no other sound. I looked out at the water, with the moonglade upon it, an alluring path of deceptive silver leading down toward the rapids and the whirlpool. When I glanced at Rosalee she was gazing up at the bridge, a black lattice against the dark-blue sky.

"He built it," she said, and there was awe in her voice.

"Is that why you couldn't sleep—thinking of Jorgensen?"

"I could forget him if I wanted to." She continued to gaze up at the bridge. "I know a way to forget him."

"What is the way?"

She had something in mind—something desperate no doubt—for she did not answer, and we walked slowly back along the bank past the rapids, a lunacy of noise and foam, past the sinister whirlpool, back to her house. Here in the warm emotional darkness, lit only by a dull red glow from the kitchen stove, Rosalee said a word or two.

"Rosalee, you're still thinking of Jorgensen."

"I'm not—not this minute. I want to forget him, for a while anyway. I want to forget him tonight—just you and me, Allen John."

"And tomorrow?" I managed to say.

"It don't matter. I can't be a saint all the time. You pretend I'm a saint; you pretend it to yourself. I know men. You think something else. That's the reason you pretend it—because you think something else. Well, I'm not a saint. I'm a woman, and I can't stand thinking and thinking any longer. I didn't sleep a wink tonight—not a wink." She told me to listen. And she said, "That's my heart. I can hear it beating. That's my heart."

"I can hear my heart beating, too, Rosalee."

"Your heart!" She laughed ironically and went into the other room.

Presently she called, "What in the world are you doing in there?"

I wasn't doing anything, merely standing by the door.

Well, why didn't I come into the kitchen?

The glow of the stove illumined her body, making it seem a thing of flame and shadows. This was a mood; it would pass; and I prayed dumbly to whatever god there is to give me strength, for my knees were trembling and I couldn't breathe properly; while inside my chest a flock of abominable birds were beating their wings.

"Rosalee, I'll make you forget Jorgensen," I said. "I'll take you away from a hundred men."

"What men?" she asked.

I didn't know what men. There wasn't anyone within miles of us. I merely wanted to fight something tangible, rather than the intangible memory she called Kingpin. "You'll see how I do it," I stammered. "Next spring ——"

She disregarded this. "Allen John, do you like me?"

"Yes."

"Well, why don't you say so?"

"Because there's something inside my chest—a flock of wild birds. I can't say anything I want to say."

She told me to come close to her. "I know what you mean by birds in your chest, and they don't sing either—just flutter and hurt. I know. And I know how to get rid of them too. The river will wash them away. Remember, the river will wash them away. Maybe if you'll drink a glass of water ——"

"I don't want to drink any water."

"I want you to get rid of them, so we can talk." Jumping down from the table on which she had been sitting, she ran to the water bucket, dipped up a gourdful and drank a little herself, then handed the gourd to me. I finished it and drank another gourdful.

Rosalee watched me from the table, her knee clasped in her hands, the red glow casting flickering shadows over her body.

"Are the birds gone?"

"No. But I can talk. I'll take you away from a hundred men."

"Stop saying that! It don't mean anything. There isn't anybody. Only you and me—nobody else."

"There's Jorgensen."

"He isn't here! Come close to me, Allen John, and look at me. You needn't touch me if you don't want to."

"I don't want to. . . . I want you to like me."

"I won't dislike you ever, Allen John; not even if you hold me in your arms, if you want to, a little while."

At the door, when I said good night, I asked her not to think of Jorgensen after I was gone.

"I'm too sleepy," said Rosalee, "to think of anything."

Wide-eyed with a mad whirl of visions—crimson and green and violet hues—illumining my brain, I stumbled over gullies and through stubborn underbrush, vaguely conscious of dark woodlands and open fields, and in an unmeasured circle of hours came back again to Rosalee's house. How small it seemed; how dark, how silent! Was it possible, after arousing all Nature into vibrant wakefulness, Rosalee could sleep! Taking the ax from the shadowy woodpile, I went into the mountains and felled a large tree; and the thunder as it crashed down through the night drowned the idiocy I shouted to the stars: "I'll take her away from a hundred men!"

(TO BE CONTINUED)

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THE PRINCE SERVES HIS PURPOSE

(Continued from Page 23)

up a wife in an ancestral fortress; but on the other hand, not at all hard to imagine him spending all her patrimony on his own pleasures in all the capitals of Europe.

Lawrence began to talk like a guardian. It bored him to do so, but he felt it his duty. He spoke of his responsibilities; he explained the terms of Mr. Marion's will—about the dangers of international marriages—about the freedom of American women—to all of which the prince listened politely, and some of which, it seemed to Lawrence, he actually understood.

Then the first great question was asked: "Do you love Felicia, sir?"

The prince opened his eyes. "But I adore her," he said. If Lawrence's tone had conveyed any doubt, it was, of course, doubt of the prince's integrity; but the prince, who had been shocked and annoyed by the Brentons' attitude toward Felicia, assumed that he was once more in the presence of a being too stupid to appreciate the girl. He launched forth in a panegyric of her charms.

"I adore her, because she is adorable. I cannot see how it is here—no one appreciate her. But in Europe, you see, how different it will be. She is perfect, like a statue of Tanagra. Are they blind here? Her arms and her ankles and her wrists—they should be modeled in silver—perfect. But here all they want is pep. Someone say she lack pep—that girl with the empty blue eyes. . . . Felicia have peace about her, and she give it to me. And her skin it is like very fine white velvet."

Like white velvet —— Holmes knew that his feelings were not paternal. What a fool he had been! No, not a fool. He had practically promised her father —— Besides, there was half a generation between them. He had no right —— What a fool he had been! He shut his eyes, opened them and found the prince still talking.

Holmes passed his hand over his face, allowing it to cling an instant about his chin, hiding the look of his mouth. How could he refuse his consent?

A pretty position he was in now! These two loved each other—or thought they did; and he was jealous—jealous in every poisoned fiber of his being. But could he wreck Felicia's life, he, her guardian, selected to protect her?

But if in all honesty he did not think she would be happy with this strange childlike little alien—what then? But how could he be sure he was not just thinking what he wanted to think?

Aloud, he heard himself saying: "And how would it be if Felicia had no money?"

This was no hurdle to the prince. He laughed happily. "Then would we starve," he answered.

"You have nothing?"

"Nothing at all but my old castle in the mountains."

Ah, that inevitable castle!

The interview dragged on. The other lawyer in the case nearing a compromise called up to make the appointment definite, the senior partner sent in to request a word with Mr. Holmes. But Lawrence would not allow himself to be interrupted, and yet there was very little more to say—very little, but at last he said it—said it casually: "And Felicia loves you?"

"Ah, no," said the prince with perfect candor. "Ah, no, that is all that lacks to my happiness. She do not love me—at least, not yet."

The color surged into Lawrence's face from the violence of his pleasure at this statement, but his joy was short-lived, for the prince added at once: "She love someone else—or think she do."

"Who?" said Lawrence with a sort of shout.

The prince did not know—or would not tell, if he did know. Lawrence eyed him. Subtle creatures, these Southern Europeans. He himself might know—for a second Lawrence felt that he did know, and then the prince added: "He is a married man."

The abyss again. "Married—that child in love with a married man!"

"He does not love her."

"That's ridiculous."

"Ah, so I think," answered the prince—"I mean that anyone should not love her."

"I meant that she should fall in love with a married man. Who is the fellow?"

"I don't know that," the prince answered. "I don't even know that he is married."

"You said so."

"It seemed to me the only explanation. She says he has never thought of her that way. He is somewhat older than we ——"

"We!"

"She and I," said the prince. "When I say we I mean her and me."

"Do you, indeed?" answered Holmes.

"She says she has loved him a long time—since she was a child. It seems he was kind to her when she was young. It seems he taught her ——" The prince paused, unaware that the silence was tense.

"What did he teach her?" asked Holmes, and his voice was so hoarse that the prince quite misunderstood him. "No harm, I am sure," he answered soothingly. "He taught her to ride—she ride very well."

At this point the prince was surprised at his host springing to his feet and saying as he briskly pulled down his waistcoat: "Well, prince, this has been very nice. Of course you can't expect me to give you a definite answer until I have seen Felicia."

The prince thought to himself: "His eye is bright and he's kind—he likes me—he will be favorable to me."

"I promise you to see her as quickly as I can—in fact I shall meet her at the train."

"It is not necessary," said the prince gayly. "I am to meet her myself at that big mid-town station you call ——"

"No," said her guardian firmly; "no, don't do that."

"It is not etiquette?" asked the prince, already shaking his head, for he had feared as much.

"Absolutely not—couldn't be done. I'll attend to it myself," answered Holmes.

"It is not inconvenient to you?" said the prince, a little disappointed but willing to coöperate.

"Not a bit—not a bit," said Holmes. He pressed the bell on his desk.

"I could go with you perhaps?"

"No—no, don't come with me. . . . Miss Griggs," Holmes added sternly, "I am going away for the rest of the day."

"But you have a conference at four."

"I am called uptown by very important business," said Holmes, and walked out of the office, leaving both the secretary and the prince.

Due at ten minutes to four—that express from the West. How well he knew it, how often he had taken it. Could he get there in time to meet her? He leaped down the Subway steps at Fulton Street, pushing people aside, and just caught a train. Jickety—jickety went the train. Thank heaven for the Subway. Jammed or not, it got you there. Brooklyn Bridge—good heavens, how idiotic to stop for a few millions of people surging to and fro between the sister cities. He rose to his feet. He had forgotten Fourteenth Street. Well, that was some faint indication of his state of mind, that making the trip every day he had simply wiped out the stop at Fourteenth Street. He sat down again. Jickety—jickety went the train—on and on.

"Gransenelstasn," the guard called, and Lawrence's heart gave a great sickening throb. He was in time, with three minutes to get to the gate. First, to the blackboard. He strode along on his long legs, not apparently hurrying, but passing others who were running. If he missed her now—if he missed her in the crowd! He reached the bulletin board and read in beautiful neat block letters: "55 minutes late." Damn! Why fifty-five? Why not sixty? Why late at all? He felt the whole scheme of things was dashed to the ground—as if now she might never come.

What could a man do with fifty-five intolerable minutes in the neighborhood of the Grand Central? There was an art gallery upstairs. Pooh, he was in no mood for art. The library a block away. Nonsense! A brisk walk? Oh, if he could but give this fifty-five minutes to some condemned criminal. Then he had an inspiration. Fifty-second Street? Could he make it? Certainly. Yes, there was a fitting way to spend this fifty-five minutes—fifty-three by this time. By underground tunnels he reached Forty-fifth Street, stepped into a taxi, out again before he was blocked by cross-town traffic, and in a few minutes was bending over cases of diamonds in white velvet cases—white velvet, like her skin.

Poor prince, what a shock it was going to be to him. . . . A large yellow diamond—a great bargain the clerk said. Bargains were nothing to him at the moment. He was not a rich man—little he cared. He had, as a matter of fact, no money in his pocket, no check book and no account. Yet this did not matter, nothing could impede his triumphant course. Within half an hour he was leaving the glittering shop with a yellow diamond in a gay gold-and-red case safely in his pocket.

Back to the Grand Central, back to the bulletin board. Great heavens, the figures were changed! The train was now only forty-five minutes late. The hand of the official was even then tracing the number of the track—Track 42. Lawrence turned prepared to trample women and children in his rush to the ropes, and found that he was already standing on an appropriate spot. The gates were being opened, an army of porters were running down the platform. Then for the first time it occurred to him that what the prince had told him might not be true—and he standing there with an engagement ring in his pocket!

Then he saw her—modeled in silver, with her skin like white velvet, peering at the crowd under the brim of a smart little hat—peering eagerly for another man. She was not looking at his level at all, and did not see him until he stepped forward and put his hand on her shoulder.

"Felicia," he said. It seemed to him that never in all their acquaintance had he spoken her name before. She looked up startled, and it seemed to Lawrence that her surprise was not pleasurable. He felt hopeless. She had been looking for her little prince, and to find instead her elderly guardian—of course she was not pleased. Why had he imagined she would be pleased? Why had he come at all?

"Why, Lawrence!" she said, dodging behind the ropes. "How nice of you to come to meet me! I did not see you at first."

Her tone sounded perfunctory. The truth was that all her life she had been expecting—or rather wishing without much hope—to meet Lawrence in such situations as this. All her life she had been saying to herself, "Wouldn't it be wonderful if that were Lawrence in that taxicab stopped opposite to mine? Wouldn't it be wonderful if it were Lawrence who came in and took the seat next to mine at the theater?" Wouldn't it be wonderful if when she stepped off the train Lawrence should have found out about her arrival and should be waiting for her? This was the first time she had ever come down a station platform not thinking of him, and here, by the strange perversity of fate, he was. All the emotions of her life in regard to him seemed to sweep back like a tidal wave and wipe out this new road she had intended to follow. . . . Glad to see him? No, indeed! She felt desperate—imprisoned once again.

"I suppose you had expected to see your little prince," he said grimly.

"Yes, I had." He thought that she could hardly have told him more clearly

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Hearts. ....Q, 10, 7, 6

New York, North
Diamonds.....A, Q, 6
Clubs. ....K, 8, 5

Miss Annie B. Shelby
Portland, Ore., West
Spades.....K, J, 8, 7, 2
Hearts..... ....5, 4, 3
Diamonds 7, 4, 3
Clubs 3, 2

Wilbur C. Whitehead
New York, East
Spades..... 9, 4
Hearts.....K, J, 8, 2
Diamonds. ... K, J, 10, 9
Clubs. ..... A, Q, 4

Mrs. Catherine A. Streeter
Dealer
Spades.....6, 5, 3
Hearts.... .. ..A, 9

Los Angeles, Cal.
South
Diamonds. 8, 5, 2
Clubs J, 10, 9, 7, 6

BRIDGE by RADIO

Week of November 28th

WHAT would you say, Fourth Hand (West), on the cards above, after Third Hand opens the bidding with one No Trump? Can you "count" the value of a hand? Should you ever lead a King when not holding Ace or Queen? Should you always cover an honor with an honor? Hear the experts answer these questions, when they play this Radio Game!

Tuesday, November 29, 10 P. M., E. T.

WEAF, WSAI, KSD, WCAE, WCCO, WCSH, WDAF, WEEI, WFI, WGN, WGR, WGY, WHAS, WHO, WJAR, WMC, WOC, WOW, WRC, WSB, WSM, WTAG, WTAM, WTIC, WTMG, WWJ.

Tuesday, November 29, 8:30 P. M., P. T.

KFI, KFOA, KGW, KHQ, KOMO, KPO, KGO.

See newspapers for broadcasting time of following:

KFAD..Electrical Equipment Co.....Phoenix
KFUM Corley Mt. Highway.....Colorado Springs
KFYR. Hoskins-Meyer.....Bismarck
KGBX..Foster-Hall Tire Co.....St. Joseph, Mo.
KOA....General Electric Co.....Denver
KOB....Coll. Agr. & Mech. Arts.....Albuquerque
KPRC Post Dispatch .....Houston
KSL ...Radio Service Corp.....Salt Lake City
KTHS..Arlington Hotel .....Hot Springs Nat'l Pk.
KVOO. Southwestern Sales Corp.....Tulsa, Okla.
WCOA..City of Pensacola.....Pensacola, Fla.
WDAY Radio Equipment Corp.....Fargo
WDBO Orlando Broadcasting Co....Orlando, Fla.
WFAA..Baker Hotel, News, Sears-Roebuck Dallas
WFBM Indianapolis P. & L. Co..... Indianapolis
WJAX..Municipal Station.....Jacksonville
WJBO..Times-Picayune.....New Orleans
WKY ..Radiophone Co.....Oklahoma City
WNOX Peoples Tel. & Tel. Co.....Knoxville
WOKT Titus-Ets Corp.....Binghamton, N. Y.
WPG ...Municipal Station.....Atlantic City
WRVA Larus & Bro. Co.....Richmond, Va.
CFAC..Herald.....Calgary, Can.
CFLC....Radio Ass'n.....Prescott, Can.
CFQC....Electric Shop.....Saskatoon, Can.
CHNS..Northern Elec. Co..... .Halifax, Can.
CKCO Radio Ass'n.....Ottawa, Can.
CJCA ...Journal.....Edmonton, Can.
CJRM .Jas. Richardson & Sons..Moose Jaw, Can.
CKAC..La Presse.....Montreal, Can.
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BICYCLE and CONGRESS PLAYING CARDS

that she was disappointed at the substitution.

The porter, half of whose professional life was spent inducing people to abandon the rhapsodies of meeting and attend to practical details, said for the third time, "Want a taxi, sir?"

No. Lawrence's own car was only a few blocks away.

The next few minutes were given to getting the car, stowing Felicia's bags in the rumble, tipping the porter. Lawrence was thinking: "Obviously she isn't a bit glad to see me—not the way she used to be. This youngster has driven me completely out of her thoughts. Whatever her reason was for telling him all that bunk about me——"

She was saying, "If Lawrence did not want to see me, if it gives him no pleasure to see me, why did he come?"

Aloud she gave a little time to admiring his car, which though almost a year old had never come within her observation before. He hardly seemed to hear her, but then he was driving through the traffic at Vanderbilt Avenue and Forty-fifth Street.

"Where are we going?" she asked.

Ah, where indeed? All the plans that had been forming and re-forming in his mind as he approached the station melted away in view of the now obvious fact that he must not long detain this amorous girl from her waiting prince.

"I had thought of our having tea somewhere—perhaps in the park."

Had thought? How often this had happened in the past few years. He had meant to be kind and attentive, but had always allowed something or other to interfere.

"I see," she said gently. "You are very busy, I suppose."

"Busy principally, my dear, in interviewing young gentlemen who tell me you intend to marry them."

"You mean that Gene has been to see you?"

Her voice shook a little. He noticed it—noticed something special in her enunciation. Can women never speak the beloved name without suggesting its sacrosanct quality?

"Oh, not only the prince."

"What do you mean, Lawrence?"

The traffic lights in Park Avenue went red and Holmes had leisure to turn and look at her.

"I mean that two young men have already visited me to ask my consent to their marriage with you. I left the office early; perhaps by now a line extending into Nassau Street ——"

"You don't mean that Redmond ——"

"—— is under the impression that you prefer him; yes, such is the fact."

"I don't see why he thinks so."

"Perhaps I can explain it. When a girl allows a man to kiss her ——"

"I didn't allow him," said Felicia. "How can he say such a thing? Really! A girl can't always stop it. Look, Lawrence, we were in a car just like this. Suppose you suddenly wanted to kiss me—could I stop you?"

"That," said Lawrence, "is an extremely provocative speech."

She laughed, thinking he meant to be amusing. "I wouldn't say it to anyone but you," she responded.

"You mean that my great age protects me from these dangerous desires?"

"I mean that you've always kissed me whenever you felt like it, anyhow."

"No, Felicia, not always."

The lights went green and he slipped into gear. How well-timed were the traffic intervals. He might easily have made a fool of himself.

"The point is," he said aloud, "not so much what these benighted young men think about your feelings as what you think. Am I to understand that the prince is not mistaken in his notion that you are willing to marry him?"

"No, he is not mistaken," she answered softly. "What do you think of the idea, Lawrence? I want you to tell me the truth."

Oh, did she, indeed! Suppose he shouted, "I would rather cut all their throats than see any one of them come near you!"—that would be a noble way for a guardian to feel. She utterly misinterpreted his silence. "I know what you think," she said. "Only you are too kind and good to say it."

Kind and good! What loathsome adjectives! "What do I think?" he asked.

"That it isn't very likely that he really loves me—that it must be the fortune, and therefore you hesitate. Well, Lawrence, will you think me very vain and silly if I tell you I am sure he loves me—myself—not my money?"

There was something amusing in her making this assertion to him, as if he were the last person in the world to believe it. His face must have shown it, for she asked quickly, "I see you think my self-confidence amusing."

"No, Felicia."

"Why did you smile then—or worse, try to hide your smile?"

"Because you do not need to persuade me that you are lovable."

"Oh, but he doesn't love me in the way you do," she answered contemptuously.

"That I believe too."

They stopped, as once again the lights were set against them. And in the comparative calm, while the cross-town traffic went rumbling across in front of them, he asked the great question: "The point is, how do you feel toward him? Do you love him, my dear?"

He had steeled himself to hear a passionate affirmative—a low murmur—a shaken, gasping confession; but there was nothing but complete silence.

"Do you love him?"

A long silence. "I think I am going to be very happy, Lawrence."

"You do love him?"

"I have had a wonderful message from his mother."

"Redmond Orr tells me you do not love him."

"Redmond has not turned out to be a very good judge of my feelings."

"The prince himself tells me you do not."

A look of wild terror came into her eyes.

"He tells me that you love someone else, Felicia."

"He has betrayed me!" said the girl.

"Betrayed you to me, my darling?"

They looked, intense and trembling, into each other's eyes.

They did not hear a shrill whistle blown repeatedly. They were aware of nothing but their own concentrated existence, until a blue figure blocked their light and a voice said, "Say, are you color blind, or haven't you noticed the green light?" Then a complete change of tone. "What do you think you are doing, anyhow?"

Lawrence withdrew his eyes from Felicia and fixed them on those of an irate traffic policeman, standing at his elbow. He noticed that the man must have just returned from a vacation, probably at Far Rockaway. He was very much tanned.

"I think, officer," said Lawrence very quietly—"I think I'm getting engaged."

The scowl slowly dissolved from the officer's brow, but he did not smile. "What's the matter with Central Park?" he said. "That's what we have it for. The avenues is for moving vehicles."

"That's a very sound suggestion," said Lawrence.

He saw necks craning from other cars to see him get his ticket. But the incident, so far as the traffic officer was concerned, was over. He began to wave the uptown lines to hurry ahead. Lawrence turned west and waited.

"Where are you going?" said Felicia.

"To the park. Didn't you hear what the policeman said? Or have you no respect for law and order? New Yorkers get engaged in the park. I did not ask him the correct spot, but I think I know it. It's that great circle on the west side, or else behind the equestrian statue of Bolivar. Have you any choice? Are you thinking that I'm rather like the chancellor in

(Continued on Page 54)

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HUPMOBILE *1928* SIX

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IN THE WORLD

Continued from Page 52

Iolanthe, obliged to ask my own consent to my proposal to my ward?"

"Lawrence, you're talking nonsense."

"I am trying to wait for three blocks—three long cross-town blocks—before I tell you that I love you, Felicia, that I always have, and before I ask you how you feel toward me."

"Do you have to ask that?"

"Yes, and I have to have a good full answer too."

The lights changed and they went on their way west—into the park and up the circle on the west side, deserted except for one other car, which was busy about its own affairs.

And there, not at all like a lawyer with an important position in the community and a great American heiress about to be a princess with a chance of being a queen, they held each other tightly in their arms for a few seconds—minutes an onlooker would have said, but fortunately there were no onlookers.

Then suddenly in about five seconds more it was half-past seven—high time to go to the hotel and dress to dine with a cousin of Felicia's and the prince and Colonel Razzoff—and not Lawrence.

She and Lawrence were trying to part in the lobby of the hotel, saying: "I shall be late."

"Well, then, you will telephone me, Felicia."

"You will be late."

"I'll call you as soon as I think you can have got in from the theater."

"And you'll come and breakfast with Sarah and me?"

"Nonsense! I'll come and take you away to breakfast with me."

"I shall be late, Lawrence, if I don't go and dress at once."

"Yes, you will be late. . . . Are you sorry to leave me?"

And so on and on, until, looking up, Felicia saw that the prince was already there, sitting forlorn and alone in a sitting room with an enormous high ceiling that made him look peculiarly tiny.

Except for the prince, the room was empty as Felicia and Lawrence entered. The prince sprang up and caught her hand and kissed it. "Bad news," he said to her rapidly in his native tongue. "I must sail at once for home. I must leave you for a little time. I am heartbroken. My uncle's little boy is ill—very ill. But I will come back and get you—no matter what happens or what they say and do I will come back. Do not listen to Razzy."

"You must not come back, dear Eugene," said Felicia. "You must forget about me."

"No, I will not forget about you," he answered. "I will come back and marry you. Have faith in me."

If Felicia had been feeling a little less guilty toward him, she might have noted a certain patronage in his insistence on his keeping faith, but as it was, she thought his loyalty touching. "No," she said, "you must not. You must find a nice princess over there who will make you a wonderful wife. Because this is the man I have always loved, Gene dear, and now it appears that he loves me."

The prince stared at her with his great dark eyes getting bigger and bigger, and then he sat down and covered his face with his hands and cried a little. Then he sprang to his feet and threw his right hand in the air with all his fingers extended and said: "I am a fool! He did not love you until I made him. I told him how beautiful you are and then he loved you. Fool, fool!"

And at this moment Colonel Razzoff entered. He had been pursuing his royal master, determined to prevent a marriage unsuitable for a royal prince but impossible for a future king. He was introduced to Lawrence, and having his wits about him, knew at once that this was the guardian.

"I suppose His Highness has explained," he began courteously but with firmness, "that our cables ——"

"Be quiet, Razzy," said the prince in his own tongue. "You need worry no more. She does not love me. She will not marry me. She loves this man—her guardian. I have no hope."

"It is better so, sir."

"I could kill you for saying it, Razzy."

He let himself be drawn away by the colonel, with a promise that there should be a farewell interview before he sailed.

Lawrence, who had not understood one word of all that had taken place, turned to Felicia. "Well," he said, "for an emotional scene, that seemed to go off very fast. What was it all about?"

"The king's little son is dying and he is obliged to go home at once."

Lawrence looked suddenly serious. "That means, my dear, that if it were not for me, you might have been a queen."

"It means," said Felicia, "that now you can stay to dine with Sarah and me—and maybe we can get rid of Sarah."

"I wonder if you would have made a good queen, Felicia."

She smiled at him.

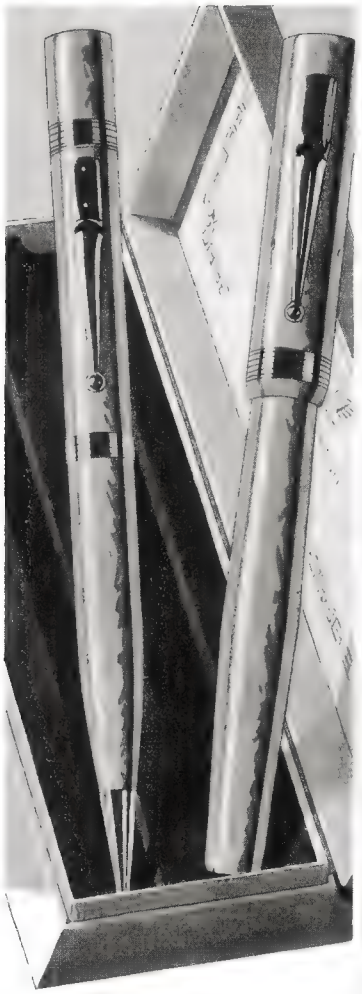
"Can't you hear Mrs. Brenton saying, 'Of course the moment there was any question of his coming to the throne he managed to get out of it. Oh, it would have been quite, quite impossible!'"

"I did not know you were such a mimic."

"How could you ever care for such a woman, Lawrence?"

And so they sat down, and forgetting the dynasties of Europe, they fell to talking, like all honest lovers, entirely about themselves and each other.

(THE END)



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Swan PENS

THAT GUY McGUFFEY

Continued from Page 15

a log school miles from his home. The mother borrowed books, and by using the Bible, instructed him in English. The father taught him the rudiments of surveying.

Though his mother died when William was only fourteen she seems to have had a guiding influence through his life. His stepmother was in full sympathy with his mother's ambition and was determined that the children should receive an education, and she bent every energy toward that end.

That her dream of an educated son who should be a preacher should be realized seemed incredible, but one day in the summer of 1818 a man came riding on horseback through the forest trail in Trumbull County, Ohio. William Holmes McGuffey, having been born September 23, 1800, was not eighteen, and that day he was helping with a logrolling at a neighbor's clearing.

A Remarkable Memory

The rider was the Reverend Thomas Hughes, a remarkable pioneer leader who after traveling on horseback from Central Ohio to Newburyport, Massachusetts, to Baltimore and Richmond, had obtained money enough in 1802 to build the Old Stone Academy at Darlington, Pennsylvania. Riding past a clearing in the forest, Hughes heard a woman's voice raised in prayer, and stopping his horse, listened. The woman was praying that her children might obtain an education. The preacher rode into the clearing, talked with the mother and agreed to assist in educating the oldest son. The fees at the Old Stone Academy were three dollars a year tuition and seventy-five cents a week for room and board. (Those fathers with sons at college today please note.)

The Reverend Mr. Hughes agreed to forgo the charges and to board and lodge the boy in return for work around the academy. Since the father could not spare his oldest son all the time, Hughes agreed to outline the studies and to lend him books so that he might aid in the clearing, planting and harvesting. The boy studied by firelight and candlelight, practiced declamation in the fields or the forest while at work, with audiences of birds and beasts, and once a week went to the academy and recited to the Reverend Mr. Hughes, remaining sometimes several days.

His method of learning, as he afterward described it, was to commit everything to memory, even to the smallest detail, and to practice reciting aloud when alone at his work. The man must have possessed, or developed, a remarkable memory. When he was twenty-one he was able to recite verbatim any book of the Bible, and during his entire life he never wrote a sermon or lecture; and although he had preached more than 3000 sermons, he could, if given the text, repeat any sermon he ever had preached practically as he had first given it.

Under the advice of Doctor Hughes, McGuffey prepared to attend college, and chose Washington College. He had taken up Latin and Greek in his nineteenth year, using books borrowed from Hughes, and, with his remarkable memory, became one of the foremost Latin scholars in the country. His family was too poor to aid him in his college career, so he worked his way through, teaching in a private school at Paris, Kentucky, two years, tutoring and laboring at farm work.

It was at Washington College that he met Dr. Andrew Wylie, one of the great pioneer teachers, who, attracted by the young man's brilliant mind and his remarkable determination, became his adviser and coworker. McGuffey was fortunate in his contacts, for while teaching at Paris, Kentucky, he became associated with Robert H. Bishop, another great pioneer leader, president of the embryonic Miami University at Oxford, who was so much impressed that he procured for him an appointment as professor of ancient languages at Miami before the youth had received his degree from Washington College.

Most fortunate, however, was his possession of a most unusual stepmother who remained, to her death, his adviser. Besides which, she made him clothing of jeans and his famous black silk gaberdine suit which added to his air of austerity. In the family they used to speak of the fact that the Reverend Mr. Hughes overheard her prayer as a sort of miracle; but in later years McGuffey, with a twinkle in his fine eyes, remarked that, being Scotch and practical, she probably timed her prayer so that both the Lord and His earthly agent could hear.

A Great Event at Oxford

He was graduated finally from Washington College, March 29, 1826, worked during that summer, and in the fall made the hard pilgrimage across Ohio to Oxford, arriving just before the opening of the school in the fall.

Unfortunately little is known concerning McGuffey's early theories of education, or whether he had any comprehensive plan. His habit of not writing his lectures, sermons or speeches prevents us from learning anything about his theories and methods beyond what his students and his fellows recorded. His method was to think out rigidly what he was to say, analyze it paragraph by paragraph, and that done, he never forgot a sentence or a word.

His arrival at Oxford appears to have been an event, and one account says he reached his lodgings accompanied by a score of students, to whom he paid no attention, riding along the dusty road, reading

Continued on Page 57

YOU CAN'T KNOW THE VALUE TILL YOU KNOW THE CAR

TWO-DOOR SEDAN

$875

FOR LANSING EXCISE TAX EXTRA

You can't *guess* what it means to have a Fisher Body on your car. It means far more than its familiar beauty. It means comfort. It means luxury and convenience. It means all these things enduring through the trials of months and miles. You can't *imagine* the enjoyment of Oldsmobile six-cylinder performance, of Oldsmobile four-wheel braking, of all the other factors of Oldsmobile performance. Until you have *seen* and *experienced* all these things, you cannot appreciate Oldsmobile's low prices. So come to an Oldsmobile showroom and see what so little will buy. You can't know Oldsmobile's value till you know the car.

OLDSMOBILE SIX

PRODUCT OF GENERAL MOTORS

"THE MAN FROM MISSOURI" HAS THE FLOOR

"You've got to show me there's any difference in motor oils!"

WHEN it comes to motor oil, hundreds of thousands of men are "from Missouri." They'd like to be "shown" the answers to these 4 questions:

NO. 1 "Why should I fuss about motor oils when I never have any trouble with any of them?"

NO. 2 "Why should I buy Veedol when I can save at least 5 cents a quart by using a cheaper oil?"

NO. 3 "Why do I need a high-quality oil when my engine has an oil filter?"

NO. 4 "Why get the Veedol 'film of protection' when all oils give a protective film?"

Here are the facts and figures that answer each of those 4 questions.

The answer to No. 1 . . . Nobody has trouble with any oil until the trouble happens. But there are 85 thousand busy repair shops in the country that make a billion and a half dollars' worth of engine-repairs alone each year. 75 per cent, or more than a billion dollars of those repairs can be traced directly to neglected lubrication—*and the failure of mediocre oils.* If you haven't had trouble from second-rate oils, you're lucky! A lot of people have!

The answer to No. 2 . . . The answer to this question is simple arithmetic. Multiply 5 cents by the number of quarts of oil you use in a year. If you drive a lot it may amount to as much as $10. Then match that $10 against the $30, $50, or even $100—the cost of engine-repairs caused by oil failure. Where is the economy in buying cheap oils? And, anyhow, why run the risk of ruining a $400 to $4000 car for $10?

The answer to No. 3 . . . An oil filter is worth much to your car. It cleans the oil and keeps it free from dirt and grit. But the very fact that you have an oil filter probably means that you drain your oil less often. And, if you need a high-quality oil to safeguard a motor *without* an oil filter, how much *more* you need a quality oil where the oil must retain its lubricating qualities for much longer periods.

The answer to No. 4 . . . All oils do form a film over the vital parts of a motor—But how long does that film stand up? The film of ordinary oil soon breaks and burns under the lash of searing, scorching heat. Then vital parts are exposed directly to the merciless attack of heat—grinding friction begins its work of destruction.

But the film of Veedol—the famous "film of protection," *thin as tissue, smooth as silk, tough as steel*—does not fail. It is tested to withstand heat 100 degrees hotter than the hottest friction spot in your motor—an extra margin of safety that means longer motor life, fewer repairs.

The sign of motor protection

If you are still "from Missouri," look for the orange and black Veedol sign. It's the sign of motor protection. Have the dealer drain and refill your crankcase with the correct Veedol oil for your car.

Always ask for Veedol by name. If you drive a Ford ask for Veedol Forzol.

Tide Water Oil Sales Corporation, 11 Broadway, New York. Branches or warehouses in all principal cities.

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(Continued from Page 54)

as he came. I doubt whether this was his first appearance, since he became a familiar figure, reading as he walked or rode.

The system of teaching then used in the Middle West was for the master to lay out a certain stint to be committed to memory within a certain time and recited verbatim, with the master correcting and advising. In actual work, because of the scarcity of teachers, the so-called Lancastrian system was used, the advanced scholars assisting the master in instructing those who were slower—a system which some of our more progressive old universities are now trying to revive.

The worst features of these earlier methods were lack of school textbooks and total lack of any properly graded texts. The public-school system had not come into existence and higher education was in the hands of the heads of privately built and usually church-supported academies. These academies, usually with ministers as the heads, filled the place now occupied by high and preparatory schools, with religious and moral instruction far in advance of all else, and with much emphasis being placed upon the ancient languages, Latin and Greek being regarded as essentials.

From the first McGuffey was dissatisfied with some features, and he had some vague plan of a uniform system of education and of uniform textbooks. In one letter—written early in the 30's to one McArthur; perhaps a relative of his father's chum, Duncan McArthur—he speaks of this, and during the 30's he was in correspondence with a Reverend Mr. Wilson, at Chillicothe, Dr. Daniel Drake at Cincinnati, the Reverend Hugh Stuart Fullerton—my grandfather—at South Salem, the Reverend Isaac Sams at Hillsboro, and others, regarding the need of systematic education and uniform texts for the children. There were no textbooks in America graded to suit the ages of students, although in New England the Worcester readers were being made during the 30's. McGuffey, besides teaching Latin, Greek and Hebrew and preaching sermons—being ordained a Presbyterian minister March 29, 1829—tutoring backward students, advancing his own studies and chopping wood to keep his rooms warm, found time to make the first recorded experiments in child psychology.

Always a lover of children, he gathered his own swarm and the children of the settlers around Oxford in his home or in its back yard, which extended into the beautiful forest that still occupies part of the campus of the university, and tried out his theories.

At the Head of the Log

Much of his experimenting in child psychology was done outdoors, at the edge of the woods, where the trees were being felled for building purposes and to supply firewood. He had a log for reading, a log for spelling, a log for arithmetic, a log for grammar. The children, on fine days, were ranged on the logs, and the highest honor was to hold the big end of a log against all challengers. His plan of sending the child who was best prepared in the lesson to the big end of the log put the element of competition into the classes, and he was using, there in the backwoods 100 years ago, just the system our advanced kindergartners now use and ascribe to foreigners.

McGuffey was making up his books as he went along. Each day he arranged the children in age groups, tested their capacity to learn by his prepared lessons, and, making notes and observations, he changed them day by day, codifying the lessons until he could take children step by step up the rough path of education. In that manner his primer was evolved first.

There is, whenever McGuffeyites meet, an argument concerning his work and the dates of his different books. This is due to the fact that it was almost ten years after he commenced compiling and arranging books for use in his own classes of children and young men before he published a book. There is evidence that the First, Second, Third and Fourth Eclectic Readers were roughly compiled and used by him long before he was approached by a publisher who wanted to print such a series of textbooks. Books being scarce, he had collected a great number of selections from English classics, had made some translations, and evidently had written some lessons anonymously. It is certain that at least two of his scholars helped him or worked under his direction, copying in longhand selections for use in classes long before his books were printed. It is certain also that when he agreed to produce such a series of books he had the material at hand. There are men living who remember seeing primers and readers used in Oxford which were written in longhand and stitched together in cloth covers for use of the children before printed books became common.

The Genesis of the Readers

Doctor McGuffey remained at Oxford ten years, assuming the chair of moral philosophy in 1832, and being ordained a minister in 1829. He never held a regular pastorate, but preached frequently in chapel at the growing college and often on visits to other towns and cities. He resigned in August, 1836, to become president of Cincinnati College, and after three years' struggle trying to build a school without endowment or financial support, he became president of Ohio University at Athens, where his fame as lecturer and teacher became widespread, but the financial reward was nil. When the university was created it had an endowment of two whole townships, and the rents from these lands supported the school. The farmers who occupied the lands objected to paying the taxes, and in 1843 they persuaded a friendly legislature to reduce the tax almost to nothing, so that the university was compelled to close, and remained closed for years. Doctor McGuffey returned to Cincinnati and for two years taught in Woodward College, now Woodward High School. In 1845 he was appointed professor of moral philosophy and political economy at the University of Virginia, where he remained more than twenty-five years, until his death on May 4, 1873.

It was at Virginia that his scholarly lectures and his extraordinary skill at imparting information won him his greatest renown as an educator. One commentator says, "He taught with the simplicity of a child, with the precision of a mathematician and with the authority of truth."

His custom in classes was to devote much of the time to questioning the students, using the Socratic method of leading them through a series of questions until they discovered the truth or falsity of their reasoning for themselves, leading them to think in orderly manner and to voice their views clearly.

McGuffey's position at the University of Virginia during the Civil War was a peculiar one. He opposed slavery on moral grounds, and opposed war, yet continued to hold the chair and the respect of his Southern friends throughout the struggle. During the Reconstruction period his publishers, desiring accurate information in regard to the probable future of their sales in the South, asked McGuffey to investigate. He made a tour of the entire South, visiting governors, legislatures and conferring with educators. His report on conditions when he reached Cincinnati caused an uproar and wild denials as he pictured vividly the corruptness and villainy of some of the carpetbaggers. His report created a sensation in both the North and the South and helped to remedy conditions, besides winning for him the greater respect of the Southern leaders.

The genesis of his Eclectic series, however, is not clear. Whether he planned from the first to print such books, or whether publishers, learning of his remarkable work, approached him, is not certain. While at Oxford he completed the Primer and the First and Second Readers, testing them again and again on successive classes of children gathered at his home.

Quite evidently he believed then that there should be a primer and four readers and that originally he planned the four to cover the entire field; this, because in the earlier editions of his Fourth Reader there were many selections that were later in the Fifth and the Sixth, which latter was not done by William McGuffey, but by his younger half brother Alexander.

We have a clear account of his books after the first printings, but in the ten years during which he collected, compiled and worked with the children, testing their mental capacities, we have small knowledge of his processes or changes. It is certain that at one time he planned, or at least conceived, the idea of a full series of readers, grammars, arithmetics, spellers and histories, graded to fit the ages of the students.

In 1831 McGuffey, associated with Dr. Lyman Beecher, Albert Pickett and others, formed the first Teachers' Association in the Middle West, and he delivered three lectures before the body in the next three years, all on problems of parents and teachers. His insistence upon the necessity of better and more uniform texts was strong. Then, in 1836, the Worcester readers were printed in New England, and about that time Prof. Calvin E. Stowe went to Europe, and returning, made a report upon the system of public schools in Prussia.

McGuffey immediately became a leader of the movement to institute a similar system of public education in Ohio, and carried the debate to success, traveling over the state and aiding Samuel Lewis, the first superintendent, to organize the schools. In later years, when he went to the University of Virginia, his first move was to tour the state and proselyte for a similar system in the Old Dominion.

All this leads up to his embryonic books, which had existed only in his brain and in homemade manuscript editions for use among the children of Oxford.

Early Best Sellers

Early in 1836 McGuffey, fully realizing the necessity of proper and uniform textbooks, came into contact with Truman & Smith, publishers in Cincinnati, who a year before had printed Ray's Arithmetic. Whether McGuffey took his assembled and graded readers to them or whether they sought him out as the proper person to prepare such books is unknown. The publishers' heirs later claimed that they solicited McGuffey and outlined the plan. At any rate, on April 28, 1836, he made a contract with the Cincinnati firm to prepare four readers, to be completed within eighteen months. It is significant that the First and Second Readers were then ready in manuscript. Dr. Benjamin Chidlaw, then a student, contracted to help McGuffey complete the Third and Fourth Readers, receiving five dollars. McGuffey was to receive 10 per cent royalty until the sum reached $1000, after which the books became the property of the publishers. These four comprised the original Eclectic Series.

It is estimated that in the next fifty years between 80,000,000 and 90,000,000 of the books were sold, and after the Civil War the publishers voluntarily paid McGuffey an annuity for the use of his name. At one time more than half the school children of the United States used his books.

The original First Reader—of which I have seen one much-prized copy—was a small book of 72 pages, with green paper covers; the Second was the same size, but had 164 pages. The Third and Fourth Readers were duodecimo; the Third having 165 pages, the Fourth 324 pages. The First Reader sold for twelve and a half cents, the Second for twenty-five, the Third for fifty and the Fourth for seventy-five cents—the same prices being asked for the 1844 revised editions.

It must be remembered that every selection in these four readers had been tested on students from the ages of five to the rather high college years of those days. Much of the Fourth Reader had been learned by heart and recited with gusto by the members of the Erodelphia and the

WHAT DO YOU DO *to keep your hair thick, healthy and free from dandruff?*

Many things clear away dandruff for the moment. Then back come the tell-tale white scales. The infection which breeds the dandruff germ still clings to the scalp! Hair continues to fall. It loses lustre. The hair cells are choked—the glands are sluggish—circulation is impaired—nourishment is cut off.

THERE is one best way to end dandruff—one tested way to win and hold thick, lustrous hair. Tens of thousands know it. A scientific and approved medical treatment for the scalp—Glover's!

The ideal home treatment. Yet used and enthusiastically endorsed by leading scalp specialists, by barbers and hairdressers. It kills the dandruff germ, cleans the clogged hair cells and restores vitality to those dormant glands below the scalp's surface. Thus it promotes a luxuriant, healthy growth.

Use it regularly. Be patient and persistent if you seek to completely restore that health which insures beautiful hair and a scalp free from dandruff. Ask your druggist for Glover's Imperial Mange Medicine and Glover's Imperial Medicated Soap. These two are used together for the complete Glover's Scalp Treatment.

NOTICE THIS ODOR

The clean tar odor is essential where positive results are desired. Contains many vital ingredients, found only in Glover's, the original and famous product.

GLOVER'S COMBINATION

MANGE MEDICINE MEDICATED SOAP

SCALP TREATMENT

95c at all Drug and Dep't Stores

A free booklet by Dr. H. Clay Glover, "How to have beautiful hair and a healthy scalp," will be mailed if you address: H. Clay Glover Co., Inc., Dept. P, 119 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Union, which were the literary societies at Miami.

For, in addition to reading properly, McGuffey advocated oratory. In his earlier days at Oxford he had a custom of assembling his scholars, sometimes in the hallways of the old brick dormitories, sometimes in the woods surrounding the school buildings, before breakfast in the mornings, and listening to their orations, correcting their emphasis and their gestures while the woods rang with Lochiel's Warning; Patrick Henry's Defiance of the British Ministry; the Speech of Logan, Chief of the Mingoes; and Webster's Orations.

While young men in jeans, trousers stuffed into the tops of copper-toed boots, strode up and down, the rawboned, powerful pedagogue, his beaver hat laid aside on a log, his black clerical coat drawn close around his rugged body, listened and advised, or rising, demonstrated how it should be declaimed.

Besides his readers, he had much to be responsible for—that stern, kindly old master—for he laid the foundation of a style of Fourth-of-July oratory that persists in the Middle West even to this day. It was formal, stilted and stiff, but long accepted as proper.

When McGuffey finally started printing his books he had tested everything in them, had chosen the proper percentage of humor, pathos, love, adventure, sorrow, and considerably above the proper ratio on death and preparing for death. His texts in each book were chosen to give lessons in patriotism, integrity, honesty, temperance, politeness, courage and industry. The care and thought spent in making the best literary selections, and at the same time those teaching the highest moral lessons, is what brought the McGuffey books their reputation and their enduring existence.

Every edition and every revision, from the first printing in 1836-1837, with which McGuffey or his half brother had anything to do had the same aim, and the effect upon the morality and the literary taste of the Middle West was greater, perhaps, than anything else during the era of settlement and development.

Without going into any extended history of the books or the innumerable changes made in them, we know important alterations were made frequently. In 1838 they were improved and enlarged, chiefly because the printers of the Worcester readers brought a suit claiming prior rights to some selections, which were immediately taken out of the McGuffey books. In 1843-44 the four readers were thoroughly revised, and ten years later they were made over and issued in six books, called the New Readers. From then until 1878 they remained practically unchanged, but in 1878 they were revised and considerable reading matter was omitted and replaced with fresh selections.

The Other McGuffey

These New Readers—which include the Sixth—are those with which we survivors of the McGuffey era are familiar. For during that quarter of a century they were in use over practically the entire United States except New England and the North Atlantic States. They were thoroughly revised in 1901, although even those of today retain, roughly, about 20 per cent of the contents of the original books.

These revisions and changes of matter are the source of endless arguments between McGuffeyites from different sections of the country as to which reader certain selections appeared in. In such cases usually they are all correct, since selections were changed back and forth frequently, especially when the number of books was raised to six.

It is probable that most of us remember the Sixth Reader best. That book was not attributed to William Holmes McGuffey, but was the work of his half brother, Alexander H. McGuffey, sixteen years the junior of his brother. Alexander had, in 1837, prepared for Truman & Smith the McGuffey Eclectic Spelling Book; and in 1839, when William McGuffey left Cincinnati, the publishers employed Alexander to compile the Sixth Reader.

Alexander was almost as interesting an individual as was his brother. Tall, handsome and intellectual appearing, he was in contrast with the rugged sternness of William, although they had the same eyes. William remained habitually clean-shaven while Alexander wore a beard. When Alexander was ten years old he was sent to Oxford from Trumbull County, Ohio, and placed under the charge of his brother. In William's test classes Alexander had the reputation of holding the end of the log longer than any other scholar. He studied Hebrew before he knew English grammar, was graduated when he was sixteen, and at seventeen was professor of belles-lettres at Woodward College, later studying law. He was employed in 1841 to prepare McGuffey's Rhetorical Guide, which was issued in 1844.

It is known that William Holmes McGuffey turned over to his brother much material he had accumulated and advised him as to selections. Much material included in the Rhetorical Guide was used in the Fifth Reader of the earlier series and much of the same material was included in the Sixth Reader issued in 1855.

Stories With a Moral

Of the old Primer—which became the First Reader—there are scant remnants and no known existing copy. In fact, the McGuffey readers of the first edition are rare. The Library of Congress lacks a complete set, although copies were deposited when the books were copyrighted. The McGuffey museum at Oxford, which still has the desk at which he worked, has no complete set. Dean H. C. Minnich of Miami succeeded in recovering his bookshelves and the hexagonal table at which he worked, with various other relics of the master, and has assembled an almost complete set of his readers at the school. Dean Minnich is perhaps the best authority on McGuffey's life and work, except Mr. Henry H. Vail, who wrote a privately printed history of the McGuffey readers.

There are a number of extremely rare editions of the readers—particularly the one that was used in the schools of the South during and after the Civil War. When the war cut off supplies of schoolbooks from Cincinnati to the South, the Methodist Book Concern of Nashville issued an edition of the McGuffey books in an attempt to keep the schools supplied, and there were known to be two other printings of small editions for local consumption made in the South during the war. After the cessation of hostilities the demand for McGuffey readers was overwhelming and the books had their greatest sales during that period.

There was a special edition also, printed for use in Japan, where it has been largely used in teaching English. Marquis Ito, when in America, said he had learned English from McGuffey's; and Mr. Tsudjuki, Japanese Minister of Education, boasted of being a McGuffeyite.

In our schools, when I started, we used a primer—whether McGuffey's I do not know—which must have been a relic, for the First Reader immediately replaced it. The system used must have changed, too, for McGuffey, in his earlier books, did not teach the alphabet in orderly form. We learned the alphabet from our primer. By the McGuffey method the pupil first named each letter, pronounced each syllable, and then the word. This way:

a and cat rat
a c d n r t
a cat a rat
A cat A rat
A cat and a rat.

Ann and Nat.
Ann has a fan.
Nat has a hat.
Ann can fan Nat.

The old fellow got action, interest and even sex appeal into his readers, even in the first, which was mostly in words of one syllable. Every lesson contained also a moral or religious lesson, and after many of the lessons the moral was printed. I remember the boy who set the bird free, and the cruel boy who drowned the cat, and the St. Bernard dog which rescued pilgrims in the Alps, and Peter Pindar, the story teller.

There wasn't a dull line in the old First Reader we studied. Always virtue triumphed and sin and evil were punished, and every few pages there was a script lesson, for we learned writing and reading together, and labored hard to make the curlicues of the Spencerian system just like those in the books.

The lessons were about things which we saw every day, and in which we were interested:

The cat ran and Ann ran. See the frog on the log! Rab sees the frog. Can the frog see Rab?

The boys are on the ice with their skates.
There is a stone on the ice.
One boy did not see it and has had a fall.
But he is a brave boy and will not cry.

Do you see the tall tree? Long ago it sprang from a little nut. Do you know who made it do so? It was God, my child.

There was fun and play and accident, the lesson that boys who are manly do not cry when hurt, Nature and always religion.

If you do not think the McGuffey system of instruction was efficient, try yourself. See whether you remember:

I like to see a lit-tle dog
And pat him on the head;
So prettily he wags his tail
When-ev-er he is fed.

Even with my proverbially wretched memory, I can close my eyes, jump back almost half a century and see small boys in homemade shirts and jean pants, and little girls in gingham and pigtails, swaying back and forth and singsonging:

When the stars, at set of sun,
Watch you from on high,
When the light of morn has come,
Think the Lord is nigh.

Recently, while looking up for the fellows to find out who this guy McGuffey was, I found a copy of the First Reader that used to belong to Keyes Metcalf, of Elyria, Ohio, and was terribly disappointed because there were so many things I remembered that were not in it. I remember them clearly, because Miss Marie and Mrs. Fenner taught them, and no one except mother ever was quite so dear as my first teachers in those days.

Poets in Embryo

There was one selection which we used to half recite, half sing, that I could not find at all, which ran:

The lark is up to meet the sun,
The bee is on the wing,
The ant its labor has begun,
The woods with music ring.
Shall birds and ants and bees be wise,
While I my moments waste?
Then let us with the morning rise
And to our duties haste.

Nor could I find the one in which we shouted: "Up, up, Lucy; the sun is in the sky!"

Whenever we came to that we would say, *sotto voce:* "Double up, Lucy, the sun is in the sky," just to make the girl across the aisle giggle.

Evidently early rising was one of the virtues to be taught to the first-reader students of those days.

The illustrations were all changed too. In the very early editions there were no illustrations at all, but later the first four readers were illustrated with simple cuts of girls in pantalets and boys in roundabouts, evidently all English pictures, and some of the subject matter was English in origin. Later, in the editions we studied, there were rather crude woodcut illustrations, accenting the characters named in the stories. It was a great help, when you weren't quite sure what F R O G spelled, to see one sitting on a log with R A B, the dog, looking at it.

In later editions the illustrations improved with the art of lithographing, and the modern editions are rather copiously illustrated from photographs.

Oddly, I cannot remember what reader Mary's Little Lamb was in, but I am sure that the story of George Washington and the cherry tree was in our Second; and there was one I never shall forget. That was the story of the boys who tied the grass across the path and tripped the milkmaid and also the messenger who was running to bring the doctor to their father. I remember that one because, just a few days before we learned that lesson, I had done the same thing and tripped Mr. Gusty Morrow and was scared all night because the boys said his leg was broken.

No wonder a fellow can't remember which book things were in when he studied them. Looking up the records, I find that the original First and Second Readers were practically made over at each revision. The Third Reader, edition of 1847, retained only forty-seven selections from the old one, dropped nineteen and added thirty. The Fourth Reader of 1844 contained thirty new selections, and they kept changing all the time.

I remember most about our Third Reader, especially: "How great was Alexander, paw, that people call him great?"

That was not in the edition we used commonly, but Rip had an old book and we had lots of fun making up verses, and one of them was: "Was he as big as Sullivan, the Boston heavyweight?"

To Make Good Citizens

There was a poem about how a fly walked on the ceiling, and The Old Oaken Bucket and a whole lot about Indians, especially Logan's speech, which I have found in three different readers. In his earlier books McGuffey gave us lots of Indians, and evidently he remembered his father's thrilling experiences in the forests. Also his sympathies seemed to be with the Indians in many instances.

I have a copy of the Fourth Reader we used. It used to belong to Winnie Hamme, or at least her name is in it. I remember Winnie, too, although she moved away from our town about that time. She was pretty and had red hair, and used to sit across the aisle from me and smile when I threatened to pull her hair; so maybe I wrote the name myself. The title page says:

The Eclectic
FOURTH READER

Containing elegant extracts of Prose and Poetry from the best English and American writers, with copious rules for reading and directions for avoiding common errors.

Sixth Edition
Cincinnati
Truman & Smith
1838.

To read with a full tone, to pronounce every syllable properly and distinctly and to mind the pauses are the three most difficult points to be gained in making good readers.

There are copious rules—and good rules even today—about inflection, emphasis, and so on, and we had to mind them in reading. They may sound foolish to modern youth, but you did not hear any of that Hoiman-and-Goity-are-goin'over-to N'-Yoik-oily-after-they-earl-the-car talk in those days.

Gosh, what fun we had in the Fourth Reader! The only trouble was that in our edition there was a series of questions printed after each lesson which had to be answered, so a fellow could not just read a piece without thinking of the meaning and the moral, or pretty soon he would find himself down at the foot of the class, or maybe even standing in a corner with a dunce cap on his head.

There was a lot of good reading in that book, and good civic and moral lessons. Maybe you remember the one about the just judge who, in disguise, got on a jury

(Continued on Page 63)

Gruen Wristlet, $25 to $30

Gruen Cartouche
14 kt. solid gold
with flexible bracelet, $75

Gruen Cartouche, 14 kt. solid gold
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14 kt. solid gold
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Gruen Quadron
17-jewel PRECISION movement, $60
Other Gruen Strap Watches, $175 to $25

Gruen Pentagon VeriThin
PRECISION movement, $75
Other Gruen Pocket Watches, $500 to $25

(Pat'd)

GRUEN WATCHES

You will see this emblem only on jewelry stores of character

Consider now the one important gift you will give this Christmas

In the town of Biel, Switzerland, the Gruen Guild's European workshops are the pride of the watchmaking people. As the visitor climbs the hill to see them he passes this Art Museum, where treasures of the old guilds inspire the modern craftsman

GIFTS are of two kinds. There are, of course, the usual little remembrances. For these, there is perhaps still plenty of time before Christmas.

But the other kind of gift, the gift which must express the deepest sentiments of affection or esteem, should be considered now! No last-minute choice will do.

What, for this gift, will compare with a Gruen Guild Watch? Think how admirably it will serve the purpose! At once an article of daily use and a lasting possession, it will be cherished for many years to come as a constant reminder of the spirit that prompted its giving.

And the prestige of the Gruen name is your assurance that such a gift will meet with immediate appreciation as well.

This prestige is to be attributed to the spirit of fine craftsmanship which the Gruen Guildsman of today has inherited from his forefathers, the members of the earliest guilds of watchmakers.

Pictured here are a few rich examples of the modern Guildsman's art. In timekeeping service, in beauty, each makes a gift worthy of the person who is to receive it.

Note that in variety of design and range of price they afford you wide possibilities for choice. And you will find many more such fine timepieces at any Gruen jeweler's. Consult him now about this important gift.

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This GRUEN pledge mark is placed only upon watches of finer quality, accuracy and finish. Made only in the Precision workshop

* * *

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Performance

THE SMOOTHNESS OF COASTING

is but one side of ESSEX *value*

In outselling any other "Six" at or near the price, almost two to one, the signal thing is not merely the overwhelming preference for the Essex Super-Six, but the source from which it comes.

A great proportion of buyers are owners, former and present, of big and costly cars. They turn to Essex because they find:

The smoothness and performance of their costlier cars.

Comfort and riding ease not excelled in any car.

The roominess and relaxation of their larger cars.

Traffic nimbleness and handling ease unmatched in larger cars.

Economy of operation and maintenance exclusive to Essex.

You would be astonished to know how many owners of two or more cars leave their larger cars at home, to drive the Essex; for they sacrifice no comfort or performance their larger cars can give, and they enjoy definite advantages in driving ease and handling. And these same advantages appeal to every owner, no matter what his previous car experience. Essex ownership is a progressive discovery of satisfactions and enjoyments that grow with possession and of which performance is but an item.

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The Essex Super-Six high-compression motor converts waste heat to power, developing more than 2½ times the power its size ordinarily rates it.

Engineered to long life, lasting reliability and lowest operation and maintenance costs, it represents the greatest value in all Essex achievement.

2-Passenger Speedabout, $700 4-Passenger Speedster, $835 Coach, $735 Coupe, $735 Sedan, $835

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THE first thing to do before making any extensive repairs or adjustments is to have the ignition checked and the spark plugs looked over.

Many times expensive repair bills are incurred and it is afterwards found that all that was needed was a new set of spark plugs. This because spark plugs in time deteriorate and need to be renewed.

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AC FUEL PUMPS AC GASOLINE STRAINERS AC AMMETERS AC OIL GAUGES AC THERMO GAUGES

(Continued from Page 58)

and received only five guineas bribe where the others got ten, and revealed himself as Lord Chief Justice and tried the case over again while still in his disguise. I often wondered about that five guineas. And there was the story of the barber whose respect for the Sabbath was so great he would not shave anyone on Sunday. He was so poor he had to borrow a halfpenny to buy a candle Saturday night to shave a late customer who, by the candlelight, recognized him as heir to a great fortune.

Then there was The Maniac—gee, how that sent the cold chills up your back! And The Crazy Engineer, a thriller which was deleted from later editions. That was a news story of an actual happening on a German railroad and an excellent example of newspaper writing. There was Blackwood on Letter Writing, from which we acquired excellent ideas of how to write letters; and Rousseau, Longfellow, Mrs. Hemans, and almost a score of selections from the Bible.

The one I remember best from the old Fourth was a dialogue between a boy and a gent, which occurs in another edition—probably The New Fifth—as The Little Philosopher. His name was Peter Hurdle and he caught Mr. Lenox's horse when it ran away, and when questioned by Mr. Lenox, proved to have about everything necessary to life—as Mr. Vail says—excepting a Bible, a McGuffey Reader and an Eclectic Spelling Book. That one always was fun.

GENT: What is your name?
BOY: Peter Hurdle, sir.

The name always brought a shout of laughter.

GENT: What do you eat for lunch?
BOY: A raw turnip, sir.

The mention of a raw turnip always produced yells from the boys and giggles from the girls, until Miss Betty rapped for order and looked cross.

Meddlesome Matty was another bright spot. We always found an excuse for laughter when she tried Grandma's snuff and "in vain ran about for ease; she could do nothing else but sneeze."

There was a poem by Sprague which made a tremendous impression on my mind—why, I never could decide. It was called The Winged Worshippers. It was a story of swallows that flew into a church during divine services. Perhaps it stuck in my memory, because every Sunday during the sermon I used to wish some swallows would fly into the church—or even bats.

A Plea for Liberty

Friday was oration day in our school. Also it was our favorite day for not feeling well until after the second bell rang, if we were in good grace at home, or for playing hooky, especially if we had to be in a dialogue or playlet. We didn't dare call them playlets, because the theater was as wicked as dancing, almost. Most of us hated dialogues. Once I had to dress up—put on shoes and stockings and everything—and recite one with Nellie Marshall, during which I had to say something mushy and hand her a bouquet of flowers. I hated Nellie for years on account of that—you know, hated and loved her at the same time. I had to fight two fellows on the way home because they pointed at me and yelled:

"Yah! Yah! Ching's stuck on Nellie."

I might have known they were just jealous.

But worse than that was when we came to the fable of Hugh Idle and Mr. Toil. My name being Hugh, everyone looked at me and laughed every time we had to read that. I was glad when it disappeared from the readers.

I'm all mixed up about the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Readers, because I was at school during the transition period. Some of us had the old Alexander McGuffey Oratorical Guide, and some the Fifth Reader and some the New Sixth, although we gradually eliminated all save the Sixth by the time I reached the seventh and eighth grades; and there was one edition, which I found long afterward, which had the Third and Fourth Readers combined under one cover. I remember well Webster's oration on the Birthday of George Washington; the Alhambra by Moonlight, from Irving; a Night Scene in Turkey, from Byron; and Religion, the Only Basis of Society.

It was quite evident that much of the reading matter was chosen because it afforded good practice in public speaking. One of our favorites was the Battle of Sempach:

In arms the Austrian phalanx stood;
A living wall, a human wood.

There was a great thrill when Arnold von Winkelried rushed the phalanx, gathered an armful of spears to his breast, breached the Austrian line and allowed the Swiss to break through to victory and freedom. It was mighty solemn when some good orator reached the point where:

"Make way for Liberty!" he cried;
"Make way for Liberty!" and died.

Liberty meant a great deal to us in those days, and probably McGuffey's Readers had much to do with our love of liberty and our patriotism.

The Age of Helpless Parents

There was, I thought even as a boy, too much in the McGuffey books about death and dying—almost as much as there was about religion and patriotism. But McGuffey avoided that more than others did, and perhaps his selections were a compromise with the old school. One must go far back in the history of American education to understand what a great service McGuffey did for the children of this country. Before his day children were introduced to education through the Bible, the ecclesiastical New England Primer, which was as serious as witch burning, and some readers imported from England. Dean Minnich of Miami says two lessons from the first reader imported and printed by Lindley Murray were: The Noble Character of Scipio, and Ingratitude to the Supreme Benefactor is Highly Culpable. The Day of Doom and public cremation of martyrs and witches furnished the light reading for children of six to ten years.

McGuffey wrote readers peopled with children, animals, flowers, pets, games and Nature. He took them out of the darkness of fear into gardens of flowers, woods filled with singing birds, and into starlit nights. So that if, in his earlier editions, he retained some traces of the dark ages of American education, he should not be blamed.

He evidently believed one of the lessons of life was to prepare, or be prepared, for death. There was a very solemn piece in one reader about the Dying Boy. He was the happiest and calmest dying boy in all literature—and the longest-winded. It took him two long lessons to die, and all the time he was counseling and advising his family and friends. He was seven years old, and near the conclusion of his farewell he said:

"Nay, do not weep. You will all come soon."

He was a reassuring sort of lad. That time I smoked Sol Hudson's old pipe and thought I was dying, I tried to be like him, without a bit of success.

Then there was Timothy Flint's Effects of Gambling. Gosh, after we read that we were almost afraid to play seven-up, and Lonny Pierson refused to say "Shuffle" when we played authors with cards for fear he would become a confirmed gambler. McGuffey's moral lessons sank home with some of us, anyhow.

There was a lot of really good literature: Milton's Apostrophe to Light, two long extracts from Shakspere, bits from Mrs. Hemans, Schiller, Johnson, Southey. Remember "How does the water come down at Lodore?" That was in the book, and it was a wonderful test for any speaker to recite all those "ings," and about as good a training in language as any. Also there was Bacon on the Value of Study, Lord Lyttelton on Benefits of Literature, a description of a thunderstorm in the Alps, which gave me my first clew to Byron and opened wonderful fields of reading. The Reaper and the Flowers, Gray's Elegy, Lochinvar, Burke's Speech at the Trial of Warren Hastings, Hamlet's Soliloquy, Webster's speech which ended, "Liberty and union, now and forever, one and inseparable," and the Walpole-Pitt debates. Remember "The atrocious crime of being a young man"?

For humor we had Addison On Ladies' Headdresses, Miss Edgeworth's dialogues and the curtain lectures of Mrs. Bolingbroke.

We all liked it when we reached William Tell, and hated Gessler when the command was snarled: "Down, slave, behold the governor!" And what a thrill when Tell was aiming at the apple on his son's head, and what a kick we got out of the finish: "To kill thee, tyrant, had I slain my boy!"

I think half the small boys in town narrowly escaped losing their eyes while we emulated Tell, trying to shoot apples off their heads.

There was one piece in that old Fourth which I have been unable to find, but which made a decided and lasting impression upon my mind. That was the story of Lucy Forrester. I don't remember what the story was, but Lucy was a remarkable girl. It started: "Lucy was only six years old, but bold as a fairy." Then she would go out, all alone, into the forest and do wonderful things all by herself to help her aged parents.

Parents seemed to age very quickly in those days, and were doddering and helpless when their children were six or seven years of age, and practically dependent upon them for support and advice. Perhaps McGuffey knew how small boys and girls like to be trusted with responsibilities, and his moral lessons probably caused hundreds of thousands of boys and girls to help with the chores and housework in order to be more like his quite precocious heroes and heroines.

A Generation of Spellbinders

When we changed to the New Fifth there was much growling among the parents, who were complaining that the schoolbook trust was changing the books too frequently, and some of them said the old books were quite good enough. The New Fifth had exhaustive instructions on reading, explaining articulation, inflection, circumflexes, monotone, accent, emphasis, absolute emphasis, modulation, poetic pauses, gestures and a lot of other things. No wonder we developed a generation of spellbinders, political and otherwise.

Incidentally, the best public speaker, the clearest expounder of a doctrine and the most logical debater I ever heard in more than thirty-five years of listening to public speakers was President Benjamin Harrison, a McGuffeyite who attended Miami during the McGuffey era and was the perfect type produced by his methods.

It is evident from the contents that the Fifth Reader was being compiled during the violent temperance agitation in Ohio, as the book is strongly temperance. One of our favorite pieces to speak on Friday afternoons was "Touch not, taste not, handle not." I do not recall the rest of it.

A favorite with us all was the Town Pump and the Cow:

Here is the unadulterated ale of Father Adam, better than cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer or wine of any price. Walk up, gentlemen, walk up! Help yourselves!

That proved a useful bit of literature to our class. The best reciter of that particular

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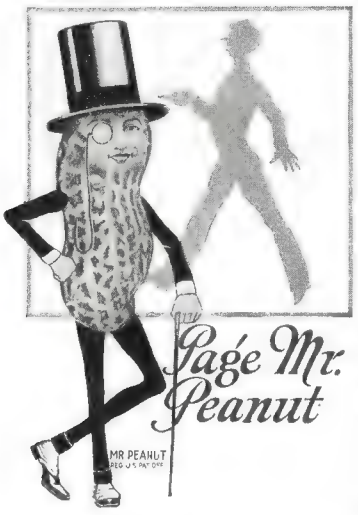

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Good-looking hands need care. They must be dried quickly, softly and thoroughly. That is why the particular woman prefers Boott Towels.

Boott Towels are on sale where you shop, or send us twenty-five cents [stamps or check] for a full-sized sample. Boott Mills, Dept. S1126, Lowell, Mass.

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BOOTT MILLS LOWELL, MASS. U.S.A.
TOWELING AND TOWELS

selection—Ben—became one of the best known circus barkers in the country.

One we liked well was Lesson XLVII—oh, we learned Roman numerals easily in studying those books. In our edition Lesson XLVII was:

"It snows!" cries the schoolboy.
"Hurrah!" And his shout
Was ringing through parlor and hall.

We usually recited that in concert and when we reached "Hurrah" all yelled until the girls held their ears and Teacher rapped for order.

And "Lochiel, Lochiel, beware of the day when the lowlands shall meet thee in battle array," and The Miser, which was an extract from The Merchant of Venice, and "There was a sound of revelry by night." Do you remember that—the gay ballroom, the sound of cannon far away, the rush to the field of Waterloo?

Once I got promoted for reciting The Grandfather. As near as I can figure out, it was more than forty-four years ago. I don't think I have read or heard it since. Here goes:

The farmer sat in his easy-chair,
Smoking his pipe of clay,
While his hale old wife with—humedy hare—
I forget the words—
Was clearing the dinner away.
A sweet little girl with fine blue eyes,
On her grandfather's knee was catching flies.

I used appropriate gestures, especially at the fly-catching pause, and was awarded a mark of 100 in recitation and zero in deportment for it.

About the time we boys got into long pants and the girls let down their skirts and put up their hair and sniffed at us, we acquired the New Sixth Reader. That Sixth Eclectic Reader, in its final development, was one of the finest compilations ever made. Much of it was from the older readers, and it was the work of the two McGuffeys and Dr. Timothy Stone Pinneo, who had assisted in revisions of other readers. The evidence is that the final collection was examined, corrected and approved by both the McGuffeys. It is known that others assisted in various revisions, but the basic work and scheme of William McGuffey was carried out in every edition and much of his original matter retained.

The Only One of its Kind

Some of the selections may appear stilted and severe now, and its moral tone may seem Victorian, but I'll defy any man or group of men to choose from all the range of English literature an equal number of selections that will maintain as high a moral and literary tone, give the same proportions of humor, pathos, tragedy, comedy, love and human interest, give as many lessons in history and natural history, and be as closely associated with great historical events, as are in that reader.

Viewed from any standpoint, the Rhetorical Guide, the Fourth, Fifth and Sixth Readers—all of which entered into the making of the ultimate Sixth Reader—were remarkable literary works, and they probably exerted a greater influence consciously upon the literary tastes and unconsciously upon the morality of the United States than any other books, excepting the Bible. In my edition of the Sixth there are seventeen selections from the Bible, and no one could make seventeen better choices from a literary and poetical standpoint, nor seventeen that would give less cause for complaint from any creed that might oppose Bible reading in the schools.

I found another Sixth Reader while looking up this guy McGuffey, which is a sixth edition, with the imprint of another publishing house. This is much more complete and up-to-date than mine. It used to belong to C. R. K., of Strasburg Academy, Shenandoah County, Virginia, and is one of the results of McGuffey's connection with the University of Virginia, since, after he went there, he obtained the introduction of these textbooks in the state schools.

I feel as if I knew that fellow K. I'll wager he was the best scholar in the academy, because his handwriting was perfect Spencerian, with all the flubdubs, curlicues and flourishes and the shading just right on every letter. There isn't a pencil mark in the whole book, while mine is all marked up with pictures and notes evidently written to show across the aisle. There is one note that recalls a lot of things and wonderfully happy times, and one that says, "Nanny Larkin has pretty eyes," which proves I must have been an observant young man. K.'s book is immaculate except that hidden back among the pages—and always snuggled up to significantly sentimental poems—are brightly colored embossed stickers with mottoes and birds and flowers and I Love You and Sweetheart. I'll wager K. walked home with the girls and carried their books and paid no attention when jealous fellows yelled at him. He probably scorned to throw snowballs and yell, quoting from the book:

"Bang went the snowball against the schoolhouse door."

The Blacksmith's Scrawny Arms

By the time we reached the Sixth Reader and long pants and wore shoes and stockings voluntarily, life was becoming serious. And those old McGuffey boys understood how it was. The higher readers were full of sentiment, of love's young dream, religion and romance and adventure, high resolves and great ambitions. He gave us a smattering of the best in our literature to whet our taste for good reading. But for his cues, I would have missed reading much of the finest prose and poetry in the language.

There was more Longfellow than suited me, although The Village Blacksmith was one of our favorites to recite. Once when we had a man teacher named Richards—never did like him until afterward—he ordered everyone to recite something one Friday, and twenty-six of us learned The Village Blacksmith and recited it one after another all afternoon, while he sat unsmiling and with increasing threat of impending doom. Knowing we were in for it, we grew reckless and tried to outdo one another in gestures. It came my turn, and finally, flexing my arm dramatically, I shouted:

And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

"Scrawny, Hugh, scrawny," said Richards, wrecking me completely.

The girls all loved The Death of the Flowers, and once Maggie recited all of Evangeline, taking up the entire afternoon, for which we were duly grateful. I got ambitious once and declaimed Skipper Ireson's Ride in dialect. Never having heard a down-easter talk, the effect must have been terrific when I interpreted it:

Here's Flud Oirson, fur 'is 'ard 'art,
Torred and futhered and corr'd in a cart
By the wummin of Marble'ead!

I got 100 on it anyhow, so maybe no one else knew any more about Massachusetts fisher folk talk than I did.

The Burial of Sir John Moore:

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried.

That was fine to recite if your voice wasn't changing and didn't squeak just at the deepest and most solemn part. And Mary the Maid of the Inn, and Rienzi's Address to the Romans —— Gee, how old Rusty Busty Harris, with his deep bass voice, could recite that!

There were selections from Scott, Disraeli, Mrs. Hemans, Dickens, Addison, Irving, Ossian, Macaulay, Leigh Hunt, Shakspere, most of which are retained even to this day.

But the real test of a McGuffeyite is: "Eyes are rolling rapidly." If you are a real McGuffeyite you'll laugh until tears come into your eyes. What's the use, though? Most of these moderns never read Hohenlinden and won't understand.

In our day the most popular piece was Patrick Henry's speech before the Virginia House of Burgesses. There was scant love of the British in our part of the country when I was a boy, and the meanest thing you could call anyone—excepting Copperhead—was Anglophobe, so we got a lot of feeling into that speech:

I know of no way of judging of the future but by the past. And judging by the past, I wish to know what there has been in the conduct of the British ministry in the last ten years to justify those high hopes with which gentlemen have been pleased to solace themselves and this house.

There was another piece I was anxious to find and have not been able to locate in any of the editions available. It made a great impression because it was regular success stuff, and inspirational, like some of the magazines print today as new. It started:

"Talent is something, but tact is everything." It was the piece Hamilton recited at our dinner. It gave us average fellows a lot of encouragement and we hoped that, maybe, if we worked hard, we could be as good as Oliver and Kit and those brilliant fellows who always got 100 in classes.

The Jolly Old Pedagogue

Thanatopsis was mighty solemn and effective, especially if a fellow's voice had changed and he wanted to sing bass. And many Friday afternoons we came down with Marco Bozzaris like wolves on the fold, and thrilled as someone declaimed Marmion's defiance, which was bully for the older boys who were starting mustaches and talking down in their boots, and who could grow dramatic when they shouted:

"And if thou saidst I am not peer
To any Lord in Scotland here,
Highland or Lowland, far or near,
Lord Angus—thou—hast—lied!"

There was humor, too—Tom Hood and Madame Blaze, and best of all, Douglas Jerrold's Mrs. Caudle's Curtain Lectures:

It's a pity you haven't something worse to complain of than a button off your shirt!

We always yelled with laughter at that point.

What? You're not snoring?

Then everyone laughed until Teacher banged the desk with the ruler and said, "Come to order, please," always looking straight at me as if I always did the loudest yelling.

When we came to Lesson CLXII, in our edition, it seemed solemn and serious, because that was the end, and next year we were going into high school or out to work, and we recited it with a little tightening of the throat:

'Twas a jolly old pedagogue, long ago,
Tall and slender and sallow and dry;
His form was bent and his gait was slow,
And his long thin hair was as white as snow.
But a wonderful twinkle shone in his eye,
And he sang every night as he went to bed:
"Let us be happy down here below;
The living should live, though the dead be dead,"
Said the jolly old pedagogue long ago.

That was his message and philosophy, and somehow that is the mental picture I always have of that guy McGuffey.

IDEALS OF BEAUTY

Physical Perfection

That Schoolgirl Complexion

If you wish to gain them, follow nature's laws—and, above all, this natural rule in skin care which has proved its effectiveness to the world

In Paris, too,
It's now Palmolive

Today in France, home of cosmetics, Palmolive is one of the two largest selling toilet soaps, having supplanted French soaps by the score. French women, the most sophisticated of all women in beauty culture, by the thousands have discarded French soaps and adopted safe and gentle Palmolive.

Retail Price 10c

Palmolive Soap is untouched by human hands until you break the wrapper—it is never sold unwrapped

RIGHT living, right diet and proper exercise are the factors leading experts urge for physical perfection. For skin perfection these experts urge natural ways in skin care.

Thus, on expert advice, the artificial beauty methods of yesterday have largely been discarded.

The rule for *natural* beauty, according to the day's most eminent specialists, is the most simple of all rules in modern beauty culture—the skin cleansed thoroughly of beauty-destroying accumulations *every* morning and *every* night.

The rule to follow if guarding a good complexion is your goal

That means soap and water; but NOT just "any" good soap. A true complexion soap is meant. Others may prove too harsh. So, largely on expert advice, thousands use gentle Palmolive in this way:

Wash your face gently with soothing Palmolive Soap, massaging the lather softly into the skin. Rinse thoroughly, first with warm water, then with cold.

If your skin is inclined to be dry, apply a touch of good cold cream—that is all. Do this regularly, and particularly in the evening.

Use powder and rouge if you wish. But never leave them on over night. They clog the pores, often enlarge them. Blackheads and disfigurements often follow. They must be washed away.

Avoid this mistake

Do not use ordinary soaps in the treatment given above. Do not think any green soap, or one represented as of olive and palm oils, is the same as Palmolive.

And it costs but 10c the cake! So little that millions let it do for their bodies what it does for their faces. Obtain a cake—then note the difference one week makes. The Palmolive-Peet Co., Chicago, Ill.

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CHOOSE your gifts from the Amity line of distinguished and serviceable leather articles—wallets, billfolds, ladies' de luxe hand bags, cigarette cases, Key Kaddies.

Expert craftsmen fashion these articles from the finest of selected leathers—imported steerhide, pigskin, calf, morocco, ostrich, soft European goatskin, cowhide, pin seal.

Many Amity articles are richly tooled, hand-colored and hand-laced—at once the most artistic and most practical things of their kind. Always look for the name Amity. It is your guarantee of real leather, of long wear, of skilled craftsmanship.

The prices, for such magnificently worked leather, are decidedly moderate. You will be particularly interested in Amity sets packed in handsome silk-lined gift boxes.

Inspect the Amity line at your dealer's. Write us for free illustrated booklet No. 3. Amity Leather Products Company, West Bend, Wisconsin.

if stamped AMITY *it's leather*

GRANDFATHERS WILL BE GRANDFATHERS

(Continued from Page 30)

Lola tried to argue a little more, but Bill stood pat, so finally there wasn't anything left for her to do but begin on the soup.

Sherry followed the first course; then there was fish and Château Lafite, and by that time not a sour face was left in the room. Even the Lithuanian infra-pessimist was smiling.

The waiters brought on pheasants, or some such bird, and there was Burgundy, and the champagne flocked in. Some of the champagne went with the dinner, but mostly it was ordered on the side. The Italians told the Greek that in their opinion Italy had gone too far in the matter of that Greek island, and the Greek said he considered Italy the great state of the present and the future. A couple of Bulgarian subnationalists that hated each other shook hands and embraced, and things began to seem like the Garden of Eden before the Fall.

Pretty soon people got up to read poems they'd composed in honor of Le Roudic. A Finn neo-meditationist read one in his native language and then translated it into French, or what he thought was French, though nobody could understand the translation. Still, there was a lot of enthusiasm; and when the Jap read his and didn't try to translate it things went even better.

Melmer McHaffy got up and read one in English. It was called Ode to the Master. I got a copy afterwards and memorized it, and I always repeat it when I'm feeling discouraged. It goes like this:

I say the superiority
not darkness
just the irritable windows
shining beyond the
lighthouse
never mind
stars are burning low
there are no birds present
but the queen is invisible

That seemed to hit the spot, and even Mike O'Hare said that, except for parts of the fourth line, it was just as good as anything that had ever been done in the English language. What do you think about it? . . . Well, that's just what I think too.

But Bill got the biggest hand when he stood up, and instead of reciting a poem in honor of Le Roudic he meditated one. Just remained perfectly still and shut his eyes and never said a word. Everybody was silent for pretty near five minutes, and then when Bill sat down you ought to have heard the delirious cheering. Bill was so flattered he got red.

"Bill," Lola said, "that's just wonderful. And it's another reason why I want you to go back to your room now." Bill asked why. "Bill, this is the moment of destiny—the thing that comes only once in a man's life. You're being carried away by your inspiration, and if you stay here I'm so afraid you'll lose it all. If you could only go back to your room and meditate alone—all, all alone—the results would be incalculable." And she kissed him a couple of times.

It looked as if Bill was wavering. Lola said, "For my sake, Bill. You don't know what this means to me."

Then Bill settled down in his chair, put his hands in his pockets and sunk his chin down on his chest. "No, Lola, I can't go now. I'd never forgive myself if I beat it without taking advantage of this opportunity to see and hear the master."

Lola bit her lips and looked at her wrist watch. It was half-past nine. "Bill, I want you to promise me one thing."

"What is it?"

"Promise me first."

"All right," Bill said. "If it don't mean my leaving the banquet, I promise."

"You're excited, Bill. Everybody here is excited. Promise me that no matter what happens, you won't start any disturbance."

"Why should I start any disturbance?"

"It's this tense atmosphere, Bill; anything might happen. Promise me that no matter what your nervous excitement may prompt you to do, you won't start anything to destroy this wonderful harmony of tonight. Promise!"

"Well, all right," Bill said, after she'd kissed him a couple more times. "I don't see any reason for it, because I'm no rioter. But I promise just the same."

Lola looked relieved and had started giving him a couple more kisses when a sort of commotion began in the café below. The conversation down there stopped, and then, starting again, swelled into a confused murmur.

"He's coming," Bill said in a voice that trembled. "In a minute he'll be here."

Everybody else was just as moved as Bill. We all stood up and then dropped back, and then stood up once more at the sound of approaching footsteps.

"Ladies and gentlemen"—it was Kearney Sears, at the top of the stairs, holding up his right hand for silence—"ladies and gentlemen," he said again, in the French language, "I have the honor to present to you the greatest of all poets, living or dead; the founder and inspiration of the paleo-meditationist movement; our master, Le Roudic de Keriado."

That started the cheering, and it certainly was some cheering.

At first I couldn't get a good look, because everybody was crowding in front; then I jumped up on a chair and so did Bill, and by craning our necks and twisting we saw him as he came out on the banquet floor.

Dressed in the Breton costume, he was certainly one picturesque sight. He had on a broad-brimmed black hat curled up at the edges and the crown circled by a big black band of velvet ribbon. This ribbon was caught at the back of the hat by a silver buckle and then hung down to his waist in two long tails. His hair was gray and straight and touched his shoulders. A bit of white collar showed above his gray embroidered vest, which was partly covered by a sort of black Zouave jacket. As near as I could make out, after considerable squirming around, his pants were knee length and the same color as the vest, with long white gaiters below. And he was wearing wooden shoes.

It was darned inspiring just to look at him, and when I thought of him sitting like that on his favorite rock in Brittany for twenty years, and just meditating art and never producing anything at all, I felt like busting into tears. What do you think about it? . . . Well, that's just what I think too.

"Bill," I said, "Bill, it's beyond words."

"That's just the way I feel, Walt. And my emotion is getting me, Walt." And he pulled out his handkerchief.

Everybody on all sides was going crazy. Napkins were being tossed into the air and a bunch had started chanting, "Le Roudic, Le Roudic!" over and over. The Hungarian was kissing Lola; the Jap was yelling "Banzai!" the French modified anarchist was hollering "*Vive l'Allemagne!*" and the German absolute anarchist was coming back at him with "*Hoch Frankreich!*" And Melmer McHaffy and Mike O'Hare were dancing a kind of Irish jig together, and everybody was expressing himself in one way or another.

The tears were running down Bill's cheeks as he started shouting, "Self through environment!" And I helped along with "Environment through self—environment through self!" It was just an epoch-making delirious moment, and if I should live to be a hundred years old I'd never forget it.

It went on like one of those political conventions you read about in the papers, where the delegates start cheering and can't

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stop. Before I knew it I'd torn off my collar and Bill was throwing his coat up in the air and catching it. Why, it seemed to me that if I could have died then and there my life would have been well lived and worth while!

A waiter tried to calm things down by saying, "*Messieurs—messieurs!*" And the next minute he found himself down on the first floor and I bet he never knew how he got there.

And then, just when things were at full tilt and it seemed to me I couldn't yell any louder unless I got a new pair of lungs, I felt a punch in the back.

It was Bill. His face was livid and he was trembling from head to foot and every breath seemed to be the result of a last supreme effort.

"What's the matter, Bill?" I asked, turning from the big table where Kearney Sears and the guest of honor were standing and bowing and smiling from right to left while the paleo-meditationists showered 'em with carnations grabbed from the vases on the table. "Bill, what's the matter?"

For a minute Bill didn't seem to be able to speak. He just stood there keeping hold of my arm and glaring at the guest of honor. Then he collapsed.

"Bill," I said, hanging onto him and easing him down into his chair—"Bill, brace up."

"I can't, Walt. It's terrible. It's sacrilege, Walt. I'd rather be dead than to have lived to see this day."

"You promised me, Bill," Lola said in a whisper.

"Bill," I said, because I thought maybe as a result of all the excitement he'd gone suddenly crazy or something like that—"Bill, don't you know me?"

He just pointed in the direction of the head of the big table. "Walt, can't you see? Have you gone blind. That isn't Le Roudic de Keriado at all. It's—it's the old hyena."

I rubbed my eyes and then I looked again at the man standing there bowing and smiling behind Kearney Sears. And Bill was right. It was a Breton costume, true enough, but the bird inside of it was nobody in the world but Bill's grandfather.

IX

THERE he was with his gray wig that strung down to his shoulders and his masquerade costume of a Breton peasant, bowing and scraping and nodding and smiling as if he was the real Le Roudic. It wouldn't have been so bad if it hadn't been for that smile; one look—just one—made you understand why Bill called him what he did.

For a minute or two it made me boil inside; then, little by little, I realized that probably Kearney Sears had done it all for the best and it was his only way out. When Le Roudic hadn't showed up, Kearney had taken my advice, and looking around for a symbol, had lit on Bill's grandfather. Naturally, as long as the gang didn't get wise it didn't really hurt anybody, and in a way it was a last try to save the situation. It seemed to me that, all things considered, Kearney had done right. What do you think about it? . . . Well, that's just what I think too.

But poor Bill had slumped down in his seat and sat there so white and trembling that I began to be afraid he might do something violent.

"Bill," I said, "don't forget he's your grandfather, and remember he's just a symbol."

"Oh, he's just a triple-X symbol, is he?" Bill said, and then he began to go on about symbols and about grandfathers in a way that made Lola put her hands over her ears, and she wasn't a symbolist, and so far as I knew, she didn't have any grandfathers living.

"Now, Bill," she said when he started to run down, "it was the only thing that could be done. Kearney Sears begged me to try to make you understand it. Remember your promise to me, Bill."

"So that was the big idea of the promise!" Bill snapped.

Lola kissed him a couple of times. "You know, Bill, how interested everybody is in making this banquet a success; and without Le Roudic it would have been the flattest kind of a failure. Your grandfather was kind enough to take Le Roudic's place ——"

"Kind enough!" Bill repeated, with a laugh that suggested the old man at his worst.

"Yes, kind enough, Bill. If he hadn't, the whole paleo-meditationist movement might have been lost."

"Now that the old hyena has mixed in, it's lost already."

"You've promised, Bill. Remember that."

"Yes, I've promised," Bill said in a disagreeable voice, "and I'm going to keep my promise. But don't you think for a minute that Kearney Sears is going to get away with this business. At ten o'clock your banquet is going to blow up, and it won't need me to light the fuse, either."

It seemed as though Bill had just been hit by an idea. He pulled out his watch and looked at it the way an undertaker might look at a calendar, counting the days before the Fourth of July.

Lola's forehead wrinkled. "What do you mean, Bill?"

"You wait and see," Bill said.

And all this time Le Roudic—that is to say, Bill's grandfather—was sitting there, bowing and smiling and bowing and smiling. He'd make motions to Kearney and Kearney would get up and say something like this: "The master wishes to thank you for the splendid welcome you have tendered him and to assure you that he will remember it to the day of his death." Then there would be wild applause and the waiters would come in with some more drinks, though by this time everybody present, except maybe Bill, was about right.

Of course I believe in freedom and liberty and all that, but it certainly rubbed me the wrong way to see how far Bill's grandfather was carrying things. Everybody knows how Le Roudic de Keriado lived for those twenty years—just sitting there and meditating and never eating anything except a little fish and bread—and it hurt me, and it hurt Bill, too, to watch his grandfather, at the head of the table, pouring one glass after another right where it would do the most good.

"But I wouldn't care about that," Bill said to me in a whisper through his gritted teeth, "if he'd only wipe that smile off."

"Remember, Bill," Lola said, "he's just a symbol—and you promised."

"I'll keep my promise; it's the last promise I'll make as long as I live, but I'll keep it. Maybe when this is all over you'll wish I hadn't."

"Just what do you mean, Bill?"

He wouldn't answer Lola a word, but as soon as she turned the other way he turned to me and said, out of the corner of his mouth, "Walt, right now it's ten minutes to ten. In ten minutes he's scheduled to speak and break the silence of twenty years and give his views on art and the paleo-meditationist movement. Am I right?"

"That was the dope, Bill, for the real Le Roudic."

"Well, my grandfather's taking his place and he's got to do the same thing or spill the haricots. Now how's he going to do it? He can't talk French."

"He might talk English, Bill."

"He can't even do that, Walt. The best he's got is American, and Middle-West American, at that. And if he springs any of his Mississippi Valley dialect on this gang, those two Irishmen aren't so piped that they won't be wise ten seconds after he opens his mouth."

I admit Bill's attitude jarred me. After all, now that the thing had gone so far, it seemed to me just a matter of common loyalty to the movement to lend a helping hand if possible. What do you think about it? . . . Well, that's just what I think, too, and I said so to Bill.

"Am I doing anything?" Bill snapped. "I've given my promise to let him alone, and I'm letting him alone. And when he gets his, it will be because he's brought it right on his own head. Am I right or not?"

There wasn't any getting around Bill's logic. It was a crisis that Kearney Sears ought to have provided for and that he ought to be worrying about; but judging from his face, Kearney hadn't a care in the world. He was all smiles himself and every now and then he'd pull something like this: "Le Roudic de Keriado would like to express his appreciation to all those poets who have honored him this evening. Will they please stand up?" And then all the poets who had read their stuff would stand up, and Bill's grandfather, too, and they'd all bow and smile and drink toasts to one another. After that Kearney would order some more champagne and Bill's grandfather would make some more signs and Kearney would request all present who had been influenced by Le Roudic's earlier poems to stand up. And that's the way it went on.

Minute by minute it was getting nearer to ten o'clock, and with each hitch of the hand on his watch Bill was growing exciteder and exciteder. It was just a tick or two from the hour when Bill, ducking out of reach of my arm, jumped up and yelled, "Mr. Chairman!"

"The gentleman from America," Kearney said.

"Mr. Chairman," Bill went on—his face was tense and he was shivering all over—"I rise to a point of information. I should like to know, Mr. Chairman, if the great and honored poet we have with us this evening is going to live up to his promise and at ten o'clock address us on art and the paleo-meditationist movement."

Bill's grandfather didn't change a muscle on his face—just went on bowing and smiling as if he hadn't understood a word Bill said. In fact, he worked that smile to a degree that made me feel about it just the way Bill felt.

Kearney Sears got up. "The gentleman from America," he announced in the French language, "has asked if we are to have the pleasure of hearing from the master this evening when he breaks his long voluntary silence of twenty years. I am glad to be able to answer yes—yes."

A lot of applause followed, while Bill said to me under his breath, "I got the old hyena this time. The minute he opens his trap I got him."

At that a church clock or something began sounding the hour, and pulling out his watch, Kearney Sears rapped on the table for silence.

"Your promise!" Lola hissed.

"I don't have to dish him—he'll dish himself!" Bill hissed back.

Kearney was speaking: "Ladies and gentlemen, the greatest moment in the history of the great paleo-meditationist movement is at hand. Our master, Le Roudic de Keriado, will now give us the pleasure of hearing the fruits of his twenty years of meditation, a silence unviolated by tongue or pen."

Bill's grandfather stood up and the banqueters went crazy again, with everybody ovating except Bill, who just sat there looking sinister.

"Kearney's outsmarted himself," Bill said to me, "and he'll get what's coming to him, and the old hyena too."

And then, just as if he'd heard Bill, Kearney jumped to his feet again. "I almost forgot to say that we are to have the very, very great pleasure of hearing the master's views expressed in Celtic."

From being all white, Bill got all red. "In what?" he blared out.

"In Celtic. And I am happy to announce that the master will speak in the classical, or so-called golden, Celtic of the eighth century, B.C."

Judging by the way they took this announcement, you'd have thought they all understood the classical, or golden, Celtic of the eighth century, B.C. There was a general cheering, while McHaffy and O'Hare threw back their heads and smiled in a knowing way, as if they were Celtic experts. As for poor old Bill, he just sat there gritting his teeth and gritting his teeth.

"Silence for the master," Kearney said, and Bill's grandfather began.

I don't know exactly what I expected, but I certainly didn't expect what happened, and neither did Bill. His grandfather, now on his feet, looked all around the room with that hyena smile, and then, shaking the forefinger of his right hand as if warning strangers to keep off the grass, said something that sounded like this: "*Wautomashawanomoquah algomamosineeneosho mukwonago.*"

"Hear! Hear!" Melmer McHaffy and Mike O'Hare yelled together, and there was a general murmur of approval. Personally, I sat there petrified, wondering how Bill's grandfather had learned the classical, or golden, Celtic of the eighth century, B.C.

He only stopped for about ten seconds and then went on again: "*Nekoosapeshtigo wyocenapensaukee chetekogema suamico.*"

A general enthusiasm followed this remark, and I couldn't help joining in myself, though of course I didn't know just what sentiments had been expressed.

"Bill," I said, "how did he learn it?"

Fortunately everybody was applauding, so no one outside of me heard what Bill said, and it was the meanest whisper that ever scorched a pair of lips. "Learn it—the old hyena!" And he went on with a lot of remarks beside the point. "Why, you big boob, that ain't Celtic!"

"What is it, Bill?"

Bill just choked up. "What is it? Why, he's just repeating a string of ——" And then he was so overcome he couldn't get out another word. I was afraid it was an attack of apoplexy.

At that minute, lamming a fist down on the table and raising his voice as if to ask a rhetorical question, Bill's grandfather began again. I listened as hard as I could.

"*Waupaca sauk oconto,*" he said, "*muscoda kenosha waupun milwaukee boscobel?*"

Then I understood. The old man wasn't talking Celtic at all; he was just yapping off a lot of Wisconsin towns that had Indian names.

What do you think about it? . . . Well, that's just what I think too. It revolted me, and I bet I felt almost as bad as Bill did. But at the minute it wasn't possible to do anything, because the instant Bill's grandfather ended his question the French modified anarchist yelled out "No!" And with that a demonstration began that put everything that had happened before into the shade. Nobody knew just what Bill's grandfather had asked, but everybody seemed to feel that the answer expected was no, and they said it in every recognized language and a few others. Some of them just repeated: "No, no, no! No, no, no!" A Rumanian who thought he was an actor got it off in a tragedy manner, with one hand on his heart, while a Russian bass singer sang it. Bill was the only one who didn't take part, and that was because I was holding him in his chair. His eyes were shut and his teeth had stopped gritting and were chattering.

As soon as the fireworks had died down a little the old man began again:

"*Mondovi mendota nakoma kinnekinnic okauchee tichigan oconomowoc peewaukee neenah kaukauna.*"

The way he got it off made it sound like a noble sentiment, and the Lithuanian infra-pessimist began to cry.

Knowing the inside of it all, maybe I might have thought it was funny if I hadn't been so busy watching Bill. His face was set in hard lines; his eyes were closed and he was clawing the tablecloth.

"Bill," I said—"Bill, wake up!"

"Wake up, Bill!" Lola repeated in a frightened voice, but he didn't pay any attention to her either.

The cheering died down a little and the old man shook his head as if he was about

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P. A. and a pipe . . . *now* you're talking!

THAT'S my dish, every time. I may be biased, but I don't know anything that bangs the old smoke-spot right on the nose like a pipe. And, of course, when I say "pipe," I mean a pipe packed to the ceiling with P. A. In fact, I can't think of a pipe in any other way. To me, "pipe" means "P. A." and "P. A." means "pipe."

Every now and then, I hear a man say: "Wish I *could* smoke a pipe. You fellows seem to get such a lot of fun out of it." Then I open up with my little monologue. I tell him that he *can* smoke a pipe—and *enjoy* it—with P. A. for packing. I tell him to try it. He does. He sticks!

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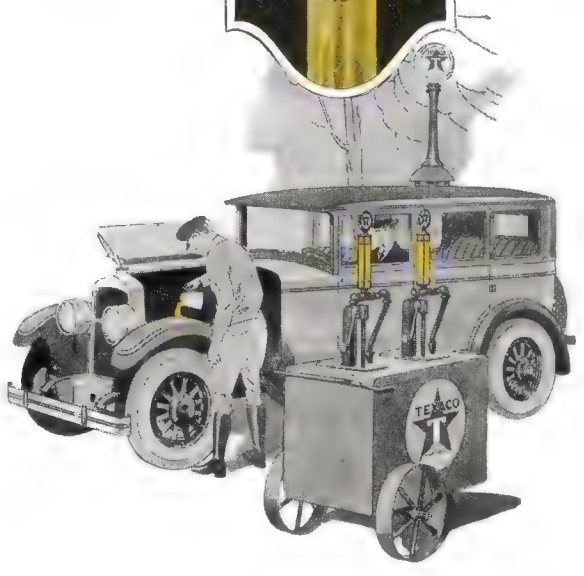

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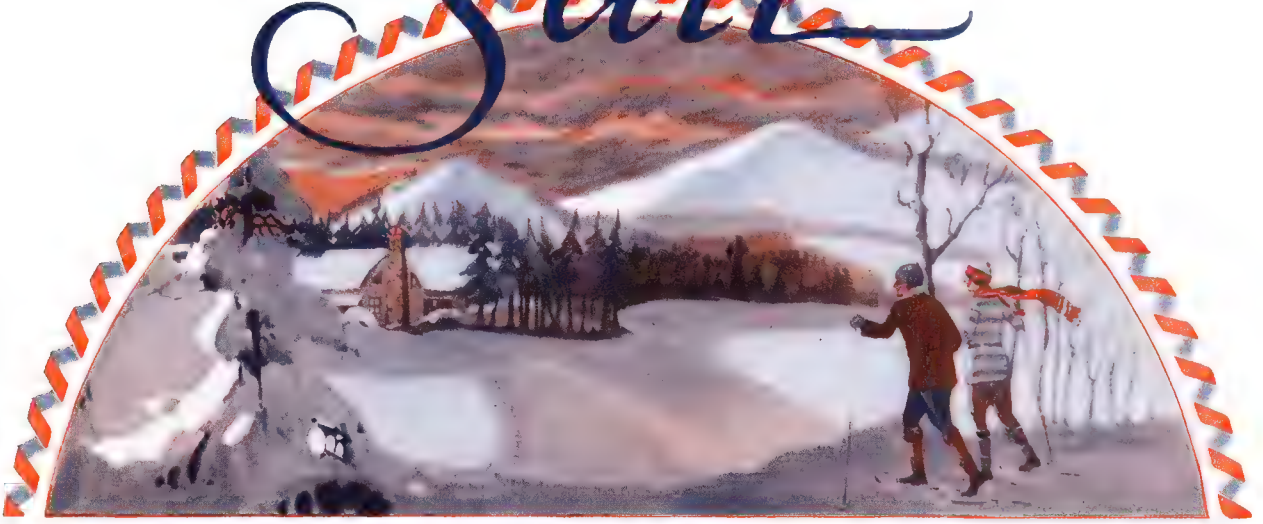
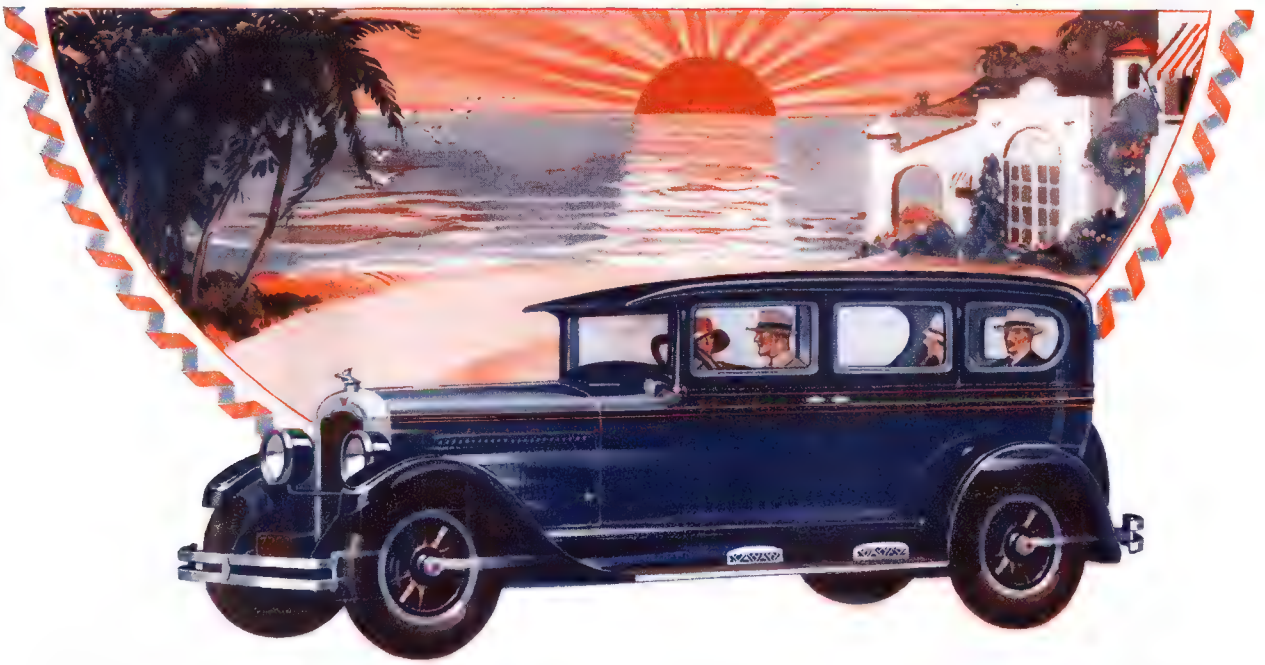


into the chill of a northern sunset, or . . the glow of a southern dawn . .



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to spring some bad news, and began again with his classical, or golden, Celtic: "*Manitowish tomahawk minocqua baraboo oshkosh Wisconsin——*"

And then Bill straightened up. What happened next happened so fast that nobody had a chance to say boo. I was sitting right beside Bill, but I couldn't have stopped him any more than I could have stopped a thunderstorm. One minute he was in his chair with his eyes shut and the next thing he was going into action with both eyes staring like a pair of plates on a sideboard.

"Yes, Oshkosh, Wisconsin!" Bill yelled. "Oshkosh, Wisconsin! Change cars for Fond du Lac, Madison and all points south! What's the matter with Lakemills and Jefferson Junction, you darned old hyena! Here's a little Celtic souvenir for you from Platteville!" And every time Bill named a city he fired something from the table at his grandfather's head.

So far as I know, only one of 'em hit anybody present, and that was a coffee cup that lit on the French modified anarchist. He seemed to think that the German absolute anarchist was responsible and acted accordingly. And with that everything broke loose.

Melmer McHaffy jumped on Mike O'Hare, calling him a double-faced traitor; the Jap stopped cooing long enough to put a jiujitsu hold on the Chinaman; and the two Italian anti-imperialists took a simultaneous running jump onto the Greek Fascist.

And about the last detail I remember was hearing the waiters yell "Police!" with me and Bill being carried downstairs in the middle of a howling, fighting mob. Bill's grandfather and Kearney Sears were on the outer edge at the top. The old man had taken off his wooden shoes, and with one in each hand, was working his way down and laughing—laughing—the old hyena! Personally I was never so glad in my life as when we landed out on the sidewalk and the police charged.

X

IT WAS a long night. Nobody had been arrested except Bill and me—that is, all the others were let go. But Bill was in such a state, kicking and biting to a point where the police didn't have any choice. And I went along with Bill.

The cell in the *commissariat* might have been a good place to meditate, except for the bunks and the blankets. Every time I started meditating the bunk or the blanket would wake me out of it; and Bill said his were just as bad, though it didn't seem possible.

What made meditating even harder, though, was the fact that we didn't know what was going to happen next. Just after the clocks struck three, Bill said, "Walt!"

"What is it, Bill?"

"Will they stand for it, Walt?"

"Will who stand for what?"

"The paleo-meditationists. It's a movement, Walt. It's probably the most important movement on foot today. It's art—but what is art? It's the biggest thing in the world, Walt."

"You said it, Bill."

"And when the paleo-meditationists realize we're here in a prison cell they'll do something, Walt."

"I wouldn't be surprised, Bill."

"Yes, sir; Paris is the city of revolutions, Walt. Everybody has had enough of the kind of slop that's being peddled out today in the name of art, and it would just need a little push to start the ball rolling. If the paleo-meditationists ever decide to get us out of this prison cell it will be the storming of the Bastille over again. The paleo-meditationist republic would be set up here in Paris first and then it would spread all over the world—the world for artists, Walt."

I thought that sounded like a good idea. But it didn't cheer Bill up for any length of time. And after we'd both thought we'd heard the frenzied cries of the revolutionists as they battered down the iron doors of the prison and it turned out to be just a drunk being shoved into the next cell, Bill said, "No, Walt, there's not any use hoping that."

"Why so, Bill?"

For a minute Bill didn't say anything; then he sort of groaned, "The old hyena!"

"How could he stop a revolution, Bill?"

"I don't know how, Walt, but you could count on him throwing a monkey wrench into the works somewhere. Look what he's done already. I wouldn't be surprised if he'd hired some slugger to lay out poor old Le Roudic just so's to take his place."

"Bill," I said, "there's one consolation. Your grandfather is going the pace that kills. He won't last long if he keeps it up."

"You said something, Walt. A man his age ought to be drinking mineral water instead of trying to dry up the champagne country. No, Walt, he can't last long, and I wouldn't be surprised if he was in some hospital right now, with the doctors giving up hope."

"He's probably suffering, Bill."

"Let him suffer, Walt. He's made me suffer enough. Let him suffer."

The idea of his grandfather suffering seemed to put a little heart into Bill, and he gave me a few facts about what he was going to work into the first chapter of his novel; and I told Bill a little more about some of the color problems I was settling for my picture A Study in Yellow. And pretty soon we both started meditating and the next thing I knew a guard was bringing us a bowl of soup and a piece of bread for breakfast. A couple of hours later the same guard told us to come out.

Bill said, "We are paleo-meditationists wrongfully imprisoned for protesting against a vile imposture and we will not leave this cell until we have received the official apologies of the French Republic."

The guard said something like "Ooh-la-la!" and catching Bill by the shoulder, shoved him out into the corridor. After watching that piece of brutality, I decided to come along without making any protest.

They led us into an office where a man with black mustaches sat behind a desk, with a secretary writing beside him and a couple of policemen scattered around the room. Just then the other door opened and there stood Bill's grandfather.

If I'd been surprised the other three times I'd seen him, I was even more surprised now. It wasn't his costume, which was ordinary; it was his face and his general bearing. After that talk with Bill, I'd made a sort of mental picture of the old man suffering in bed, with a doctor giving him medicine and maybe advising an operation; and here he was fresh as a daisy. He'd just been shaved, his eyes were shining and he pranced into the room like a circus horse.

It hit Bill even harder than it hit me. You could see him wince all over.

"Well, Willy," his grandfather said, "I've come to get you out of durance vile."

Bill straightened up as he answered, "I'd rather rot here the rest of my life than have to thank you for a thing like that."

Probably it would have been nobler if we'd both demanded to be led back to our cells rather than to let Bill's grandfather have a hand in getting us out. That's what I thought at the time, and afterward Bill told me he thought the same thing. But his grandfather just smiled and said, "Tut-tut!" So in the end all we did was to make what you might call a silent protest. We sat there without saying anything at all, while the old man had his interpreter tell the *commissaire* how boys would be boys and it was just a prank and that we didn't mean anything by it and came from fine families in America and he would pay all the damages at the Closerie and wasn't there some kind of a fund to care for disabled and indigent policemen and this and that. The result was that in about fifteen minutes all three of us were standing out in the street once more.

"Well, boys," Bill's grandfather said, "this is my busy morning, but if you feel hungry I'll take pleasure in leading you to an American breakfast, even though you have jail records."

"You won't lead us to anything," Bill fired back. "And as to being seen eating with you, we'd starve first. You tried to ruin the paleo-meditationist movement, that's what you tried to do."

"Now, Willy, your friend Mr. Sears and your other friend Miss Colonna both seemed to think I would be doing the movement a great favor if I impersonated the missing poet. And the banquet was going very well when you started your operations with the tableware."

"I don't regret it—not for a minute!" Bill shouted. "The only thing I regret is hitting the wrong party."

"That generally happens when one throws things, Willy. It might be set down as a rule without exceptions. But I bear no hard feelings. In the past forty-eight hours I have had such a good time that hard feelings and myself are strangers. Why a good American should want to die before going to Paris I don't understand."

Bill just looked at him; you could see he had the right comeback, but all he said was, "Good-by."

"Not good-by, Willy. Don't say good-by to grandpa. I feel it is merely au revoir and that we will meet again in the haunts hallowed by art. And now grandpa is going to the tailor's to lay in a stock of clothes, so if you won't accept his invitation to breakfast he will have to tear himself away. Don't meditate too hard, Willy; it is wearing on the seat of your trousers." And he walked off with a smile that was as bad as one of his laughs.

We watched him turn a corner, and then Bill said, "Walt!"

I noticed that his voice was pretty darned intense. "What is it, Bill?"

"The old hyena, Walt—the old hyena!"

"It's not your fault, Bill. Besides, remember you'll always have one advantage over him. You got your art."

"Yes, Walt, I got my art, but that doesn't help me in this emergency. You remember what he said yesterday morning when we found him all painted blue? He said he was cuckoo. Walt, I'm beginning to believe he was right."

"Bill," I said, "there's no doubt about it. I didn't want to say so before, because I don't like to knock other people's grandfathers; but in my opinion the old man is raving, tearing, stark crazy. He probably went cuckoo while you were away—grieving over your absence."

"Maybe so, Walt; I wouldn't be surprised. And now I'd just like to ask you one question. Has France got the right to send a French maniac to the United States? Certainly not, Walt. And the United States hasn't any right sending one here, either. Walt, I'm going to take the matter up at once with the ambassador. No, I'll do better than that. Old Man Spinner is my grandfather's lawyer. I'll see Spinner and tell him everything, and if he don't arrange to have the old hyena deported it'll be because there's no such thing in this world as justice."

XI

WHEN we got to the Hotel des Rois we found Mr. Spinner had stepped out but that Betty was there in the suite.

"We'll pop up and see her," Bill said. He looked sort of pleased.

"Bill," I said, "why do you want to go up and see that little bourgeoise girl? Don't you know you'll just be raising false hopes in her breast?"

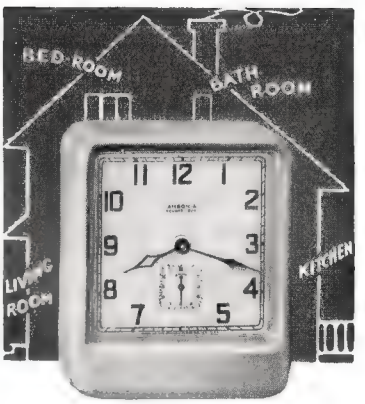
"No, Walt, I won't be doing anything of the kind. On the contrary, I'm going to make her understand that as far as I'm concerned she has nothing to hope for—nothing."

"Bill, it would be kinder to write her a note."

"No, Walt," Bill said, "with the spoken voice probably it won't sound so brutal and she can bear up under it better. Let's go."

It didn't seem sensible to me, but then, of course, it wasn't any of my business

(Continued on Page 76)



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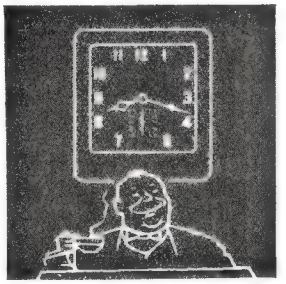

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(Continued from Page 73)

except so far as I wanted to see Bill keep out of trouble. So I went with him up to the Spinner suite.

Betty opened the door. She was wearing a sort of pink-and-white dress and looked like one of those girls you see on magazine covers back in the States. You know what I mean.

I thought I'd talked with Bill enough so that he knew the difference between prettiness and real beauty. But when he saw this girl his face lit up and he smiled in as foolish a way as you ever saw anybody smile. What do you think about it? . . . Well, that's just what I think too.

She invited us in, laughing in that idiotic way those kind of girls do, and made us sit down.

Then she said to Bill, "Something terrible has happened. I can see it in your face."

Of course the terrible thing that had happened was Bill's making up his mind she had better stop hoping in his direction and turn her attention elsewhere. I felt sorry for the poor girl and I must say I was kind of relieved when Bill steered off the subject altogether. Instead of saying anything about being engaged to Lola, he began about his grandfather and told Betty the whole story. He was pretty much affected by it and a couple of times he come near breaking down.

"Oh, isn't it terrible!" Betty said after he finished. "Of course I knew your grandfather had violent opinions about your staying on here in Paris, but I never supposed he'd go crazy. Are you sure?"

"There's no doubt about it," Bill said.

"But he might just be having a little joke with you."

Bill let out a hollow laugh.

"A joke? He don't know the meaning of the word."

"But you might have misunderstood him. People who have been working just terribly hard, sometimes do get wrong ideas of things. It's the nervous strain. Now tell me the truth—haven't you been working most terribly and awfully hard here in Paris?"

Bill said yes, he'd been working pretty hard, but that was the only way to succeed in art and he didn't regret slaving the way he had—no, not for a minute.

"Of course you don't regret it, but that doesn't alter the fact that you haven't had enough recreation. Isn't that the simple truth?"

Bill admitted maybe he hadn't had quite enough recreation.

"There are such lovely picnicking places around Paris," Betty said. "I'm sure a jolly little picnic or so would set you right up. And maybe we could have a frank discussion of everything that's worrying you. Doesn't that sound attractive?"

Bill said it did.

"We might even buy some simple cooking things and go a ways out of the city and have a regular gypsy meal. I'm sure that in your overworked state, that's exactly what you need."

Bill smiled in a silly way and said he thought maybe it was. Then he asked her if she could cook.

"Well, I should say I can—and how! You ought to taste one of my cakes!"

"I'd like to."

"But of course I couldn't let you watch me bake it."

"Why not?"

"Because I'd be so embarrassed I'd be sure to make some terrible mistake."

"Why would you be so embarrassed?"

"I'm always embarrassed when I'm around with wonderful people."

"Oh, I guess I'm not so wonderful," Bill said the way writers make such remarks.

"All authors are just wonderful to me. How much I should enjoy reading something you'd written."

"Would you, really?"

"You simply can't imagine! It's always been my dream to meet an author."

"Well," Bill said, "I may as well tell you from the first that I'm a modern; and I don't think Shakspere ever wrote anything except a bunch of tr—I mean trash."

"Oh, you don't know how good that makes me feel! I've always detested Shakspere, but this is the first time I've dared say so."

"Yes, that's the way everybody is—afraid to express themselves."

"How true! I feel everybody should express himself."

"Sometimes I think," Bill said, "that the truest art is not to produce anything at all, but just to express yourself directly—you know—be an artist in living."

"Aren't you just wonderful! That's exactly what I've always thought. Talking frankly with you this way has been the greatest thing in my whole life."

By this time the conversation was started, and from then on I didn't have a chance to say anything even if I'd wanted to.

Bill insisted he'd always thought he had a duty to humanity, but lately he was beginning to wonder if he hadn't exaggerated a little, and maybe it would serve humanity right if he just let it look out for itself, and Betty agreed with him.

Before Mr. Spinner came back, Bill and Betty had found they agreed about almost everything, and the picnic had been decided down to the last details—where they were going, where they'd rent a car and all the rest of it.

Once Betty said, "Of course Walter will come along, too—unless he has another engagement." And before I could say whether I had another engagement or not, Bill put in, "Walt is working on his picture day and night, and it's a cinch he can't get off for a picnic."

"I might be able to get off," I said, thinking it over.

"No, Walt," Bill said, "I wouldn't feel right if I disturbed you in your work for a little thing like a picnic." And Betty said she wouldn't feel right either.

Looking at it afterward, I've kind of come to my own conclusion about whether that invitation was sincere or not. What do you think about it? . . . Well, that's just what I think too.

Before Old Man Spinner happened along, it seemed to me like a long time had passed, because I was practically left out of the last half of the conversation altogether. And I never worked harder than I did to get him and me and Bill off into one corner together, and even after that I practically had to use force to get Bill started telling his story.

When Bill finished, Mr. Spinner hemmed and hawed for a while and then he put the tips of his fingers together and said: "It would be difficult, Willy, on the basis of what you have just recounted, to prove your grandfather *non compos mentis*. He has worked very hard for a great number of years, and if now he wishes to take a vacation it is surely his privilege."

"But look how he's acting!"

"He may be exaggerating a little, Willy; but after all, is it not a harmless exaggeration? At worst, he is merely taking part in the activities of the Latin Quarter."

"But he isn't an artist!" Bill spoke pretty sharp.

"The law does not make a separate category for artists, Willy. So long as your grandfather breaks none of the statutes of the country which offers him hospitality, he has the right to live quite as he pleases. And you say yourself it was not he who—ah—operated the tableware."

Instead of speaking up and back the way he ought to have done, Bill just looked confused; and then Old Man Spinner asked us to *déjeuner*, and Bill accepted. So we ate and Old Man Spinner talked to me about art - and what he knew about art you could put in a keyhole and it wouldn't interfere with the lock—and Bill talked to Betty.

Every now and then Betty would say, "You won't forget now about that picnic." And Bill would say, "I sure won't." And then she'd say, "I'm just looking forward to it." And he'd say, "So am I."

And when the *déjeuner* was finished, I practically had to drag Bill out of the hotel. It was disgusting.

XII

WE GOT back to the Left Bank and had a couple of coffees twice before Bill got to be what you might call himself again. All the way over he acted as if he was in a kind of a dream, and no matter what I said he just answered, "Yes." I saw action was necessary.

"Bill," I said, when we were finally sitting in the café, "wake up. You've forgotten something."

He looked around like a man who doesn't know where he is. "What have I forgotten, Walt?"

"A girl, Bill."

"No, I haven't forgotten her, Walt. I couldn't forget anybody like that. She understands me, Walt."

"I'll say she does, Bill."

"She appreciates art—true art. And she's a sweet little girl, Walt. I feel as if we'd always been pals."

"You'll be pals with her for a long time, Bill."

"You said something there, Walt. Yes, sir, pals. And I'm going to get really acquainted with her Wednesday when we go on that picnic."

"Bill," I said in a pretty stern way, "who do you mean?"

"Who do you think I mean, Walt? I'm talking about Betty Spinner."

Well, right then I saw the job I had ahead of me, and it wasn't going to be pleasant; but as long as I'd promised to save Bill for his art, I thought I ought to disregard my personal feelings.

"Bill," I said, "you were talking about that little bourgeoise girl, but I was talking, Bill, about the girl you're going to marry." And I looked at Bill hard.

"Who's that?" he said quick, and you could tell by his surprised expression that he didn't have any more idea'n a rabbit of what I meant.

"Bill," I said, "I was talking about your fiancée—about Lola."

He opened his mouth as if somebody had hit him low down. "About Lola!"

"Yes, Bill, about Lola. You asked her to marry you, Bill. Are you going to turn around now and break her heart? And since you're going to marry Lola, why are you filling this other girl full of false hopes that have got to be shattered?" He didn't answer anything, so I went on: "Now, Bill, there's another thing. You got your art."

"Yes, Walt, I got my art."

"What are you going to do with your art, Bill? That's the question. If you stick to Lola, she'll keep you true to your highest ideals; but if you marry this little bourgeoise girl, she'll drag you down lower and lower, until there won't be anything of your art left."

That hit Bill all right. It made him think. Leaning his elbows on the table, he put his head in his hands and stared at the decanter.

I kept right at him: "There's another thing, Bill. You know what eugenics is."

"I've heard about it, Walt. Where does eugenics come in?"

"Your grandfather is crazy, Bill; you admit it yourself. How are you ever going to explain that away to your little bourgeoise girl? But Lola won't care. One of her husbands was crazy when she married him and another went crazy afterward. Think it over, Bill—think it over."

Bill took quite a while thinking it over, but in the end decided I was right. He had to. There was just one point where he balked. I said the kindest thing to do about Betty was never to see her again, but Bill felt that before saying good-by forever he ought to read her something he'd written.

"Bill," I said, "you know yourself you haven't written a line yet."

"I know I haven't, Walt, but I've been meditating now for a little better than a year and I might start in and write that first chapter most any time."

(Continued on Page 81)

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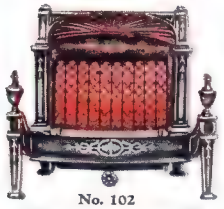
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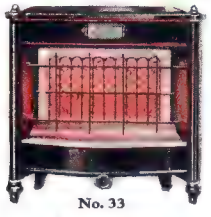
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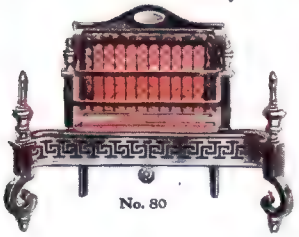
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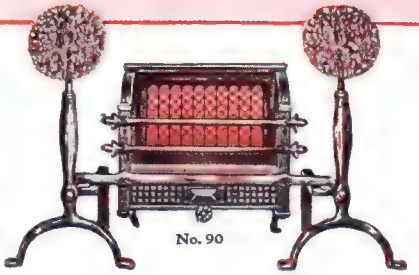
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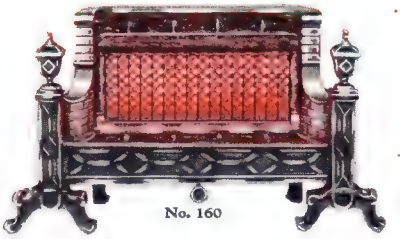
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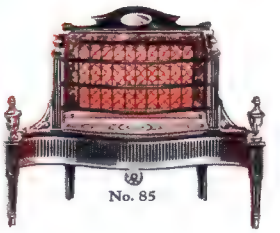
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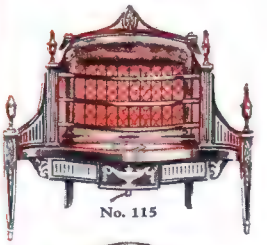
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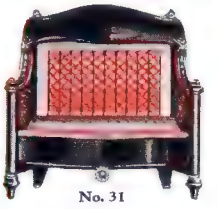
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(Continued from Page 76)

"You might, Bill, but you won't. And if you'll take my advice, what you'll do right now will be to go over and see Lola and square yourself for the way you acted last night."

That started a dispute, because Bill didn't see he'd done anything to apologize about. And when I told him anyhow he ought to see Lola and warn her that his grandfather was cuckoo, so she'd be prepared in case the old man tried to have her assassinated by *apaches* or something like that, Bill said, "Why should I warn her, Walt? If she got kidnaped or assassinated it might be good for my art, because it would make me a tragic figure."

"Well, anyhow, Bill," I told him finally, because I was getting desperate, "you admit Lola slipped a mean one over on you when she helped substitute your grandfather for Le Roudic. As long as you're going to marry her, why not go over and call her good? Then she'll see you're wise and won't be trying to slip anything over on you later."

Bill was kind of hit by this argument and I laid it on thicker and thicker, until after a couple of more coffees he said, "All right, Walt, I'll go." And he went.

At first, before I opened the door of her apartment, I was afraid we weren't going to find Lola there. There wasn't anybody talking or running around inside; in fact there wasn't any sound of any kind. It wasn't till I looked in that I got the explanation. Lola was all alone, sitting at a table and writing as fast as her pen would travel.

"Hello, Lola," we said.

"Hello, boys," she said, and kissed us a couple of times, but in such an absent-minded way you could tell her thoughts were elsewhere. Then she went back to her writing.

"Lola," I said, "haven't you forgotten something?"

"What do you mean, Walt?"

"You and Bill are going to be married, Lola."

"That's right, Walt. Thanks." And she kissed Bill a couple of times extra, but in the same absent-minded way.

Just to get the conversation on an easier basis, I said, "What are you writing, Lola?"

"I'm writing a novel, Walt."

Then Bill put his oar in: "How can you be writing a novel, Lola? You haven't been meditating for more than three months, and you know Le Roudic de Keriado ——"

Lola laid down her pen.

"Say, do you know what I think of that white-whiskered old faker? Well, I'd better not tell you, because you're too young. This morning Kearney Sears got a letter from his housekeeper. At the last minute the old fool decided to meditate for twenty years more."

"Lola," Bill said, and his voice shook a little, "that's not the way to speak about the founder of the paleo-meditationist movement."

"That's the way I speak about him," Lola said. "He's all blah, and the paleo-meditationist movement is all blah too."

It hit Bill so hard he staggered back and sat down on a stool with a bad leg, and then kept on the rest of the way until he was sitting on the floor.

Lola went on:

"I think your grandfather was a perfect peach to take Le Roudic's place the way he did, but even that couldn't save the paleo-meditationist movement, which was all wrong from the start."

"What was all wrong about it? Huh?" His voice showed he was sore, and I didn't blame him.

Lola laid down her pen.

"What is art, Bill? Art is spontaneity. If it isn't spontaneous it isn't art. I guess everybody will admit that. Meditation kills art. Spontaneity is the fountain where art rejuvenates itself. Did Shakspere meditate? No. And look what he did!"

The idea was intriguing enough, but I didn't let it carry me off my feet.

"That may be a gesture, Lola," I said, "but it ain't a philosophy and it ain't even a movement."

Lola turned from me as if I was the dirt under her feet. "Bill, you've got some sense. Listen to this. It's a manuscript Kearney Sears brought me this morning. For the moment the author prefers to remain anonymous. It's only the first five chapters of a novel, but it's wonderful, Bill—wonderful. Joyce is nothing compared with him; Marcel Proust is in the kindergarten class. In this author, Bill, America has given birth to a man who will change the whole current of modern thought."

She took it so serious that it impressed me a little, and I could see it impressed Bill too.

"Yes, Bill, we can be proud we're Americans. I look into the future and I see Montparnasse illuminated," she said, getting up and taking a step forward with her eyes closed. "I see a great procession marching down the boulevard—a throng of all nations and all tongues celebrating the man who after six thousand years of wasted efforts laid the foundations of a true art by launching neo-spontaneism."

"Launching what?" I said.

"Neo-spontaneism, Walt." Lola had opened her eyes and gone back to the table again and was fumbling in a portfolio. "You might call it super-realism, but it's better than that. You just have to sit down and write out anything at all that comes into your head, and your personal psychology makes it art. These five chapters here were written in one burst in less than three hours. That is why the author is going to call his completed novel Spontaneous Combustion. What do you think of that for a title?"

Bill didn't answer, so I said, "As a title, it sounds like a fine piece of tripe. Let's see what he wrote."

She handed us a bunch of typewritten pages that began like this:

Now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party now is the time for all good men to come to the aid of the party now is the time and speaking of times and parties reminds me of one New Year's Eve in San Francisco ——

Well, that's the way it went on. Sometimes it was anecdotes and sometimes it was just words. Personally, it sounded to me like the worst kind of tripe, and I was just going to say so when I noticed Bill had quit reading and had tiptoed over to the door and was beckoning to me. Lola had gone back to her scribbling, so I laid down the manuscript very gentle and slipped over to Bill.

"Sh-h-h!" Bill said, and we tiptoed down the stairs to Montparnasse. He was white and excited. "Walt, did you read it?"

"Yes, Bill, I read it."

"Walt, this is the biggest thing that ever come into my life. I see now that the paleo-meditationist movement was all wrong. It was based on false principles, Walt. This neo-spontaneism is what I've been looking for from the first. It's art, Walt—it's art. I'm going to find the man who wrote that masterpiece we've just read and ask him to take me as his pupil. And right now I'm going home, and by applying the principle of spontaneity I'm going to begin a novel—a new one. This afternoon I'll start off with at least five chapters and ——"

"Bill," I said, "I know what you're doing, even if you don't. You're leaving true gods for false. And I'll tell you why. You're kicking over your art just because you want to be able to read something you've written to that little bourgeoise girl who ——"

I stopped, because Bill had grabbed hold of my arm so hard it hurt.

"Who's that, Walt?" he said in a whisper. "Who's that? Who's that coming down the street?"

XIII

AT FIRST I couldn't believe what I saw; I thought it must be some kind of an optical illusion. And it wasn't until I'd opened and shut my eyes a couple of times that I knew I hadn't made a mistake.

"The old hyena!" Bill said again in a gaspy whisper, and it was.

He had on one of those broad-brimmed cowboy hats; a big drooping bow tie under his chin, and a sort of blue velvet jacket; and he was smoking a cigarette.

"Well, well, Willy," he said, coming up, "it's good to meet you like this—confrere and confrere."

Bill didn't offer to shake hands and he didn't say anything either. He just stood still and stared. "What's the big idea?" he said after a while. "Where's the masquerade this time? What do you think you're doing with that eight-gallon hat? Is there a rodeo somewhere?"

"Let there be no ill feeling between us, Willy," said his grandfather, throwing away the cigarette and offering another all around, which was not accepted. "I am sure I am doing nothing unreasonable."

"Do you call that get-up of yours reasonable?"

"It is in harmony with your own, Willy, and it is also in harmony with my ideas. Years ago, at the age of seventeen, when most boys are having a care-free existence, I got married and went to work. That was forty summers ago. I have earned a vacation—a long vacation, if I may say so. I shall devote it to expressing myself. . . . Pick up your hat, Willy; the sidewalk needs to be swept, but not that way."

Bill didn't pick up his hat. "I suppose you think you're getting off something pretty funny," he said when his throat cleared up enough to let him speak plain again. "I suppose you think you're acting comical—trying to shame me out of the Quarter. You want everybody to say, 'Oh, the poor fellow! Have you seen his grandfather?'"

"You are all wet, Willy," said his grandfather gently. "I am sincere. I like the artistic life on my own account. I have been a long time finding the ideal existence, but I believe I have a toe hold on it at last."

"You—you're an old man!" Bill fired at him.

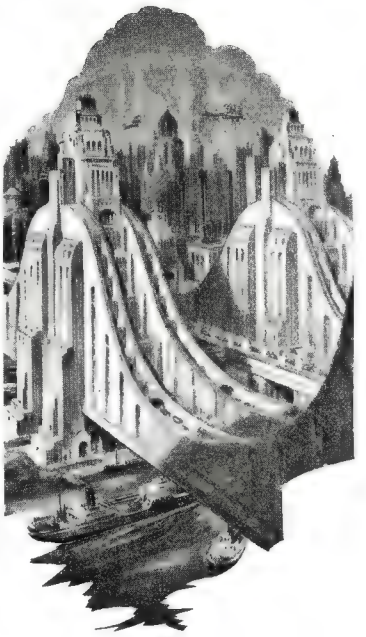
"As old and as full of wisdom as I am, Willy, I fail to understand your attitude. I am harming no one. As I said, I am expressing myself, and, in addition, I like Paris. In all my life I have never seen anything quite like your charming little city. It touches the deepest fibers in my being. After those strenuous years in the Mississippi Valley, I enjoy having breakfast brought me in bed. If I miss my garden, I appreciate the privilege of other and livelier appetizers. The care-free habits of the denizens of the Latin Quarter fascinate me. I am going to buy a notebook and jot down a lot of little engagements just for the pleasure of breaking them. And it is an agreeable surprise to be accepted as an old inhabitant in a little over forty-eight hours. I might be in a boom town in Nevada. Just this morning some newly arrived Americans, using their deplorable nasal accents, asked me to describe a Quat-z-Arts Ball. I have made ——"

"You've made a lot of trouble for me," Bill said, cutting in, "and a lot of useless trouble for yourself. Understand once and for all that I'm not going to marry Betty Spinner. Moreover, you'll stop all this posing and get back to Milwaukee, where you belong, when one fine day you see me married to Lola Colonna."

It was astonishing to see the way Bill's grandfather reacted to this. He grabbed Bill's hand and shook it again and again, and the more Bill tried to pull his hand away the more his grandfather kept on shaking it.

"Willy, there is no news that could please me better. And as far as Miss Spinner is concerned, I can only apologize and say I did not understand. Yes, Willy, Miss Colonna is your ideal mate. Not only has she a knowledge of the world but she has ideals. She will understand you and keep you true to your art; and as a little wedding gift, Willy, and to show my appreciation, allow me to double your allowance."

(Continued on Page 83)



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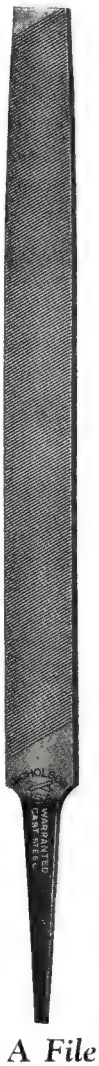

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Positive protection, under ALL conditions, plus freedom forever from the embarrassment of disposal. This NEW way is changing the hygienic habits of women by the millions

By ELLEN J. BUCKLAND, *Registered Nurse*

THOSE adorably, dangerously light things women used to fear—wear them now in full security; dance, motor, go about for hours in them without an instant's doubt or fear!

The hazards and uncertainties of the old-time method have been supplanted with scientific and positive protection. Once you try this *new* way, you'll never again invoke the embarrassments of the old.

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Kotex is more than a "sanitary pad"—it is scientific protection in the full sense of the term.

(1) Kotex is the only sanitary pad in the world today filled with *Cellucotton* wadding, the super-absorbent of modern scientific attainment. Thus Kotex absorbs *sixteen times its own weight* in moisture! Thus Kotex is five times as absorbent as cotton!

(2) Kotex has been scientifically designed for *safe* and comfortable wear. It is scientifically measured to allow ample gauze covering, with strong gauze attachment ends *absolutely to eliminate* all chance—all hazard.

(3) Kotex actively *deodorizes*. Years of scientific research were spent in developing this obviously important factor.

No laundry

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Genuine Kotex is plainly stamped KOTEX on every box. If offered a substitute said to be "like Kotex"—beware. Insanitarily made imitations are, we are told, being offered for the sake of higher profit, by some stores, as the "same as Kotex." They are not. *Watch out.*

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"Ask for them by name"

KOTEX

PROTECTS—DEODORIZES

No laundry—discards as easily as a piece of tissue

(Continued from Page 81)

It looked as though Bill was going to suffocate or something. He kicked his hat into the gutter, his face got plum colored and you could see the veins stick out on his forehead.

"You're not going to bribe me," he said, "and I'm going to stay right on here in Paris. Get that straight—I'm going to keep on living in Paris."

"I trust so, Willy—I trust so. And I hope while you are here that we may be closely associated—as collaborators, perhaps. I say nothing against the paleo-meditationists."

"You'd better not!"

"Last evening they gave me the thrill that comes once in a lifetime; but it seems to me, Willy, that by following the tenets of that school you are not taking full advantage of the Quarter. You are not reaping the just rewards of your labors."

"What in thunder do you know about creative work?" Bill asked.

"Little enough, Willy. But a man must start somewhere, and already I have begun to express myself creatively."

Bill let out a rough laugh. "You?"

"Myself, Willy."

"You're doing something creative?"

"In my humble way, Willy."

"You mean you got softening of the brain."

His grandfather just smiled and said in the same mild voice: "Don't be so old-fashioned, Willy. Ibsen went out with the nineteenth century. If a man of my age prefers to pass his remaining days in occupations somewhat removed from the hubble-bubble and rumble-bumble of America's booboisie ——"

"Who do you think you are?" Bill interrupted.

"I am myself, Willy—only myself. And I feel that is a great enough task for any man. But in reference to my creative labors I may say I have already dictated five chapters of a novel which I hope, when published, will create a school. I call my efforts the beginning of the neo-spontaneist movement."

"Did you write that tripe called Spontaneous Combustion?" Bill yelled with a horrible oath.

"I cannot tell a lie, Willy—I did. I always carry a portable typewriter, and after the dinner at the Closerie—unable to sleep, Willy, because of worrying about you and your art—I dashed off five chapters. Your friend Kearney Sears seemed much impressed."

Bill tried to say something, but he didn't quite get it out.

"When I was in business, Willy, I tried to be a first-class business man. Now that I am in the Latin Quarter, I intend to be a first-class Quarterite. What do you think of Spontaneous Combustion, Willy, as far as it goes?"

Bill tried to explain his feelings about Spontaneous Combustion, and he tried hard, but his words fell over one another to such an extent that he had to give it up.

"Anyhow," he said when he got down to conversational tones again, "I've stood for enough nonsense. One or the other of us is going to get out of Paris and out of France in a hurry. Which is it to be?"

"Isn't the country big enough for both of us, Willy?"

"No, it isn't."

"Well, Willy, in that case it looks as though I had been elected to stay. Bon voyage, Willy, and don't let your hat blow overboard."

It was too much for Bill. He let out a kind of a wild scream and then picked up the hat as if he was going to throw it at his grandfather, and then changed his mind and tore the sweatband out and threw the hat down on the sidewalk again and stamped on it. By this time there was a crowd looking on, and a policeman came up, and probably everybody would have been jugged if Kearney Sears hadn't happened along. He smoothed things out and walked away with Bill's grandfather, who just kept laughing—laughing—laughing—the old hyena.

Bill stood there as if he was dazed. Finally I said, to cheer him up, "Bill, remember, things may seem against you; but even at the worst, you still got your art."

"What's that?" Bill said, the same as if I'd insulted him.

"You still got your art, Bill."

"Who says I got my art?"

"I do, Bill."

"Oh, I got my art, have I?" he barked, and his voice made me think he'd gone crazy on the spot. "I'll show you if I got my art or not. Hey, taxi, Hôtel des Rois—Hôtel des Rois, and make it snappy!"

There was a chauffeur at the curb. Bill went into the machine with a jump, the motor started, and there I stood alone. And that, you might say, was the last of Bill.

The next time I saw him was two days later, back in his room and packing. He was engaged to Betty and moving to the Hôtel des Rois, and at the end of the week, he said, he and the Spinner family were leaving for Switzerland and Germany and the States.

And that's just what happened. His grandfather had driven him desperate and there wasn't any other course open. And right now he and Betty are married and they are living in Milwaukee and Bill has got a job. What do you think about it? . . . Well, that's just what I think too.

Naturally, it was a big shock to me, but I couldn't blame Bill; and as long as the old man wasn't my grandfather, I didn't see how he could make any difference in my life. So I just kept on as before, documenting myself for my picture and meditating, and any time anybody asked me what I thought of Bill's grandfather I just said he was a big hypocrite and let it go at that.

But I hadn't looked into the future far enough. In spite of his renting a studio in the Quarter, I hadn't looked on Bill's grandfather as permanent. But he was, and there was no getting away from him. Wherever you went, there he'd be, with people hanging on every little word he said as if he was some kind of an oracle. He published the novel he'd finished in two weeks and the critics acted as if he was another Joyce. All the boobs went wild about the neo-spontaneist movement, with Bill's grandfather as the big noise. And the paleo-meditationist movement, which in my opinion is the only movement since the world began that ever stood for true art, just went to pieces. Everybody quit it. I'll bet right now that, except for maybe old Le Roudic de Keriado, I'm the only paleo-meditationist on God's green footstool—and I'm not kidding.

Then the next thing I heard the old man had gone in for painting. Terrible tripe—everything upside down and in triangles, with a little green in every triangle. And he painted about five a day. It didn't intrigue me or anybody else with common sense. As I said to anybody that asked me, it wasn't even a gesture. But he had an exhibition and all Paris went crazy about his stuff.

The newspapers called it the neospontaneist movement in color, and a lot of South American millionaires bought up every single picture. It was disgusting.

I stood it as long as I could, and then one day when I met Bill's grandfather on Montparnasse, I said right out, "Do you think that tripe you're doing is art?"

"I am expressing myself, Walter," he said in that mild voice which made you want to hit him. "I hope I am free to express myself."

"That's what the fakers all say," I told him.

I thought maybe such a remark might show him where he stood in the eyes of a true artist, but his hide was too thick.

"Perhaps, Walter," he said—"perhaps if the time ever comes when you finish meditating and documenting yourself and actually paint a picture, you will be better qualified to judge my poor efforts."

Then I had him. "I'd rather never finish a picture," I said, "than turn out a lot of tripe." And I turned and walked across to the other side of the street.

What I said must have stung him, because he tried to cover up by breaking into a laugh—the old hyena!

Well, sir, that night I came to the same conclusion as Bill: If that's what the Latin Quarter was becoming, then the place for any self-respecting man was back in America; and if that was what art had degenerated into, then a man who had any regard for his own soul had better be doing something else. And I packed up and I caught this boat; and when I get to America, as a gesture—and the only gesture I can imagine that will symbolize my opinion of the Quarter and about ninety-nine hundredths of the people there—I'm going to find a job and get married myself. What do you think about it? . . . Well, that's just what I think too.

(THE END)

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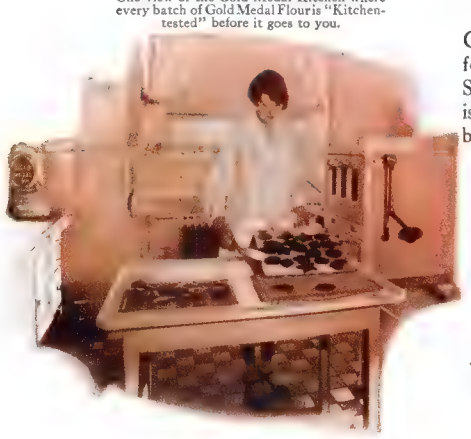

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AMERICAN TRAVELS OF A GEM COLLECTOR

(Continued from Page 7)

interested a foremost jeweler of that time in my revolutionary theory and made the acquaintance of a man who was later to become my close friend.

Thereafter I sold Tiffany's many other semiprecious stones. Then one day came the offer to join the firm as their first gem expert, and ever since I have held that position. In those first days very naturally a large part of my interest was engaged in this problem of discovering and introducing, one after another, as the public gradually became interested, these lovely, unknown semiprecious stones in which no jeweler of the time was even slightly interested. Of course, with the backing of such a firm I was in a commanding position to do this. Naturally, at first the public was skeptical. I not infrequently heard such withering remarks as: "A zircon? What's a zircon? It's just an imitation stone, isn't it? . . . You mean it grows like that? . . . Oh, no, thank you, I'd feel as if I were wearing something false." Or, "Well, of course it's pretty, but I'd feel like a gypsy. I'd just as lief wear a lump of colored glass. It has no real value." And the poor little blob of sunlight would dwindle in my palm till even I had some difficulty in maintaining my respect for it—the zircon that today sells as high as forty dollars a carat and a single fine gem of which has brought as high as $2000, not to mention the tourmaline, fine examples of which sell for thirty dollars a carat, and a very fine cat's-eye for more than $100 a carat.

A Crystal Rainbow

Bucking public opinion, or rather, prejudice, is a heartbreaking task when it touches people's purses. However, in those early days I had some encouragement. I invariably found that it was those who cared least for money and most for beauty—in other words, artists—who needed no persuasion to my way of thinking. It was sufficient to show a handful of these lovely things to a lover of color to hear unstinted praise of my pets. I remember once showing some of these gems to Oscar Wilde, who was himself a connoisseur and had a not uninteresting collection of his own.

"But, my dear Kunz," he said, "these are exquisite, charming! I believe I admire them even more than the precious stones, for among *them*, except for rarities, we have only the four obvious colors, but here—why, there's not a color on land or sea but is imprisoned in one of these heavenly stones! What wonderful jewelry could be made with these subtle phrases of color; such things as only the ancients and the barbarians made—work of Egyptians, Persians, Greeks and Romans—such beauties as we moderns have never conceived. My dear fellow, I see a renaissance of art, a new vogue in jewelry in this idea of yours!"

"And for those of conservative taste, these stones can be as handsomely mounted in present-day settings as the precious stones," I added.

He snapped his fingers, shook that mane of hair.

"Bah! Who cares for the conservatives! Give them their costly jewels and conventional settings. Let me have these broken lights—these harmonies and dissonances of color. Can you price beauty by the carat?"

Helping the Movement

That was an artist's point of view, and Wilde, whatever his faults, was an artist. And that prophecy of his concerning a new *genre* of jewelry, which I had only vaguely sensed at the time, has come amazingly true. Not the least popular cases in the great jewelry shops of today are those where the fantasy of the artist, escaping from the conventionalities of platinum and precious stones in their delicate frost and lacework designs, runs riot in turquoise, amethyst, tourmaline, topaz, chalcedony, peridot, baroque pearl, rose quartz, obsidian, sunstone, amazonite, coral, opal, starlite, lapis lazuli and a hundred other once rare but now quite usual gems, worked not only with platinum but also with that metal of many shades—gold. And no lady with a quarter of a yard of diamond and emerald bracelets up her arm or three yards of Oriental pearls about her pretty neck would today scorn a great star sapphire for her finger or a beryl bracelet for her less formal moments.

It's odd and amusing how sometimes a little, inconsequential accident somewhere in the world will give impetus to some distant movement, just as a sudden shock of sound sometimes precipitates an avalanche. About the time I was most worried about the launching of this new vogue in gems, the Duke of Connaught, way off in England, took a fancy to marry and, without fear and without reproach, selected for his fiancée, not the conventional and lordly diamond but a humble little cat's-eye. Well, when the Duke of Connaught can do that —— With that as an opening wedge, I soon found greater favor for my hyacinths and my jacinths, my jasper and my jade.

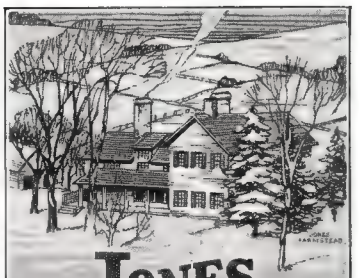
Now, when it comes to semiprecious stones, America is not so poor a country as one might imagine. We are no great shucks so far as the precious stones are concerned, though they are all four, and the pearl, found in not-to-be-sniffed-at quantities within our borders. Strange that when Columbus sailed all the way to the New World to open up a new India, richer in precious stones than the old, we should have turned out to be the poorest of all the continents in this kind of wealth. However, when it comes to the semiprecious stones there is not a state in the Union that can't hold up its head. About the time I was making my initial efforts to launch these semiprecious stones commercially, the United States, awakened by the Centennial collections, began to take an interest in itself mineralogically and to institute scientific researches for gems. Naturally all this helped my cause and I, too, began to go out upon those excursions of exploration and discovery that have acquainted me so thoroughly with the gem resources of America. From that time on, for twenty years, I was in charge of the precious-stones department of the United States Census, visiting practically every state in the Union.

Gems in Your Dooryard

I think that we in America don't realize in what close proximity we are all living to buried wealth in gems. Do you, Mr. Maine, know that some of the finest tourmalines in the world are found not a hundred yards from your doorstep in the vicinity of Paris? Do you, Mr. North Carolina, realize that the second largest emerald in the world was found within a few hours' ride of your home? Have you ever heard, Mr. California, that a beautiful green gem named for you was discovered in your back yard and that two other brand-new gems, never before heard of, were discovered in your own mountains? And you, Mr. Montana, do you know that sapphires are found in your back yard; and you, Mr. New York, do you know about your beryls; and you, Mr. Utah, about your topazes and your garnets? Not one of you but has some

PHOTO. BY COURTESY OF THE ENGINEERING AND MINING JOURNAL

A Sapphire Mine on the West Fork of Rock Creek, in Granite County, Montana



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beautiful and valuable gem close at hand, often several. Have you heard the story, Mr. New Jersey, of your famous pearls? Of one in particular, the most famous of all? Quite a romance.

The first awakening to the value of fresh-water pearls in America—which, by the way, though ordinarily less lustrous and therefore less valuable than Oriental sea pearls, bring extremely high prices, occasionally up to $15,000 apiece—came in 1857. A shoemaker of Paterson, New Jersey, brought home a mess of mussels from one of his regular excursions for shell fish in Notch Brook, which he proceeded to fry with the usual abundance of grease. As he took one of the succulent bits into his mouth his teeth closed on a hard round object which he was later informed by an authority was a pearl weighing 400 grains and which, had its beauty and luster not been destroyed by heat and grease, would probably have proved to be the finest pearl of modern times, worth doubtless more than $25,000. This was also probably one of the most expensive dinners of modern times.

So then the hunt was on, and men, women and children with trousers and skirts rolled up went wading in the shallow waters of the little stream for the wonderful pearls that must surely be there, for no belief in the world, except the gambler's belief in the next turn of the wheel, is stronger than the gem hunter's belief in his find. Lost hours and years are counted as nothing when, or if, finally the illusive gleam drops into his palm.

And then one evening a New Jersey carpenter, sitting at his fireside, opening the oysters he had gathered that day, gave a little cry and jumped up, holding in his hand something that shone with the unmistakable effulgence of the true pearl—a frighteningly large pearl. Almost as soon as he found it, after he and his wife had taken one long, scared look at it, he hid it, and slept not at all that night. The next day at dawn he hitched the oxen to his cart, and crossing the river on a ferry, came riding slowly and solemnly through the streets of New York, not so strange a sight in those days, though queer enough, as it would be today.

The Vanished Queen Pearl

At that time there was but one possible destination for so rare a find, and straight to Tiffany's, then a low brick building on the corner of Chambers Street and Broadway, our epic carpenter rode, hitched his team outside and strode, leaving sly clerical smiles in his wake, down the aisles to the president's office. Wonderfully enough, for he would open his palm to no one else, he saw the president, who for the moment was only less frightened than the carpenter. For a true pearl of monstrous size, beautiful luster, and exquisite pink color it undoubtedly was; but the president's fright was of a somewhat different nature from the carpenter's. A true pearl of great price! But suppose, where it came from—not seventeen miles from where he sat—and in other streams of this wide land, there should now be found dozens, hundreds, thousands like it—what then of the price of this great pearl?

Here were both a promise and a threat. Here were a financial problem and one of ethics. If there were but the one, this pearl might be worth to him and the carpenter almost anything; but if, as was more likely, there should be great numbers it might be worth very little to them.

"Tell me about this pearl," he said slowly.

The carpenter shuffled.

"I found it in Notch Brook yesterday," was all he found to say, adding nothing to the sum total of the president's knowledge. Then he added suddenly: "My wife and girl want some jewelry."

The president smiled. He paused another moment for an equitable adjustment and then said, "I'll pay you $1250 in cash for this pearl and give you $250 more in trade. Does that satisfy you?"

The carpenter shuffled his feet in satisfaction and together they passed out into the showroom to select the jewelry for the wife and girl.

And so the great Tiffany Queen Pearl, weighing ninety-three grains—few, if any, ladies in America today have a pearl of that size in their necklaces—came into the market. It was sold first to the lovely Empress Eugénie, later came into the possession of Herr Hansel von Donwermark, the great industrialist of Germany, and then suddenly disappeared. To whom it was next sold is not known, nor where it is today, but doubtless somewhere in Europe, as it is seldom that great gems pass out of existence. They may be for a while among the missing, and then suddenly they turn up in some unexpected place. It is just possible that this mention of it here may bring us some word of this missing pearl. To its story we have only to add that, although pearls amounting to $300,000 were eventually found in Notch Brook by the hordes of visitors and local laborers who rushed there, no others of its size and beauty were ever brought to light, making this an important item in American gem history and its present value, if it is still alive, about $10,000.

Pearls Before Swine

Though this one important pearl came from New Jersey, Notch Brook is completely overshadowed as a pearl fishery by a dozen other sources within our boundaries, and many extraordinary pearls, some even more valuable than the Queen, have in the past sixty or seventy years come from our waters. A negro near Marley, Illinois, found—not while pearl fishing but while raking over the muck of a hogpen where the discarded mussels had been thrown as feed—a pearl weighing 118 grains for which he received $2000 from a St. Louis buyer and which was later sold for $5000. This was literally a case of casting pearls before swine. A pearl weighing 103 grains, found in Arkansas, was sold for $25,000 and one of 68 grains, found in Wisconsin, was marketed at $15,000, and there are many others. When a simple American pearl can bring such prices as these it isn't difficult to figure to what prices may run a two-yard necklace of many strands of perfectly matched Oriental pearls. There is one necklace I know of which is valued at $1,000,000.

When the pearl fever strikes, it is like a pestilence. Thousands go down before it and whole sections of the country are swept bare of humanity. Crops wither, villages are deserted, and learning languishes as the countryside is drained of its labor, diverted to the new get-rich-quick fisheries. More than once I have visited these fever-ridden districts in quest of scientific data rather than of pearls, for the important buyer need never go out in search of his game; it finds its way with great alacrity into his net. But merely for my own satisfaction I went to one after the other of the most important of our pearl fisheries.

I remember when the Arkansas pearl fever broke loose in 1896. As seems usually to be the way in a place where pearls have always been known in small and unimpressive quantities, the lovely gems were given to the children as playthings—"See, pretty bead!"—and rolled about the floor and stuffed down dolls' throats, and even carried about by the adults as lucky stones. But in 1896 all that was changed, for quite suddenly many large and rich pearls were found in the White River. Trouser pockets were searched, tea canisters turned out, button bags emptied, children robbed of their playthings to recover the beads that might now turn out to be of untold value. Farmers deserted their plows, schoolteachers closed their doors, shoemakers left their benches, and all Arkansas turned to pearl fishing.

There I saw thousands of people daily fishing the waters of the Black and White rivers, putting out in any kind of craft with any kind of implement they could get their hands on. I frequently saw several hundred people, all intent on making a fortune in the next half hour, their faces flushed, their hands fairly shaking with excitement, congregated at one bar or racing like madmen to the spot where the latest find had been made. The children, on an indefinite holiday, were often as fortunate as their elders and brought up many lustrous, beautiful gems. It was as though the Stock Exchange had suddenly, one fine morning, decided to open on the river. The result was that in three years, more than $500,000 worth of pearls were found. Yet it has been estimated that if the total amount of money realized for pearls in America were divided by the number of men and days invested in their search, each man would have earned not more than a dollar a day. However, not this man but he who finds in his first shell a pearl worth $1000, is the one upon whom all eyes are turned.

Another valuable pearl locale is Wisconsin. Several million dollars' worth of pearls have come on the market from Southwestern Wisconsin—pearls remarkable for their beauty, luster and diversified coloring. In 1901, Tennessee was the scene of a pearl rush—a rush having all the thrill, picturesque quality, adventure, and pathos of the Klondike affair—easy-going, pleasure-loving people of the happy-go-lucky sort who give up steady positions and sure incomes for the uncertain profits of a rush, living in tents and shanties or newly built house boats along the banks of the Clinch River, subsisting on the fish they catch, dancing and singing at night around camp fires to the music of the banjo, and hurrying off every Saturday afternoon to the nearest town to sell their catch of pearls. Ohio and Iowa have likewise contributed importantly to the pearl industry, and in all about $15,000,000 worth of pearls have, in the past seventy-five years, been realized from American sources.

In the main, wherever we have limestone soil and a river we are apt to get pearls. One of the finest necklaces ever assembled from American pearls was that matched by Tiffany in 1904. This was later exhibited at the St. Louis World's Fair, sold to a London merchant, and finally purchased by a Spanish nobleman for 500,000 francs. This necklace consisted of thirty-eight pearls weighing 1710 grains, an average of 45 grains for each pearl. The central gem, however, weighed 98.5 grains and the rest were graduated down to the last of 20⅜ grains. A ninety-eight-grain pearl would be about half an inch in diameter. Of course, as pearl necklaces go, this one is nothing so extraordinary, for frequently Oriental necklaces of that length are valued at $500,000. It is impossible to assemble a perfect or almost perfect pearl necklace from American pearls, as they are not sufficiently uniform in color, though very fine necklaces have been made here.

Richer Than a Gold Mine

To the Morgan Collection, as well as several others, I added pearls which I obtained from these interesting sources; for I felt that the finest Oriental specimens would not make up for the absence of pearls found in our national streams.

Perhaps it's because of my close association, through the United States Census Bureau, with American gem localities, perhaps it's because of my many opportunities for studying gem mineralogy at first-hand here, or perhaps it's just my natural prejudice, but my travels through the United States in quest of gems and gem lore have always been more interesting to me than my travels anywhere else in the world. I can't speak here of all the gem mines from coast to coast and from Canada to Mexico which I have visited—some of them eight or more times—and whenever possible immediately after their opening, but there are some that won't bear slighting.

To the layman it would perhaps seem improbable that, sitting at a desk in New York, one should be able to discover a gem mine in Montana; yet that is just what happened to me once.

One day some years ago I received by mail—which reminds me that the Cullinan diamond, which one would naturally expect would journey under armed guard, was sent for safety all the way from the Premier mines in Africa to London by ordinary registered mail—one day I received some specimens in which occurred grains of gold. These had been mined in Yogo Gulch, Montana, on a property bought as a gold mine. As a matter of fact, very little gold was ever located there. But among these specimens I found certain crystals to which little attention had been paid, but which, on examination, I discovered to be fine blue sapphires. When this information was conveyed to the owners they immediately began to search for other specimens, and soon brought to light the fact that, in purchasing a mere gold mine, they had acquired the most valuable sapphire mine in America, yielding more wealth than all the other sapphire mines in America put together—and a finer quality of gem.

Size and Not Perfection

I later visited these sapphire mines and noted the peculiar way in which Nature had aided the miners in tracing these veins of sapphire-bearing rock. Certain portions of the rock, not more than two or three feet wide were everywhere bored into by that too prevalent pest, the prairie dog, in his search for a home. Wherever the rock had undergone an alteration that softened it sufficiently for the gophers to enter it, there, the engineers found, was a sapphire-bearing vein. By means of these despised gophers the vein was traced for nine miles across the country. An English company bought six miles of these veins and is still mining the sapphires in quantity. There will be sapphires for fifty years to come in Montana. These sapphires are of a peculiar quality. The Oriental are larger and finer, but the American are of beautiful quality and hold their color at night—an important point—better than any sapphires except those found in Ceylon. They have sold as high as $100 a carat. Up to the present time this mine has produced more than $10,000,000 worth of sapphires.

One hears a great deal of the size and magnificence of the jewels in the possession of Oriental and Russian potentates, and certainly many of these famous jewels are as fine as they are large; but not so many as we in the West are apt to believe. The greatest part of the wealth of the world in gems today is right here in America—an astounding proportion of it; I should say between one-third and one-half—and we not only possess the greatest quantity of gems and the largest proportion of big ones, but our standard of quality is far higher not only than that of the East but even of Europe.

Many of the celebrated gems of the East are stones which an American lady would not buy, let alone wear. Some of the emeralds in the Russian crown jewels, for example, instead of being what is properly termed a gem, are the whole large crystal—that is, when an emerald crystal some four inches long is found, some of the foreign lapidaries will facet and polish the whole enormous thing, although it may be uneven in color, with fissures and inclusions. It is the size that impresses them, and one overpowering stone of not very good quality appeals to them more than a small but perfect jewel. A more discriminating taste demands that the one beauty spot in that great crystal—the tiny, unflawed, intensely green bit that constitutes the true emerald—be cut out for use as a gem and the rest discarded. That is why emeralds, if they approach perfection, can command almost $1,000,000 an ounce—not a high price when one realizes that perhaps only one ten-thousandth part of the original crystals cut to produce that ounce is here represented. However, no stone varies

(Continued on Page 91)

LITTLE FIRES MAKE BIG FIRES

There never was a friendly little fire that might not become a deadly enemy if given half a chance. Every big fire was a little fire in the beginning.

Be careful with all the little fires. Be sure your cigarette stubs are really dead before you throw them away. Break your matches in your fingers before you cast them aside. Never put candles in windows. Watch out for hearth fires and bonfires. See that chimneys and flues are kept clean; that cellar, attic and closets are free from rubbish.

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Goodrich scores a real advance in Tube-Making!

AGAIN, Goodrich brings good news to motorists. A new tube—cured in a tire-shaped mold!

New precision of shape—new accuracy of fit—are assured in the Goodrich Silvertown Full-Molded Tube.

When this tube goes into your tire, you know it fits with smooth, snug roundness. No creases. No wrinkles. No buckling. It does not twist or crawl. No part is under life-shortening strain. The valve stem always comes in exactly the right position.

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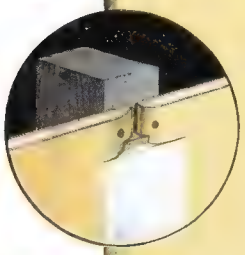

The exclusive Beveled Edge. Insures smooth, seamless, keyed-in joints

IN the spacious, luxurious rooms of many fine homes—where broad, smooth expanses of wall are needed—Bestwall, with the Beveled Edge, is being used. That is because, even after years of service, the average eye cannot detect where Bestwall panels join.

BESTWALL makes smooth, seamless walls regardless of uneven studding or variable thickness of board. Due to the Beveled Edge, joints in the finished wall are invisible. Can be applied much faster and at less expense for labor.

BESTWALL is *unusually strong.* The exclusive Beaver *fibre facing* (made in our own mills), like the cover of a baseball, multiplies the strength of the gypsum plaster core.

BESTWALL—the original plaster wall board—is made by a concern with more wall board experience than any other in the world. It is, of course, a wonderful insulator—also, approved by the Underwriters' Laboratories, Inc.

There is only one Bestwall. Specify it by name. Be sure it has the *cream*-colored surface that takes decoration so beautifully—*and the Beveled Edge.*

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THE SUPERIOR PLASTER WALL BOARD

(Continued from Page 86)

more in quality—from the most worthless at $5 a carat up to gems worth well over $5000 a carat. A warning to the amateur buyer to watch his step.

America produces some very fine emerald crystals. I have visited the emerald mines in North Carolina many times and obtained wonderful specimens for the various collections I have made. I was particularly interested in these mines, as a friend of mine, Mr. Stephenson, was chiefly responsible for the discovery of emeralds in that state. If other public-spirited men throughout the country would devote themselves as whole-heartedly to the exploiting of the natural mineral resources of their part of the country as he did, perhaps many other such discoveries might be made. For more than twenty years Mr. Stephenson conducted widespread investigations for local minerals. When he began, the county was mineralogically a blank. He, an amateur mineralogist, offered rewards to all the farmers for miles around who would bring him interesting specimens of minerals.

The Romance of the Squid

Thus he discovered, among other things, some lovely grass-green beryl: and finally, as he urged the farmers to intensify their search for clear and perfect specimens of dark-green beryl—the emerald—he brought to light many veritable emeralds, among them one of the most famous emerald crystals in the world. This crystal, which originally belonged to Mr. Stephenson, was eventually placed in the Bement Collection. This remarkable emerald has only one rival in the whole world—the famous Duke of Devonshire emerald, which is only a quarter of an ounce heavier. Our American emerald weighs nine ounces and is eight and one-half inches long. A second crystal of five ounces I added to the Harvard Collection, and other very beautiful ones to the Morgan Collection, the British Museum, and the Imperial Museum in Vienna. Yet, though the mines were at first worked with flattering success, in the end they did not prove financially profitable.

Tourmalines I drew primarily from two sources, adding them to the Morgan, Harvard and other collections. And here again one sees what the enthusiasm of one man has done and can do again in the future if, like Mr. Stephenson, he will devote time and energy to the work and above all arouse the interest of the farmers in the resources of their own fields and hills. Not all the emeralds and tourmalines in America have yet been discovered. Wealth may still lie at our back door and any day a new vein of gems may be opened up by the native who searches earnestly and intelligently. A nephew of Elijah L. Hamlin devoted the entire spare time of his life to gathering the wonderful tourmalines his uncle had originally discovered near Paris, Maine; eventually amassing a collection so important that part went to the American Museum of Natural History, but the greater part to Harvard. One of the most interesting types of tourmaline here discovered is that which looks for all the world like a miniature watermelon—green on the outside and, when cut open, white and then watermelon pink on the inside. Nothing is lacking but the black seeds.

It's not always the most valuable stones that are the most extraordinary. Agate, for example. Here is a stone which, but for a peculiar property it possesses, would scarcely be considered a gem. It comes in such huge masses from so many liberal sources that, like alabaster or porphyry, it is commonly used for decorative purposes; but there's a certain proportion of it which, unlike any other stone, can be transformed to something lovely enough to be called a gem.

I don't know of any drama in Nature more interesting than that of the agate—the agate and the opal, for they are one and the same stone; the opal merely containing more water—about 5 per cent—and therefore being less hard. So many centuries and so many upheavals of Nature—volcanic eruptions, Cretaceous periods, sinking of continents, removals of mountains—have gone into the making of the jewel that a lady wears so carelessly in her ear. "Pretty thing," she thinks, and that's the end of it.

Pretty thing! There's the opal on her little finger, for example. Look at it, madam. Once a live fish wiggling joyously through crystal waters; but a world-rocking invention which man has just recently developed was conceived by this clever little squid some æons ago. He is shooting merrily through the water. Suddenly danger appears—a bigger fish, headed murderously in his direction. Instantly the little squid squirts a flood of inky liquid into the water and under cover of its murkiness, like our modern man-of-war in its smoke screen, swiftly escapes.

Well, when, one place and another, the waters of the earth dried up, millions of these little squids were left gasping on dry land. Then came convulsions of Nature; gases were belched forth, lava streamed out, volcanoes erupted, heated waters spouted, rocks were hurled forth; and the little squid skeletons were caught in the lava and embedded in the rocks. So then the heated waters containing soluble silica came creeping over the rocks and began to eat their way into the bones of the squid, mingling with the lime, with which they had a natural affinity, rather than seeping into the harder rock. Slowly throughout the centuries the waters ate away the bone, forming a deposit which leaped in the sunlight like living fire—the opal. Sometimes, when there was not a bit of bone or wood or shell embedded in the rock, the waters found a crevice—a narrow opening leading to a wider cavity. The gases and boiling waters trickled through this crevice, depositing silica. Gradually the narrow neck of this natural rock bottle was closed by these deposits, and today, when we find one of them, it is completely sealed over. But shake it and you will hear those century-old waters aswish inside. Smash it, and there, lining the bottle with beauty, is the jewel agate or opal. In New South Wales much opal was thus formed, and in Yellowstone Park, Oregon, and other places in the United States agate was so deposited.

Drawn in its Own Ink

Oh, but about the squid! Not all of them underwent this divine transfiguration to gems, and many remained as fossils in the rock. I picked up a whole cigar box full myself in Jersey, for New Jersey, parts of which were once a sea, had its Cretaceous period, and near Freehold, for example, one can find today shark's teeth, sea-reptile skeletons—some five feet high—and other remnants of sea life, making this soil unusually rich for agricultural purposes. And last act in the drama of the squid: A naturalist recently opened the bone of one at the place where the ink with which it clouded the waters was concealed, and there found a minute deposit of black powder. With this powder, merely adding water, the naturalist re-created ink and drew a picture of the squid in his own ink—ink thousands of years old. This same little squid—cuttlefish or devilfish—is still a favorite food among the Italians.

Look again at your opal, madam. Isn't it now something more than just a pretty thing?

The opal, though of the same chemical composition as the agate—barring the higher percentage of water—is much more beautiful and, like the cat's-eye, star sapphire, moss agate, and a few other gems, is never faceted; merely cut and polished. I think it is the favored stone of most artists, who delight in its unmatched play of color. But the agate—the less attractive of these two sister stones—makes up for this by the peculiar property of which I spoke. You know those exquisite cameos that come down to us from the ancient Greeks, marvels of the lapidary's art; a delicate goddess' head, perhaps, carved in white on a marron ground? The agate transformed!

One of Nature's Masterpieces

This stone is built up by Nature in layers, alternately pervious and impervious, and this characteristic the ancients discovered. Onyx, consisting of one black and one white layer, does occasionally exist in Nature, and this was doubtless what was first used for cameos. But later lapidaries discovered that if certain agates were boiled in sugar and water or blood and water till the pervious layers had become saturated, and then immersed in sulphuric acid, the liquid drawn up into the stone would turn a velvety black, thus forming one black layer, while the other layer remained totally unaffected and as pure as the driven snow. So there was a little discovery—a treatment that can be applied to no other stone—that instantly raised the plebeian agate to the ranks of a gem.

Even today, when cameos are no longer so fashionable as formerly, they are in high repute as works of art, and many wonderful collections—certain single pieces valued as high as $10,000 and more—are in private hands as well as in museums. Carnelian and sardonyx are not natural gems, but are likewise created by dyeing the bluish-gray agate in different solutions. The black stone commonly called onyx really should not be so called, but should have a name of its own; for onyx, properly speaking, means a stone of two layers of different colors, whereas what is commonly asked for as onyx—in especial demand by those in mourning—is in one layer only. However, it would be practically impossible to change this popular misconception.

One of the most beautiful natural agates I have ever seen—and I paid its weight in gold for it—is a bit about two and one-half inches long and one and one-half inches wide. In it Nature, for once a Christian, has formed a lovely Madonna—no doubt about its being a Madonna. As clear, as exquisitely colored—soft reds and blues on a gray ground—as droopingly tender as an Italian Primitive, it glows in the cloudy agate, miniature features delicately marked, tiny prayerful hands, a robe beautifully fashioned—a miracle to make one believe in divine intervention. How, we ask, could an accident be so perfect, even to the sacred droop of the head?

Editor's Note—This is the first of several articles by Doctor Kunz and Mrs. Ray. The next will appear in the issue for December tenth.

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YOU CAN'T LOSE A LUCK HOUN'

(Continued from Page 19)

col' nose to yo' ownse'f an' lets me git mah nap in peace. Heah me, boy? Yo' makes me lonesome."

It was caressingly warm in the sun and they both dozed, the hound from real fatigue and the big negro with the careless, conscience-free sublimity of a small boy. Nothing happened to disturb them, and the sun was gilding the red river with ever-slanting rays when the hound stirred fretfully and whined in its sleep. The sound woke Bulldog and he gave vent to a prodigious yawn. He squinted at the sun, saw that it was late and poked the hound in the ribs.

"Yo' havin' a bad dream, Side Meat?" he cackled.

The hound blinked an eye at him, stretched stiffly, shook itself, and then essayed a yawn that put the giant to shame.

Bulldog beamed proudly. "Us hunts up ol' Doc Buzzard, dat's what," he declared. "Us gits us some ob dat blue salve ointment an' a black-cat bone wiv a raid string to tie aroun' yo' neck, an' dat lick yo' got git all heal' up an' haih growin' oveh de place so's yo' couldn' fin' it ev'n yo' ownse'f. But firs', boy, us eats. Yo' falls in de squad line right in back ob de Pres-i-dent. Side Meat, us is gwine!"

They swung up through Yamacraw by way of alleys and lanes. Other negroes that passed eyed the hound apprehensively. But they knew Bulldog, so asked no questions and gave the pair plenty of room. Nor did the giant so much as pause. One thing was enough to occupy his whole mind, and particularly so if that one thing were food.

But as they neared the troublous corner of Fahm and Joachim streets, the big negro saw something that made him edge into a recess between two shacks and pull the hound in close beside him. Crowds do not gather without cause, even in so gregarious a community as Yamacraw, and Fahm and Joachim was the most frequent buzz on the Gamewell board down at the police barracks at Oglethorpe and Habersham. Even as Bulldog stood in the shadowed areaway, the reverberating clanging of the police patrol came from the troublous corner.

A passing negro boy happened to turn toward the hiding place and jumped as though he had been struck.

"No, suh!" Bulldog grumbled. "Dis heah ain' no place fo' us. Dat ba'becue had mos' bes' wait. Nev' kin tell 'bout dat police hack. What dey mos'ly wants is a load. Dis time, Side Meat, us ain' ridin'."

He doubled back on his trail, scuttled across the Bay Extension with the hound at his heels and plunged into West Boundary. He was in a surly mood.

"Jes lak some fool nigger to git hisse'f all cut jes when us mos' craves to eat!" he growled.

He had a wife—a buxom, capable woman named Sally—with whom he was always on good terms despite the fact that most of his days were spent on the chain gang. Sally basked in the glory that was rightfully hers as the legally married spouse of the most feared negro from Yamacraw to the Big Ogeechee. It was enough for her that Bulldog showed up for a short spell once every six months.

He headed for Sally's shack now, crossing the Louisville road and making for the Coast Line tracks. He had cleaned up the pantry before leaving home that morning, but remembered that there was a pan of yellow sweet yams underneath the stove and he had hopes of other morsels that he might have overlooked. If he didn't find anything else to eat there, Sally worked out, so the shack would offer a secure hiding place for the hound while he foraged alone.

It was beginning to dawn on him that the thing that was troubling him most was his new-found responsibility. Heretofore his actions had always been simple and spontaneous. With the strength of half a dozen ordinary men rippling across his back, he was inclined to take what he wanted without question, even though he also took the consequences incumbent upon such methods. But all that had been changed. Here he was, for the first time in his life, actually trying to avoid contact with the police.

He cut down a back alley, gave the environs of the Union Station plenty of room because of the patrolman always on duty there, and presently burst into his wife's shack to find that his hopes were fruitless. Except for the yams under the stove, there wasn't another thing in the shack to eat, and even a hungry hound will turn up its nose at cold yams. Bulldog's own hunger had begun to make itself insistent, and he lost no time in rigging up a makeshift pen for the hound in the dilapidated woodshed.

"Jes yo' makes yo'se'f to home, Side Meat," he grinned. "Dat's right, boy, jes bank yo'se'f down in dat nice sawdus' an' Ah brings yo' back a ba'becue dat makes yo' mouf drip gravy."

With that he was gone, and this time his route was direct. Straight past the Union Station he went, took a short cut and swung around by the express sheds back of the Central of Georgia. So intent was he on his errand that he was startled by a sudden yell. He straightened up in surprise just as a diminutive figure came hurtling out of a side alleyway as though it had been shot from a catapult. Bulldog grunted from the impact. But the diminutive figure was bowled over and unrolled into a wide-eyed chestnut-colored negro who gasped and panted for breath.

"'Fo' Gawd, big boy!"

"Chinkapin!" Bulldog bellowed. "Why fo' yo' ain' look wheah to at yo' is gwine? Jes fo' dat Ah'll ——"

But before the giant's hand could close on him the little negro was up and gone, scurrying across the street lickety-split and into the cover of another alley like a frightened rabbit taking to its burrow.

"Kin yo' 'magine dat?" Bulldog growled. "When Ah gits mah han's on dat half-size nigger Ah jes nachelly unhooks his haid fo' bumpin' into me lak dat."

But all thought of Chinkapin vanished when he saw a still-fluttering chicken lying at his feet where the small negro had dropped it in his flight.

"Dawg-gone!" Bulldog blurted, and pounced on the chicken. He jammed it out of sight into the ample folds of his loose jumper just as a red-faced expressman came tearing out of the alley.

"Whichaway did that little nigger run?" the red-faced man demanded.

"Run?" Bulldog grinned. "Please, suh, if yo's speakin' to me, de on'y nigger what Ah see jes nachelly flew. Ka-floop!—jes lak dat, an' heah he is an' heah he ain'!"

His grin broadened. Bulldog knew how to deal with a white man.

"'Deed, boss man, dat li'l' nigger bump smack right into me an' Ah try to grab him mah ownse'f, but yo' might jes as well try to grab a ghos'. Dat boy went so fas', please, suh, dat Ah ain' positive dat Ah ev'n saw him a-tall!"

Despite his chagrin, the expressman smiled. "I'll say that little nigger flew!"

"Yas-suh, boss man, mos' suttinly he did dat!" Bulldog agreed and decided it was a good time to move on. Once he was out of sight of the expressman, he put on speed.

But when he arrived at his wife's shack he found that Chinkapin had arrived there ahead of him. They eyed each other; the giant scowled and the diminutive one cowered.

"'Fo' all de angels, big boy," Chinkapin declaimed apologetically, "Ah nev' see yo' until ka-flam yo' knock de breavin' breaf clar outen mah bones!"

Bulldog's visage lost some of its menace. "But dat don' splain how come yo' ain' still wukkin down to Jedge Barringer's. Le's heah yo' splains 'bout dat. Who done gib yo' leave to unhook fum dat mowin' machine, li'l' boy?"

"Jedge Barringer hese'f!" Chinkapin declared fearfully. "He come home 'bout a houah ago. Ah got de grass all cut an' trim de haidge an' he'p ol' Ma Milly beat de rugs. De ol' jedge he jes grin an' he ax me wheah to at yo' is."

"What yo' say, Han'ful?" Bulldog asked, beginning to grow anxious himself.

"What Ah say?" the small negro spoke up. "What yo' raickon Ah say, big boy? Ah tells him yo' has th'ee-fo' mo' jobs an' laks mebbe to git 'em done 'fo' Sunday."

"Den what de ol' jedge say den?"

"De ol' jedge, he jes grin all oveh an' he say, 'Han'ful, dawg-gone if dat big nigger ain' make me proud!' Dat's what de jedge say."

"Li'l' boy," Bulldog warned, "yo' members de las' time what happen when yo' lie to me?"

"Dat's de whole truf an' kiss de Book!" Chinkapin declared fervently. "An' de ol' jedge he grin lak Ah tol yo' an' he slips me two bits."

"He slips yo' two bits? Han'ful, wheah to at's de money?"

"Big boy, Ah los' it same time Ah bump into yo' ka-flam an' los' de chicken!" Chinkapin said earnestly.

"An' de jedge grin?" Bulldog chortled. "An' yo' los' de two bits same time yo' los' de chicken? So dat's it, li'l' boy. Chinkapin, dis time Ah lets yo' off light. Whenev' yo' comes bumpin' into me ka-flam, jes yo' make sho yo' comes wiv a gif' in yo' han' lak it was Chris'mus." He pulled the chicken from beneath his jumper. "Han'ful, not on'y does yo' bring de good news fum de jedge but yo' lakwise done save Side Meat's life."

"What yo' mean, big boy?" Chinkapin asked.

Proudly Bulldog led the way to the woodshed. "Dey he is!" he beamed, as the hound stood up to meet him. "Feas' yo' eyes upon him, li'l' boy. Dat's de Gran' Re-nointed Keepeh ob de Fron' Do'yahd hese'f!"

"Dawg-gone!" Chinkapin burst out. "Dat's a sho-nuff trail dawg!"

"Dat's a which?" Bulldog growled.

"Dat's a sho-nuff ——" Chinkapin was on the point of repeating the statement, but a look he saw in the giant's eyes made him draw back and duck his head. "Ah ain' mean no hahm!"

"Dat's good fo' yo' dat yo' ain'," Bulldog warned. "Dat Side Meat's a luck houn', dat's what. Yo' jes says dat trail-dawg piece once mo', heah me, li'l' boy?"

"He sho is a luck houn'," Chinkapin agreed eagerly.

"Jes yo' 'members dat," Bulldog cautioned. "An' if yo' see an'body lookin' fo' a trail dawg, yo' don' know nothin' a-tall. Ah raickon dey ain' no white man come heah lookin' fo' no luck houn'."

"Ah raickon dey ain'," Chinkapin conceded. "But jes spose dey do, big boy? What den?"

"Hush up dat spose an' unjoint dat chicken an' git it raidy fo' de pan whiles Ah bus' up some slabs an' git de stove hot," Bulldog ordered, putting an end to the argument.

"Sweet music yo' speaks dat time!" the little negro enthused and fell to with alacrity. "M-m-m-m—boy!" he caroled. "Ah kin smell de sweet, sweet juice oozin' all roun' de pan right now!"

"Dat's good fo' yo' dat yo' kin," Bulldog snorted.

Chinkapin's elation quickly turned to dismay.

"What yo' mean?" he wailed.

"Hush yo' mouf an' jes take a squint at dat luck houn'. Cain' yo' see dat Side Meat's so hongry he cain't no mo'n stan' up on his all fo' feet? Dis time us eats at de secon' table."

The idea of feeding a perfectly good whole fried chicken to one half-starved and mangy-looking hound did not find much favor with Chinkapin. He knew better, however, than to cross the giant's whim.

The fire was soon roaring fiendishly up the rickety wired old stovepipe in a manner that threatened the safety of the shack. The small quarters became uncomfortably hot, but there was compensation in the tantalizing aroma, the aroma that only frying chicken can have, that soon began to reek into every corner.

Finally Chinkapin could stand it no longer. "Don' seem lak dey was much sense in mah hangin' 'roun'," he offered mournfully, as the mouth-watering fragrance made him swallow.

"How come dey ain', li'l' boy?" Bulldog relented, sizing up first the hungry hound and then the full pan of sizzling chicken and the pot of sweet yams bubbling in Georgia cane sirup. "Dat Side Meat mus' be a sho-nuff hawg if he kin eat up dis heah."

"Mebbe what he needs mos' is a good big drink," the small negro suggested.

"Han'ful," Bulldog cackled, "yo' show dat luck houn' a pan o' wateh an' he'd jes nachelly run his fool haid off. Dat Side Meat seen enuf wateh to las' him de res' ob his life."

"How come?" Chinkapin asked.

"Hush up dat how come," Bulldog ordered. "Peanut, yo' talks much an' says nuthin'. Git de table set." He had no intention of recounting his new possession's recent history.

Chinkapin subsided and a few seconds later the chicken was crisply brown and with the pan of dripping yellow yams was spread out on the table. All three needed no urging to plunge into the feast. The hound growled and gulped. Bulldog gulped and grinned. Chinkapin proved that size has nothing whatever to do with speed of consumption. Joint after joint simply vanished. Soon there was merely a smattering of cleaned bones. The hound made short work of these and Bulldog licked the remaining drop of sirup off the plate.

"Dawg-gone!" he breathed ecstatically as he settled back against the wall on two chair legs. "Li'l' boy, ain' Ah tol' yo' dat Side Meat brings us luck?"

"Mos' suttinly he do!" Chinkapin chimed. But even before the words had left his lips his face belied them. He was opposite the window and could see across the flats to the railroad embankment.

"Big boy," he wailed, "yo' spoke yo' piece too fas'! Heah come de po-lice!"

In one motion Bulldog clattered down off the tilted chair and reached the window. One glance showed him it was too late to run. "Dat's Misto' Big Ed Hallam fum de Union Station," he exclaimed. "Han'ful, yo' cleans up de muss an' hides dat luck houn' in de woodshed whiles Ah layways Misto' Ed an' gibs yo' mo' time."

The small negro needed no urging. He grabbed the grease-soaked newspaper off the table with one hand and collared the hound with the other. Bulldog went to the front door and stepped out, slamming the door after him with what was intended to be a care-free swing.

"'Ev'nin', Misto' Big Ed," he greeted the approaching patrolman. "How yo' is?"

"Hello, there, big boy," the patrolman answered. "You ain't seen a stray nigger around here anywheres?"

Bulldog loosed a sigh of relief. But there was no telling about the police. They often said one thing and meant exactly the opposite. "'Deed Ah ain', Misto' Ed. Fac' is Ah jes come home to git me a li'l' snack o' vittles."

"Smells like chicken," the patrolman said with a grin.

Bulldog had a sudden premonition that he might be wanted after all. "Yas-suh, Misto' Big Ed," he answered, "dat Sally

(Continued on Page 97)

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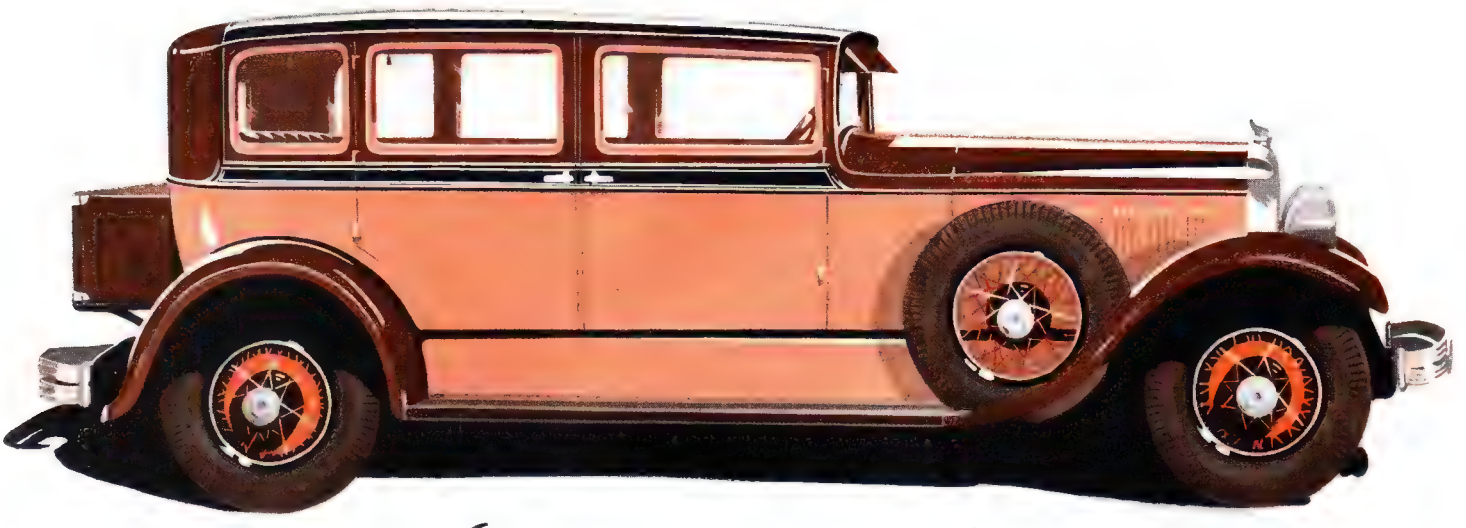

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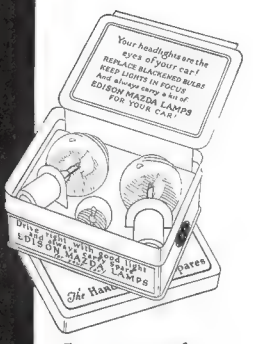
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GENERAL ELECTRIC

(Continued from Page 92)

woman ob mine ain' so much to look at, but dat gal mos' suttinly does make sho Ah gits enuf to eat when Ah's home."

The patrolman did not press the point, and Bulldog, anxious to get on less personal grounds, inquired, "What dis heah boy yo's afteh look lak, Misto' Ed?"

"They ain't got any description of him," the patrolman answered. "It's that nigger that shot Sergeant Tatum."

"Don' say dat, Misto' Ed! Yo' ain' mean Misto' Ral Tatum ob de county po-lice?" Sergeant Tatum and Bulldog were friends of long standing and intimate contact. But the big negro's sincerity was genuine. He held no grudge against the police.

"Where you been, boy, you ain't heard about that?" the patrolman asked, giving the giant closer scrutiny.

"'Deed, Misto' Ed, Ah ain' bin nowheah but down on de docks. Jes lak Ah tol' yo' befo', Ah on'y come home a li'l' while ago. Wheah dis heah shootin' take place at?"

"Out by Sandfly early this morning. Tatum ain't never come to and Doc Kirby don't give him much hope. And if he don't come to, I reckon they never will get a description of that nigger. As near as they could find out, he must 'a' come back to town. I was figurin' he might try to hop a train down here in the yards."

"An' dey ain' ev'n pick up a trail?" Bulldog asked.

"Hell, boy, they ran that nigger all mornin'—clean from Sandfly over through Black Angle! They was on him close out by the cotton compress, but the nigger frailed the hounds and got away. Then they picked him up with that new Music hound they got last week from Jeff Pringle. They got a hot trail and let the hound go and that nigger must 'a' knifed the hound. They lost nigger, hound and all. That's why they reckon he come back in town."

"An' dey los' de trail dawg?" Bulldog gulped. "Wheah to at was dey when dat happen?"

"Out by the old Hermitage. Maybe the nigger swam the river and got over to Carolina."

"An' dey ain' nobody know what dis boy look lak, Misto' Ed?"

"Nobody but Sergeant Tatum, and he ain't never come to."

"Den dey might be lookin' fo' mos' any boy?"

"That's the idea, big boy—you got it," the patrolman said. "And I figured I'd have a look around the yards. Just you let me know if you see any strange nigger looking like he was waiting to hop a rattler."

"Yas-suh, Misto' Big Ed, mos' suttinly Ah will dat!" Bulldog answered eagerly, glad the patrolman was moving on.

But he did not turn back to the shack at once. He waited until the patrolman was well up the railway embankment. Even then he did not hurry.

"An' Ah nev' had me a houn' dawg befo'," he mumbled under his breath. "But dey ain' no sense in a nigger tryin' to splain nuthin' to one ob dem posses. No, suh, dey ain'! Dey hangs yo' firs' an' lets yo' splain how come yo' git mix up in it when dey ain' nobody kin heah yo'. Side Meat, boy, yo's gwine to fin' yo' a new home."

He pushed open the door to the shack, glancing back over his shoulder to make sure the patrolman was keeping on down the yards. Not until he was certain that Big Ed Hallam was not coming back did he move, and then he moved quickly.

"Han'ful, git dat luck houn'!"

There was no answer and he sprang to the back door, burst through it and into the woodshed. Chinkapin and the luck hound had vanished.

Bulldog stood stock-still and blinked in dismay. Then fear gripped him—the inbred fear of the posse. His hands clenched, the muscles on his thick neck drew taut, his nostrils spread as though it were an effort for him to breathe. But no man had ever called him a coward.

"Ah got to fin' me dat po' li'l' nigger firs'!" he murmured.

He had nothing to guide him, but Chinkapin was a town boy and would never head for the swamps. Blindly, then, the giant made for Yamacraw, seeking information as he went.

"No, Ah ain' seen him. 'Deed, Ah ain'!" was the hurried response from a bandy-legged runt who went by the name of Ice Tongs. "Hot damn!" Ice Tongs declared positively after Bulldog had gone, "ain' Ah glad dat big nigger ain' lookin' fo' me!"

At the next corner the burden fell on Cherry Pie. Cherry Pie took one look at the giant and then declared with all the fervor he could command that he hadn't seen Chinkapin for a year.

So it went. From corner to corner, from block to block. Answers to Bulldog's plaint came readily enough, but they were all in the negative. Still the giant clung to his hopeless quest. The first faint flicker came to him when he reached the intersection of Joachim and Fahm. Instead of the usual crowd of corner warmers there was a scant handful. Something was in the wind, that was evident. Yamacraw had the information the police sought.

"Cha'leston Red—dat bootleg nigger—bustin' de house crap game—gwine to make a get-away sho nuff—posse nev' gwine to git dat boy ——"

Bulldog had a stubborn mind that clung to one idea at a time. He heard the boastful whispers of the negro half world. But he was looking for Chinkapin. What good was that information to him?

Halfway down the next block he came to Steptoe Willie's Argonne Pool Room, Pressing Club and Barbecue. There was only the smell of stale steam in the front room where the pressing end of the business was conducted.

"Wheah to is ev'body at?" Bulldog plowed through the calico curtain stretched across the rear, leaving that gaudy bit of material in shreds. He found the pool room thick with smoke; pungent, heavy layers of it. Cues lay across tables or were parked against walls. The big negro gave the place a furtive, puzzled scowl. From the rear came the sound of a banged door. Then the big negro remembered the whispered boasts.

"So dat's it," he grunted, and made for the Hall of Chance.

He found the big room jammed, but not an eye was lifted from the floor as he entered. A lean, lanky negro, of the type any Southern police blotter would classify as punkin-seed and mean, claimed all the attention. Just as Bulldog came in the punkin-seed negro began shooting African birdies one after another in a row.

"An' a dollah—bam! An' a dollah—bam! Leaves it lay an' coveh's yo' bofe! Who rides de Cannonball—bam!"

Not once had the goggle-eyed circle turned to give the newcomer so much as a glance. But it was not the lure of the crap game that held them. There was a tension in the big room that made even bated breath audible. The ivory cubes bounced together with a resounding click. It was the man and not the game that stirred this crowd into a hushed suspense. In not quite the time it took the lank negro to make four passes, Bulldog's sullen scowl changed to an enlightened grin. He shoved through the breathless circle and picked up the dice.

"Yaller nigger, yo' sho is faded now!"

Half a dozen things were apparent to him instantly. One was that the dice were loaded. He sensed that the moment they settled into the palm of his hand. Another was that the punkin-seed negro had a gun and had reached for the same. The Hall of Chance became a mad scramble, and as Steptoe Willie evaporated past Bulldog he slipped the giant a knife. The giant flicked it open and then other things began to happen.

Bulldog lunged and ducked as the lank negro's gun roared in his face. He felt a ripping tear from the nape of his neck clear down the middle of his back, as though, in

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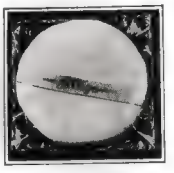

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trying to slide under the punkin-seed negro's aim he had caught on a nail. He straightened with a jerk, sucking in his breath, and knocked up the other's gun. The second shot shattered the rococo plaster-of-Paris decoration that graced the center of Steptoe Willie's ornate ceiling. The third shot was never fired for the simple reason that Bulldog's cutting stroke had done its deadly work. The lank one had suddenly slumped to the floor, folding in on himself like an old, discarded valise. Bulldog grunted and looked around.

The Hall of Chance was as deserted now as the rest of the establishment had been a few moments before. There was the acrid smell of burned powder, but except for the motionless huddle on the floor Bulldog was alone. Out front considerable clamor arose, punctuated by cries of "Police!" As Bulldog sauntered toward the back door the fallen negro's gun caught his eye. He stopped and picked it up, turning it over in his hand gingerly. From somewhere down the hallway the resonant bay of a bloodhound went shivering through and through Steptoe Willie's domain.

Bulldog broke into a grin and tossed the gun to the floor.

"No, suh!" he grunted. "Dey ain' nev' gwine to fin' Misto' Ral Tatum's po-lice pistol on me!"

He glanced once more at the shapeless huddle, stirred it with his foot, scooped up a handful of silver and then went away from there, closing the back door softly after him. He had reached the middle of the second block before the clanging of the patrol bell drew a black swarm to Fahm and Joachim. No one back there would tell. Yamacraw always kept its mouth shut.

"What dey mos'ly needs dis time is a hea'se," Bulldog cackled, and ambled on. "'Magine dat yaller nigger thinkin' he could pull dat po-lice pistol on me!"

At West Broad he would circle back. It would be an easy matter to edge into the crowd and find out if he had done a good job. But when he reached West Broad he stopped short with a gasp of delight. "Li'l' boy," he chortled, "what yo' bin an' los' dis time?"

Chinkapin gulped, and dodged, but he was not quick enough. "Strike me daid wheah Ah stan's!" the small negro pleaded fervently as Bulldog's viselike grip was clamped on him. "Dat luck houn' bus' loose de minute Ah open de back do'!"

"An' den what, Han'ful?"

"Ah run him clar to de 'Geechee Canal!"

"An' dat luck houn' jump in?"

"An' sink to de bottom an' git drownded!"

"Den whyfo' in de hell yo' ain' jump in afteh him?"

"Ah cain't swim!" the little negro wailed.

Bulldog loosed a guffaw that could be heard a block. "Ain' yo' know, Han'ful, dat yo' cain't lose a luck houn'?"

"What yo' mean?"

"Ah means, li'l' boy, dat luck houn' lose yo' an' den he come lookin' fo' me."

"He come lookin' fo' yo'?"

"Mos' suttinly he did, and dawg-gone if he didn' come fas'!"

"An' den what, big boy?"

Bulldog looked up suddenly into the grinning face of a patrolman. Just back of the patrolman was the red-faced expressman who worked in the sheds back of the Central of Georgia.

"That's them, Jeff," the expressman said.

"Yas-suh, boss man," Bulldog answered sheepishly. "Dis is us."

A night in the red building at Oglethorpe and Habersham brought his spirits to a low ebb. That they were both headed for the chain gang he took for granted. But to be hailed before Judge Barringer to plead guilty to the charge of chicken stealing was a hard morsel to swallow.

"What yo' raickon de ol' jedge is gwine to think ob me now?" he complained to Chinkapin.

"Dawg-gone, big boy," Chinkapin retorted, "yo' mos' suttinly makes up yo' min' wheah to at yo' is gwine!"

"'Deed, Han'ful," the giant admitted, "Ah jes nachelly knows dey ain' no use 'n a nigger lyin' to ol' Jedge Barringer. He catch yo' anyway."

"Yo' don' has to lie to de jedge," the little negro declared.

"How come yo' don'?"

"Jes yo' does yo' lyin' to Creepin' Isr'el an' lets him do de lyin' to de jedge. Ain' he a lawyer?" Chinkapin expounded.

"Li'l' boy, Ah nev' did think o' that," Bulldog conceded. On second thought the idea took a firmer hold. "Dat sho would be fine if it wuks!"

So Fate and Israel Solomon took him in hand. Fate is a dark lady and Israel Solomon was a negro lawyer. And when old Israel came to the jail on his usual morning round in search of transient trade, Bulldog found him a willing listener. So long as he was sure of being paid for his services Israel did not trifle with minor scruples. Truth was a fickle jade at best. Israel's terms were cash, or its equivalent, win, lose or draw, and any negro who had a hard-working wife was in his eyes a legal monetary risk. It was a poor morning at the city jail that did not net Israel fifteen or twenty dollars in three and five dollar fees.

But when old Israel had gone Bulldog was doubtful. Custom is a thorough teacher and he knew what happened to negroes who tried to lie to Judge Barringer. And when he shuffled out of the prisoners' pen and tried to grin good-naturedly at the judge he sensed that his old friend looked down upon him with disapproval. To him that was proof positive that the judge had seen clear through him. As a matter of fact, the judge's pride was hurt that the big negro should seek the services of old Israel.

The case went forward with dispatch. The expressman told his story and identified both Bulldog and Chinkapin. The patrolman told of making the arrest.

Then old Israel proceeded to earn his five dollars and did a good job. He pointed out that the stolen chicken had not been produced. The body of the crime was missing. Old Israel perspired over that chicken. In proper order, with deference that, nevertheless, lacked nothing in emphasis of the law, he drove home point after point.

Bulldog took heart. "Funny Ah nev' thought o' that befo'," he mumbled to himself. "When yo' gits in trouble wiv de po-lice all yo' has to do is git yo' a lawyer. It sho is wuth de money."

Israel summed up. The big negro and his small companion should not be held for theft. In fact, under the law, they could not be held. The crime had not been proved.

"Wheah, Jedge Barringer, may it please the co't," old Israel asked pointedly, "is the *co'pus delicti?* And in the absence of which, I rests fo' the defendant."

Bulldog's hopes fled. Israel had got him mixed up with some other case. He had a fleeting remembrance of that shapeless huddle on the floor at Steptoe Willie's.

"Well, big boy"—Judge Barringer smiled indulgently, noting the effect the negro's lawyer's closing words had had on the giant—"you've heard what Israel said. I reckon he's right."

Bulldog was noticeably relieved. "Yas-suh, jedge, Ah raickon he mos'ly is."

"About the *corpus delicti* too?" Judge Barringer asked, his eyes a-twinkle.

"Please, suh, Jedge Barringer, Yo' Honor, Ah don' know nuthin' about dat a-tall," Bulldog answered. It seemed to him that the judge had suddenly seen right through him and knew about everything. His eyes sought help from his lawyer, but old Israel was looking at the judge.

"As a matter of fact, Bulldog," Judge Barringer said crisply, "didn't you eat it?"

"Didn't Ah eat what?" Bulldog's eyes bulged.

"The body of the crime—the *corpus delicti.*"

Judge Barringer no longer smiled. He was looking straight into Bulldog's eyes, and like one hypnotized, the big negro drew away. The hand-worn railing that divided spectators from principals barred his progress. He could go no farther.

"Don' say dat, Jedge Barringer, Yo' Honor, please, suh, jedge!" he implored in an awed voice. "Ain' yo' got de wrong nigger? All Ah ate was jes a li'l' piece ob dat chicken."

The courtroom, which had been leaning forward expectantly, suddenly relaxed and roared; the judge, the clerk, the uniformed attendants—all of them. Bulldog, dismayed at first, slowly realized that the joke was on him and laughed as heartily as the rest. He might be in for it, but the ordeal was over. Besides, he and Judge Barringer were once more on friendly terms, that was evident. What was a chain-gang sentence between friends?

"There you are, Israel!" Judge Barringer beamed triumphantly as he saw the discomfiture Bulldog's confession had brought the old lawyer. "As Major Randolph used to say, 'Never put too much faith in the veracity of a client.'"

It was to old Israel's credit that he was ready with an answer: "May it please the co't, he is my client no mo'. And I trus', Judge Barringer, that you gives that big lying nigger life."

"You'd soon be out of clients at that rate," Judge Barringer grinned. "And I'll bet you a new hat that little nigger put him up to it. How about it, big boy?"

"Yas-suh, jedge, Yo' Honor," Bulldog answered, and headed back for the prisoners' pen.

When court was over, and while the sergeant was waiting to check the prisoners for transportation to the county farm, Bulldog learned from the court clerk that Sergeant Ral Tatum was out of danger and would recover.

"Ah mos' suttinly am glad to heah dat, Misto' Fred," he said truthfully. "An' dey ain' got de nigger dat shot him?"

"Hell yes!" said the clerk. "Where you been, big boy, you ain't heard about that? They got that nigger down to Steptoe Willie's all cut to pieces."

"Now ain' dat sweet!" Bulldog gurgled, grinning from ear to ear.

By the time he reached the chain gang he was at peace once more with all the world. "Ev'nin, Cap'n Jim," he said hopefully, as the convict captain approached the place where he stood in line. "Ain' yo' needin' me?"

"Bulldog!" exclaimed Captain Jim.

"Yas-suh, Cap'n Jim, dis heah is me!"

"Now that's what I call fine," Captain Jim said. "Boy, you just come in time. We got a new hound dog down here and he don't feel so well. You run along and see what you can do for him."

"Yo' ain' mean dat Misto' Jeff Pringle's Music houn', Cap'n Jim?"

"That's the one, boy. I chained him up at the bungalow away from the rest of them."

"Yo' ain' mean by de li'l' white house, Cap'n Jim?"

"Get out of here, you black hyena!" the convict captain exploded.

"Dat's me, Cap'n Jim!" Bulldog yowled and fled.

As he passed the lower pen where the other hounds were kept pandemonium broke loose, as it always did when he arrived.

"Ho, deah, yo' Junie! Ho, deah, yo' Lady Belle!" he yowled as he went by.

Then, as he neared the bungalow, the baying broke forth anew.

"Blow yo' ho'n!" the crazy giant yowled. "Yo' Gran' Re-nointed Keepeh ob de Fron' Do'yahd to de White House! Git up on yo' hin' laigs an' salute! Heah come de Pres-i-dent!"

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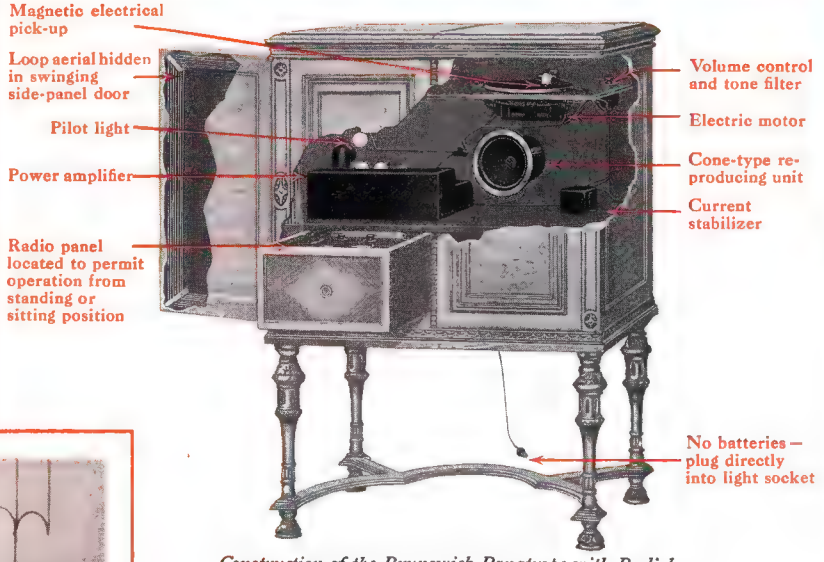
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AUTHORIZED BY TIME-TABLE

(Continued from Page 17)

farther than that and declare it a sacrament. It was. The engine wipers at the roundhouse would have been out in the cold outside world hunting jobs if Engine 721 got out with a sooty stack or a dirty jacket; when she came out of the house she was clean. The same applied to Engine 719. Both engines belonged to Charlie—rather, Charlie belonged to both engines; after the lay-over the regular crews swapped "jacks."

Whether a thousand wipers had cleaned and polished jacket and brass and motion work made absolutely no difference to Charlie; the jack was not ready for service until his hamlike black hand had flicked off the imaginary dust. Thirty minutes before leaving time Charlie was on deck, rags and brass polish in hand, and nine times out of ten he would remark to the engineer after this general formula: "Them wipahs is gettin' mighty cahless. Ef you don' min', chief, Ah'll sorta tone up ah bit."

If the engineer happened to be particularly busy, or if Charlie failed to see him, the porter wouldn't waste precious moments, but would start operations immediately. He shined the bell, he polished the flaring belt of copper that girt the stack like a helmet, he spit on the brass stack lamp and rubbed it vigorously. He put a sheen on the pump governors and on the whistle as his brothers in color shine shoes, with a rhythmic plop-plop of the cloth.

He got a drag with the fireman by washing down the deck with the squirt hose; he had brought a broom on board, but the engine crew declared that enough was enough and broke the broom, nearly breaking Charlie's heart when they did. It was a good thing they drew the line somewhere, for, as the engineer said, "He'll be wishin' a vacuum cleaner on my engine next!" Both hoghead and tallow pot—engineer and fireman respectively—approved of the extra whisk broom that the porter carried, and were grateful, after their fashion, when he cleaned off the running board on both sides, for sand blows back in a man's eyes and is painful, not to say dangerous.

But the above items were mere chores to Charlie; the pride of his heart was high over the front-end door, centered but above the headlight. The headlight was bracketed in the exact center of the front-end, or smokebox, door. Jutting out over the front end, over the headlight, was the tubular feedwater heater. And in the center of this tubular crown, high over the pilot, was riveted a great diamond-shaped placard of brass, with raised letters set off by crimson enamel—the trade-mark of the railroad.

Here was Charlie's meat; if the cans of polish he had used on this trade-mark were collected they would ballast fifty miles of track; and if the elbow grease he had expended in rubbing it were bottled, Niagara would admit a rival. Beyond a careful dusting of the greenish glass face, the headlight received little attention, but the trademark—well, the hoghead swore that so long as the porter could find a rag and some polish he didn't need a headlight.

Once it so happened that the regular engineer was off and a man not acquainted with the rights and privileges of Charlie took his place. This relief engineer saw a uniformed figure scrubbing away up on the front end. Now this man was like most hoggers—he didn't like to have anyone, let alone a member of the train crew, fool around his engine. He thought the figure was a brakeman and he couldn't figure out what a brakeman was shining metal for; it might be a miracle, but he didn't believe in miracles.

"What you doing up there?" he bawled.

Charlie gazed down from his high perch. "Jes' givin' her uh touch-me-up, chief," he answered.

The engineer realized he was the porter. "Come down offa there!" he commanded coldly. Charlie obediently descended. "Listen, boy," said the engineer, "when I want help on my engine I'll get it. Who do you think you are, playin' horse on my engine?"

"Ah gen'rally cleans up ah mite," explained Charlie. "Ah squirts down th' deck an' Ah mos' lways cleans off th' runnin' board. An Ah brung you half gallon valve oil; Ah lef' it in th' seat box. Ah's sorta handy man, yes-suh." Charlie grinned.

"Valve oil?" questioned the engineer. "What've you got to do with valve oil? You're the porter, ain't you?"

"Yes-suh," answered the negro proudly, "Ah'm th' porter."

"What've you got to do with valve oil?" demanded the engineer, beginning to lose his temper. Valve oil is the most precious liquid known to an engineer; attar of roses is common as water compared with it; never kid an engineer about valve oil.

"Well, suh," explained Charlie, "thisaway: Ah brings it!"

The engineer was ready to brain him. Luckily the fireman came up and helped Charlie out; but even then the engineer refused to believe anything until he had seen this mythical can of lubricant. "And, boy," said he, "if that grease ain't in the seat box I'll break your black neck!"

They climbed up in the cab to see and, lo, wonder that surpassed belief, an extra half gallon of thick green oil. The engineer expanded.

"Son," declared he, "rub all the brass you want to, enjoy yourself. Take the bell home—I don't care!"

So Charlie performed his manifold duties and amused all the engine crews on the railroad, and quite incidentally and innocently founded a legend that will endure when the exhaust of steam at two hundred and fifty pounds pressure is a memory only. I am not so silly as to think that these two engines that Charlie lavished his attention on were appreciative, nor that some higher power endowed them with instincts so that they were grateful. The fact remains, however, that when it came to the cost per passenger-train mile -which is the yardstick that a passenger engine is measured by—they broke more records than the management could keep track of, and their fuel consumption was a stab in the vitals of every hard-working miner. Never, since their first day of service, were they shown as responsible for a reported delay. Their record was unimpeachable.

The reason for this perfection was very simple, far from supernatural. A humble porter set these two engines on a pedestal. He set these two engines so high to himself that of necessity they appeared tall to others. Charlie and his whisk broom, rags and polish kept them immaculate; Charlie swiped thick green oil so that his obsessions might be more generously lubricated. Because the engine crew got the high-grade oil for guides and brasses and wedges instead of the thin cheap car oil that they despised, and possibly because the worship of the porter for the engines was cumulative in effect—somehow the fireman became interested and kept a cleaner fire and a higher constant working pressure; and when the engineer saw the fireman going out of his way to give him all the engine had in her, he would work her with a light throttle where before he had beat her out of steam—a simple matter of progression that began with valve oil and rags and polish and ended up with broken fuel records.

The machinists and the boiler makers kept these two hot-shots as nearly mechanically perfect as good material and honest labor could do. Not that any nut twister or rivet buster ever admitted that a negro porter had anything to do with it; they kept those engines on the money because they took pride in their work—they'd tell you that themselves. Yet here is a most interesting and a most damning fact: These roundhouse men permitted Charlie to steal valve oil right under their noses, right out of

(Continued on Page 103)

"Lest we forget"

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"It has been in this house fifty years. You can't find another piece like it. This, ladies and gentlemen, is genuine! What am I offered for it? These old treasures are going for a song. Give me a bid."

—While the auctioneer rattles on, some of the neighbors think of the old days of entertainment and open hospitality in that house. They wonder how long the proud and lonely mistress has been fighting off the inevitable. Inside, she hears the auctioneer's words—"genuine", "fifty years in this house", "old treasures"—every word a thrust to her heart.

* * *

BABIES and old people are life's widest contrast and life's closest comparison. The younger they are and the older they are the more they need our love and care. For the helpless baby it is a sunny world. There is always someone ready to wait on him, to take care of him. Whether he laughs or whether he cries, the world smiles on him and tries to anticipate his every need.

But it is a gray, cheerless world for the tired, brave old soul who fails to get the care and waiting on and the affection she hungers for. And charity, when clumsily bestowed, stings almost as much as neglect.

A big business man said recently: "I think the saddest sights in the world are the old people whose relatives regard them as burdens—especially when they realize the situation. I think it is fine to build churches and take care of babies and the growing boys and girls, but every dollar I can afford to give away goes to the old people. Sometimes I pay their rent and keep homes together, and sometimes I provide little comforts when their homes are broken up."

While charity takes care of the friendless and helpless, and science is finding out how to prevent physical aches and pains, it remains for "society"—and that means all of us added together—to prevent old age from suffering one of its greatest sorrows—penniless dependence.

The United States and Canada pay bigger wages than other countries. Nearly all their workers earn enough to provide for old age. If they plan ahead, they may have in their years of retirement, not merely bare existence, but real comfort.

Almost every man and woman must face these five great hazards of life:

Death—which may come early, before one's dependents have been provided for.

Accident—always sudden and often causing lessened earning power.

Sickness—which may cause want as well as suffering.

Unemployment—which may bring distress to others in addition to the unemployed.

Dependent Old Age—which must seek charity if self-support is no longer possible. "Society", through organized effort, with its millions of mutual life insurance policies, has done what no individual could do alone. It has found a way to meet four of the five hazards.

Annuities for old age, protection in case of death, accident or sickness—almost every financial requirement can now be met by insurance. Only one problem is still unsolved—Employment Insurance—and that will follow. The day must come when every family will plan to meet the great hazards of life so that no member of it will face the need of charity.

Thousands of Metropolitan policyholders have asked how much of the family income should be expended for immediate necessities; how much for clothing; how much for food; how much for fuel; how much should be laid aside for protection. Our booklet, "Let Budget Help," answers these questions. A copy will be mailed free on request.

HALEY FISKE, *President.*

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IF you are like most people you find it pretty hard to eat every day any food that lacks tempting flavor.

A daily supply of bulk is important to establish the healthful habit of regularity. Yet many people fail to eat bulk food regularly because they have not found one that tempts their appetite every morning.

Post's Bran Flakes is so good to eat that millions of people now get daily bulk in their diet without effort. They love the taste of this healthful cereal. They eat it because they like it.

Won't *you* try eating Post's Bran Flakes for your daily bulk supply? You'll like the crisp, brown flakes, served with milk or cream, just as they come from the package. Try them with fresh or preserved fruits and berries, too. Enjoy Post's Bran Flakes in cookies, muffins and bread. You'll like this flavor in any form.

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Eat Post's Bran Flakes with milk or cream every morning for two weeks as an "Ounce of Prevention". Each day you'll relish the flavor of the crisp, brown flakes. In two weeks' time see how much better you feel. Then you'll be glad to make your health a good excuse for eating every day a food that tastes so good.

Don't put off starting this important health habit another day. Keep on the "Road to Wellville" by eating Post's Bran Flakes regularly.

Free! Send for the "Ounce of Prevention" package. At your request we will send, free, the "Ounce of Prevention" package of Post's Bran Flakes—more than enough to let you discover how good this cereal is.

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everybody—every day

eat POST'S BRAN FLAKES

as an ounce of prevention

Try "Now you'll like Bran"

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(Continued from Page 101)

the cabs of other engines: they used a thousand subterfuges to protect him—which were most unnecessary; no one had any desire to catch him. As a matter of record, the general foreman at the home terminal had given him a half-gallon tallow pot, ostensibly for the purpose of carrying minnows on fishing expeditions!

Of course, on the surface, Charlie was the butt for horseplay, and they laughed at him, and he was ridiculed, and for a while they nearly ran him crazy playing jokes on him. The climax came when an apprentice boy filled a tallow pot full of angleworms and traded it off on Charlie, who in turn delivered it very respectfully to the engineer. That gentleman promptly chased Charlie out of the cab with a tremendous amount of bellowing and any number of spine-shattering threats. The porter took it seriously and retired, quivering and almost in tears, to the day coach.

The master mechanic happened to hear of it and, having some shreds of feelings for his fellows concealed within a vanadium-steel exterior, had the word passed that Charlie was to be let alone. In time Charlie was allowed to shine his brass and steal his valve oil in peace, and to continue to set an example in idiotic sentimentality to all the hired hands. The extent of his influence, if one could call it that, was hard to estimate. You would be more likely to underestimate rather than overestimate. I know I never realized the extent that a negro porter had undermined the mechanical department of the railroad until one day I saw a boilermaker shake hands with a machinist in front of the pilot of 721.

Now 5 goes in the hole for 6 at Canyon—an authorized time-table meet. On the time card you can read in square block letters: "Canyon, 10:41 P.M.," under the headings for both trains. The print is heavier than that used for other stations. At the bottom of the card are these words: "Eastbound trains are superior by right of direction over westbound trains of the same class." Which means that 5, westbound must clear the main line for 6, eastbound, for both are first-class trains. A railroad man would simply say that 5 goes in the hole. Canyon is an authorized time-table meet; nothing short of a national calamity or a very dizzy dispatcher will prevent it.

So 5 goes in the hole—some day they will pass each other on double track at sixty miles an hour—and while 5 waits for her sister train—a first-class train must be cleared by not less than five minutes—she takes a seven or eight thousand gallon drink of water, being rather thirsty. While 5 has her drink and waits for 6 to show her headlight over the hill, Charlie gets down on the ground and inspects every journal box on the train, from the tank to the brass-railed observation—every one. He can tell very easily a rise in temperature that spells trouble, and if in doubt he can shove up the lid.

He has to hurry, for as soon as 6 passes the west switch he must unlock it and let his own train out on the main line; and before he does that he stops at the engine and feels all main and side rod pins to see how they have stood the sixty-mile gait. The engineer has already felt them all, and slapped oil on guides and driving-box wedges and journals besides; but as has been previously intimated, Charlie rated around the engines.

The remarkable thing about Charlie was that in spite of his pottering—it was precisely that—he never got in bad with the conductor. For, in spite of his fanatic interest in the engines, he never fell down on his own work. The conductor knew that when 6 passed, the west switch would be open for him to go out on. The brakeman never worried, because he knew that the porter was dependable and that if any work came up it would be done for him and nothing said about it.

On the night of the day that a half-dead negro had lain under the water tank and snapped greedily at drops of water, 5 stopped as usual on the passing track and spotted for the spout. I had come down as a deadhead on 5, and by dint of much persuasion had finally talked the baggage smasher into letting me into his car. I pulled the emergency stretcher off the wall, put it in a corner and laid the head on the arm and caught some shut-eye.

I didn't know what it was all about until it was all over, and I found myself bogged down among the barrels on the fish rack, with half the fish ever caught for company. You can't describe a smash like that, especially if it comes when you are sleeping. I remember feeling rather sick; I remember crawling out from under the fish and the barrels; I remember wrenching the door open—later, I remember coming back and pulling two or three trunks off the baggageman. He wasn't hurt much, but he was more or less stunned.

The engineer said he looked down the long barrel of his boiler toward the west switch. If he had left his headlight on—Rule 17: The headlight must be concealed when a train turns out to meet another train and has stopped clear of the main line—he might have noticed something peculiar about that west switch, and he might even have noticed the figure lying beside it. But his headlight was blind, as the rules require, and he was nearly a thousand feet from the switch stand, so he could not possibly have seen that although the switch lamp showed the green eye, the target it rested upon was red! He saw the green eye, so he went about his business as a good engineman should. The fireman looked to see if she was green; he then put seven thousand gallons through the manhole and thought no more about it.

Charlie found plenty to do, and the conductor and the brakeman got down on the ground to see that he did it right, and to help him. The three saw the headlight of Number 6 show like a great white star at the top of Canyon, saw it dip a little for the plunge down the grade. They heard the who-o-o—who-o-o—who—who-o-o-o-o-o of the chime whistle on 719, softened by space.

When the conductor looked up again the white star was a greater glare. He said to Charlie, "Run down and open the gate for us. We'll finish this."

The porter departed without a word. He passed the high-wheeled, low-slung engine, touching the warm metal of her moving parts with curious fingers. He stepped into the center of the passing track, facing the white glare, and hurried forward. His eyes hurt; he closed them, and setting his lantern down, he pulled the bill of his uniform cap close to his squat nose. He picked up his lantern and walked rapidly forward until he was at the point where the passing track begins to curve into the main line. Here he set his lantern down again and looked ahead, then looked over at the switch stand. He saw the target and the lamp above, all carved in black shadow, with the green light blanked by the white comet. His eyes saw something wrong and relayed this to his brain, but the light hurt his eyes and his brain was busy with that. Also his brain, no doubt, told him that there was nothing the matter with that switch—didn't the lamp show green?

She was close now, so close that he could see the headlight weave as she worked on her springs.

Charlie liked to have 6 pass him at Canyon; when she rocketed by like a bolt unchained, with a wich-wich-wich of cylinder cocks and a drum-like ruffle of exhaust, Charlie somehow liked it. She would hurl a mighty wall of sound upon him, shake him with a whirlwind like a tidal wave, hold him stunned by the greatness that was hers. Charlie said he liked it.

"Heah she comes, heah she is, theah she goes! Jes' time tuh say howdy!" Charlie once told one of his wives about this. She had said, "Fool nigger, talkin' tuh ah train! Haw-haw-haw!" Charlie had quit her. She was a good cook too.

Charlie had a heart-to-heart conversation with 6 on this night, for she turned in at the passing track with a shriek of flanges and of emergency air—turned in as a half-dead black fiend had known she would if he threw the switch that way and twisted the switch lamp to indicate she was lined for the main. But before 719 met 721 in locked embrace, she took Charlie to her black and smoky bosom, and when the two trademarks, the two great brass placards that Charlie had shined and cared for so religiously, welded themselves into shapelessness, Charlie was divided equally. And when they buried Charlie they placed in the grave with him two twisted, shiny pieces of brass.

It has been said, and there may be truth in the statement, that the negro at the switch stand was not quite dead when found, but that a certain conductor very efficiently finished what another conductor had started five days before. Also that a certain brakeman helped vigorously by swinging a bundle of tie plates. I can state with positive assurance that afterward, in daylight, the mother that bore him could never have recognized him.

About ten days later six of us sat on the warm dry sand in the Sand House. The talk drifted lazily, finally settled on the wreck. A hulking brute of a fireman concluded: "An' my kid he's a smart one. . . . The way they buried one of these guys was to put him in a ship an' tow it out a ways; his ship, see. Then they set it afire. My kid says so. They never did this for no one unless he wuz a brave guy." The fireman became embarrassed, looked at the white sand under his feet. He went on with an effort: "Charlie wuz about due to get his pension," he finished lamely.

"You oughtta know, big boy," said a lead machinist after a pause. "You wuz there. What I wanta know is—what's all this about the fool nigger standin' in the middle of the passin' track tryin' to flag 6? You don't have to get run over, just because you got a red rag in your hand."

"He wuz on my side," said the fireman grimly. "I could see his lantern—we wuz on top of him. He seen an' the hoghead seen at the same time." The fireman paused, hunting for words. "He swung his lantern once. You damn nut twister," snarled the fireman, "how the hell could he do two things when he only had time to do one!"

I saw Griswold about a month later as his caboose slid slowly past me. I'd been in work-train service, and I wanted to get home over Sunday, and I also wanted to talk to the conductor. He patted his stomach and grinned as I swung up the steps; I grinned back. We shook hands. He asked me if I'd care for a bottle of beer, and we drank two that were sweaty with the cold from the ice-water cooler. Johnny chased the brakeman out of the cupola and we clambered up, one on each side, and spraddled out on the cushions. Beneath us the rail joints clucked in pleasant, monotonous constancy; the caboose creaked regularly in a muffled, wooden manner; a breeze fresh from open fields eddied about; the beer felt good, like a thin, warm veneer on the inside of the stomach. I realized drowsily that Johnny was talking about the wreck. He made a remarkable statement. I wasn't the least bit startled. I shook off the drowsiness and sat up, questioning him. He might be mistaken, I remember telling him.

"I couldn't be," he replied. "I knew him when he was so high; he was a thief and a liar before he was dry behind the ears. I gave him a lift to town one night and he broke open my locker and stole my clothes—my good clothes—after I'd give him four bits to eat on. He got five years for that job at the terminal warehouse; he said he wouldn't forget me. If it hadn't been for me he'd have gone free. I recognized him the second time he cut me; I didn't think he had the guts. He was Charlie's boy, all right. I knew his mother; she took in washing the day after he was born!"

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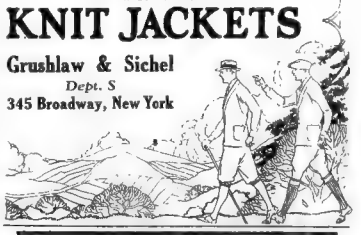

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EVERY MORNING wet your hair and scalp thoroughly with Pinaud's Eau de Quinine. Then with your fingers pressed down firmly, move the scalp vigorously in every direction, working the tonic into every inch of the scalp. Move the scalp, not the fingers! Brush the hair while still moist. It will lie smoothly just the way you want it.

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For the Pinaud daily treatment does two things for your hair: *destroys* the dandruff germ and *wakes up* the tiny blood vessels which nourish the hair roots. Sick hair (dandruff infected) becomes well—starved hair gets a new lease of life!

Buy Pinaud's Eau de Quinine at any drug or department store today! Be sure to look for the signature of Ed. Pinaud in red on the bottle. Pinaud Incorporated, 220 East 21st Street, New York—sole distributors for Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, Paris. Canadian distributor, Parfumerie Ed. Pinaud, 204-206 King Street, East, Toronto.

PINAUD'S

Eau de *Quinine*

THE PECULIAR TREASURE OF KINGS

(Continued from Page 9)

bad thing for me to find you here. The papers are ready to be signed at the port office, as soon as you can, Mr.—er—I forget——"

"Mathew," old Johnny said, with his jaw out and his eyes bright—"John Mathew. I can be ready in half an hour."

"Then get aboard as soon as you can, Mr. Mathew," his son said, and turned on his heel. "We've lost time enough as it is."

That was how John Mathew came to be standing at last by the lee rail of the Mary Parsons in the late afternoon, with the water of the open sea growing indigo ahead. The ship moved leisurely as she came out from between the sun-scorched headlands of the harbor, with the tug beside her, out until her spread sails, saffron with sunset, filled with the plumping steady force of the trades.

The new captain stood by the weather rail, casting his intent gray glance aloft with the swelling canvas and forward to the sea roughening to sapphire beyond the lifting bowsprit. Old Johnny observed him so, and the men forward who had brought the anchor up smartly under the ring of his own voice, lusty with old power and new relief, and were now coiling down the ropes for running—observed the whole ship with a heart so light it was positively giddy. He told himself that a man escaped from hanging could feel no more thankful than he did. It ran from his warmed heart over his elderly, wiry body, down to his heels, like the stirrings of youth.

With the work of getting the ship clear of the land well done, he could pause for a minute, like this, standing silently by the lee rail, to feel that foolish young jig and giggle in his breast. He dared swear to himself at that moment that he felt gayer and lighter-hearted than that surprising son of his, looking solemn over by the weather rail.

Now that he had time to think of this, free of anxiety, the situation was ridiculous. It tickled that easy sense of the ridiculous in him, the light ability for laughter, which poor Annie had found so hateful. He had to call his own son "Sir" whom he'd seen in diapers. It was good as a circus, when you came to think of it. Maybe about the hardest thing he'd have to do would be to keep his face straight.

And to think, besides, that he had never once had a smell at a command, not once in his life, and this young whippersnapper had calmly walked up and had one tossed in his hat. But then, of course, young bub there had probably his mother's gift of wanting things fiercely. That was one good way of getting them, if you happen to want them. Old John admitted to himself cheerfully that he was not made that way. A first mate's berth now, with somebody to take the worst of the responsibility, a good ship like this one under his heels, a crew like that one forward that the other first mate had put the fear of God into, and that wasn't so bad, as crews went—well, he wouldn't ask much more than that. And it was decidedly something interesting—more than interesting—that his son was captain here. It gave him a feeling—he hardly knew what it was, except that it was pleasurable. Poor Annie! How she would hate it if she knew he was here, like this, with the heels of his heart jigging and life once more running warmly in his veins.

The ship listed slightly and surged forward, having left all sounds of land behind her and filling her decks with the pleasantly prophetic murmur of full sails and taut cordage and a long wake curving and whitening behind to the already half-forgotten purple bulk of St. Thomas. Old Johnny gave no more than that one backward glance of his eye along the wake at those months of desperation behind him. It was not his way to clutter up his mind with old worries. He was more absorbed in the joy of his deliverance, which grew lustier with every blue wave that went under the forefoot, as if now for the first time he could see how he had snatched his very heel out of the sprung trap of poverty and sickness and old age. It might close on him yet, later. But it had not got him this time, by ginger, and it would be a long time before it had another chance!

The young captain walked his place on the deck and the elderly mate walked his, with their eyes occasionally up and always forward and their faces showing no more than the firm sound of their own boot heels on the planks what thoughts were turning and turning in their heads. Old Johnny went below presently to his supper, on the table that was like so many ship's tables, under the skylight that was like so many that he had known, and he was served by a steward who might have been any one from a number of ships he could remember, looking back down the long alley of his years. The steward, more specifically, was Greek, with a flabby fat face smudged with a shaven beard like charcoal dust on his jowls, and flabby fat hands. The food was nothing to boast of, but old Johnny would not have it changed for Yellow Charlie's finest chicken, for anything in the world. He slept heavily later, in the berth that had belonged to the red-faced mate, heavy as a runner exhausted with victory.

He woke easily, as his habit was, to take his watch at midnight, and went on deck lively as a cricket. Yet now that he had slept on his happiness and his sense of escape, he found his thoughts moving, as they had in their sleep, with a kind of deep concern about the figure of his son. On deck, the night was soft and huge and quiet, with the ship moving like a lighted shadow below the great shadows that were sails against the stars, and he could speak quietly to the man at the helm and see to the course and recognize with a quick glance the set of the sails and the quiet figures of his watch forward, even while his deeper thoughts went on.

It was certainly strange to think of having a son, a grown son, a son who followed the water and was the captain of a ship at his age—twenty-four, was it, or twenty-five? It was strange to have a human being near him linked by the cobweb ties of old memories, pain and dreariness and forgotten gleams of delight. It was not so much the thoughts of the past disturbed him, walking slowly and observantly by the weather rail, as that he found himself absorbed, more deeply than he had ever remembered being, in a sort of concern about his son. It was like a slow insatiable curiosity.

What sort of man was he?—that was the whole question. What things did he have in him, in the tough woven fiber of his own individuality, that he had had from his father or from his mother? What was there of his own, besides the unknown fusion of his grandfathers and his great-grandfathers? Would he, in a temper, go screaming mad the way his mother did, or like his Great-uncle Joshua on the Brandon side, who used to get sick to his stomach when he fought? Would he stand up to things and endure them without a word, like his grandfather on his mother's side, or would he give way under the stress of sober burdens, like his own father?

Old Johnny brought himself up against the rail with the force of that. No, by ginger, he wouldn't want his son to be the sort of man he was! No! No, by heaven! He saw himself at that moment too clearly. He was what he was, and he would stand for anything that came to him as a result of it—stand and not murmur and not regret. But he did not want his son to be like him. There would be no pride for him in learning that his son was like him. But if he were better, if he could prove himself better, better able to meet life on its own terms,

(Continued on Page 106)

Let the VIOLIN *tell you about* Willard RADIO POWER

An impression of Wm. Madden broadcasting from WTAM

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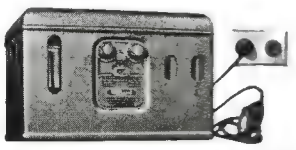

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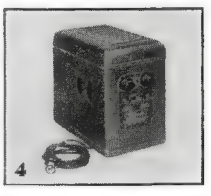

4

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(Continued from Page 104)

more complete, more master of himself, more of a—well, of a man—ah, there would be pride for you!

Old Johnny threw his head back, and his shoulders, as a little shudder of revelation struck him, thinking what it would be like to be as proud as that. If what Annie was, that difficult, righteous, high-strung woman, and what he was could fuse somehow into the body and being of this son so that he could be a new being, made of them both and of all their shadowy trails of forbears, but a better one than either—great jumping Jupiter Amon, old Johnny saw blindingly, that would be—why, that would be—along with food and work to do that you could do, on a good ship—well, that would be about all a man could ask for!

It was a damn sight more than he had ever thought to ask for, he told himself soberly, watching the stars wheel and giving an ear to the creak of cordage and the rushing sound of water under the driven bows, slow deep rollers foaming along timber, that answered to the same deep chord in him who had heard it so almost all the years of his life.

When the new second mate of the Mary Parsons, who had been the boatswain, a Swede, a thin chap with a long bony head and knobby hard hands, awkward on the end of stringy arms, came up to relieve him, with the light from the binnacle flashing up on his long gold eyeteeth and his tow-colored eyebrows as he glanced down to read the card, old Johnny went below to his berth, sobered with the weight of so much thinking. The last thing he thought of, rolling over in his bunk, was that he hoped to God he wasn't going to turn sentimental. At his age that would be hard to bear.

The dazzling morning brightness splashed through the open skylight on the cups and plates that the steward was laying for breakfast. Old Johnny glanced up through the opening at the piled white of the canvas and at the compass swinging over the captain's place, assuring himself that nothing much of importance about the ship had been changed while he slept. The wind was holding well. The young captain dropped down the stairs from the after deck, where he had been having a look around for an hour or two, in his pajamas and nodded at his first mate, standing quietly by his chair.

"Fine morning, sir," old Johnny said, repressing violently the muscle in the corner of his mouth that would twitch. "I see the wind's holding."

"Good wind, all right," his son replied absently, sitting down. "Hey, steward, what's the idea? The bacon's burned and my knife's not clean. Is that coffee hot, Mr. Mate? No, I thought not. Take back this dishwater, steward, and tell the cook to pull himself together. Perhaps you both think you can get by with this as you did when the other captain was sick. I'm giving you fair warning now. I'm not going to have anything dirty or slovenly on my ship. If you can't scour the knives, there's plenty men forrard who'd be glad of your place. I want this whole place swept up and the finger marks washed off the door paint. At eleven I shall inspect your pantry and you can warn the cook I shall look into the galley. Send the carpenter aft and have him fix that loose hinge on my door. Snap into it now!" His mouth shut and he sugared his oatmeal deliberately, and old Johnny dipped into his, still checking his wild desire to laugh.

That was Annie's very housecleaning eye the boy had on him. She used to be death on finger marks on the door paint. But it was a good thing in a ship captain. No sense to letting things go slovenly. That red-faced mate, who had thought himself so sure of this command, would hardly have noticed if the knives had never been washed.

What had happened to that mate, by the way, old Johnny thought suddenly, as the subdued steward brought him a smoking cup of coffee. Drunk and disappeared! What did the boy mean by "disappeared"? Surely he couldn't mean done away with! Old Johnny glanced slowly at the young captain silently inspecting the new platter of bacon, and studied that tight mouth and that jaw. Was it a jaw that would not stop at anything when there was something he wanted?

Old Johnny had hardly thought of that before because he had had so much else to think of. Men had got drunk and men had disappeared, to his knowledge, before this. But he had seen this boy's face that night, watching the red-faced man turn swinish and sodden, and the memory of that look on it—that intent, high-strung, very nearly dangerous look—struck him now with a light chill. There was the same face at the head of the table, still intent, still silent, but now it had a ruddy color under the brown, and the mouth had smiled at him.

The boy was wearing the first day of his command with an unmistakable joyousness under the restraint of his position. Yet what had he done to bring him to it? It troubled old Johnny more than he liked to confess. Was he growing squeamish as well as sentimental in his old age? What difference did it make to him? He was here, wasn't he?

It was pleasant to be on deck in the broad brilliance of the morning, with the ship racing forward splendidly over a sea of ridged and dazzling indigo. The intent face of the captain was there by the weather rail. And presently he was ordering more sail crowded on. Old Johnny snapped with vigor into his work, letting his head blow clear of thoughts. The jib boom thrashed steadily at the southward horizon. The deck bustled.

When the work of spreading the additional canvas was done the captain ordered the standing rigging overhauled, replaced and repaired, and told old Johnny privately that if that didn't keep the men busy enough he could have out the chipping hammers and get at the cable. Old Johnny saw that there was something working at the boy behind his tight mouth and his narrowed eyes—something that drove him as he was driving the men and the ship.

Well, that was all right, the mate thought mildly, getting into the stride of his job. The boy seemed to know his stuff. He had ambition. If it was work he wanted old Johnny could supply it for him. It was good to get at it again after all these months. In no time at all he had the decks humming with orderly activity. The men weren't a bad sort. He let them have a joke or two now and then along with orders and liked the way they took to it. He was getting to know the members of the crew as individuals, recognizing an old hand and a good worker here and there, recognizing which ones would shirk in a pinch and which ones could be depended on.

There was a little red-headed feller in his own watch who made him laugh, he was so like a monkey. Restless like a monkey and always on the grin. But a smart hand, none better. He knew well that what often seemed like freshness and impudence from a man like this was only a kind of nervous energy. Give a feller like that a pace to set the others and he'd have them all looking lively. That kind would work harder on a joke at the right minute than for a dozen belaying pins ready up the sleeve. Not that old Johnny wouldn't be there with a blackjack anytime he had to. But he never liked that way.

The captain was certainly driving that ship. Morning after morning the mate found him crowding on every thread she could bear. Day after day she went booming down the latitudes with a bone in her teeth and a white wake boiling astern. And day after day the small elderly mate, caught up into the accustomed routine of a ship, the orderly sequence of watches, the work of the day and the work of the night, found himself accustomed to the hidden things which worked in his mind, about the captain, who was strangely also his son.

He knew little more about him than he had learned at first. He had turned no more pages in what was practically a book closed and locked to him. The boy was there, intent on his work, vigilant, unsparing of himself, a capable master. His driving force might often seem like a force that was driven. His mouth never was allowed to slip into restlessness. What he thought—by the captain's rail in the captain's watches, shut in his own room nights, pacing the deck in some tranquil hour of loneliness before sundown, when the sea was roughened lightly by the good following winds—old Johnny could not guess.

But one thing the mate did know, and that was that in spite of himself he was growing proud of that boy. Day by day the warmth of that lifted in that empty place in him—lifted until the elderly man thought often he must be all lighted up with it like a church on fire. It caught him unexpectedly, in a long night watch or moving among the men or swapping yarns with the second mate. It crept over him suddenly like day out of the sea, and there he would be, in a breathless moment, blazing with pride.

He was proud of the ship, too, and the way the men were working, but he could talk about that pride. They were all proud of that ship, and they talked about it—the watch off duty forward, and the mates aft, having another cup of coffee after supper, with their elbows on the table and their eyes turning automatically now and then through the open skylight to the high piled sails, ruddy with the dregs of a great tropic sun. But the other pride was a secret thing, a thing he had all to himself, to hoard and hug to himself, rolled up in his bunk or walking silently by the helmsman, in the long nights or the blue, amazing afternoons.

Then the northeast trades, blowing fitfully over a sea smooth as bright hot pewter, failed. The ship rolled a little on the long polished swells, her yards creaking, her empty sails slatting. The sky was stainless; an infinity of blue burned a fierce white at the zenith, where the bare sun smoked. The ship's rails were scorching to the hand. Her shadow lay short under her bows, blue fire, through which the dolphins arched their backs. Only smudges of light airs darkened idly the immense platter of the sea. The lowered careless voices of the crew at work in whatever shade they could find sounded loud in the dazzling stillness.

Young Captain Mat Brandon stood and clutched the poop railing with stiffened fingers. His forehead was ridged under his visor. The mate, with that quick old glance of his that always included the figure of the young captain in his observation of the ship, saw that the dark gray eyes glittered. From time to time he strode to the rail to see if in some vagrant air the ship had steerage way. But she lay heavily, with the swells hissing up and down her sides, as if she were anchored.

"The Old Man's taking it hard," the second mate muttered to the first, meeting him below the poop.

Old Johnny had no temptation to smile now at the humor in calling the captain that. He was used to it by now. He only frowned a little himself and changed the subject uneasily. He was uneasy, not so much at the hot calm itself—he'd lived through dozens—but at the mounting tension he felt in the boy. He could read every inflection of his, every muscle twitch, every suppressed, smoldering gesture. Annie had been like that. He had always been able to read the storm signs days before. Old Johnny would turn from his involuntary study of the young face with a half sigh. It wouldn't do for him to be too much like his mother.

It was a long day before the captain would acknowledge that the wind had failed. He could not believe it—he would not at first. It was only a temporary lull. No wind could flat out so completely. The mate saw the growing bitterness in the boy, as if the weather were a personal injustice. Yet the steely hours wore on, burning and absorbed. The sun glared to westward slowly, with the round metal of the ship's bells hurrying after. Behind the captain's back, the man

(Continued on Page 108)

Spur Tie

Pat. June 13, '22; Jan. 29, '24; Aug. 26, '24. Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

All tied for you

50¢ · 75¢ · $1.00

"My favorite tie! You didn't forget."

"How could I—a bow looks so smart on you."

WHAT to include for his Christmas? That's the question. Spur Tie. That's the answer.

Fathers, husbands, brothers, sons, boy friends—all wear Spur Ties now, so your gift is sure to make a hit.

Spur Tie is the leader of bow-tie smartness. Exclusive in style, exclusive in patterns, exclusive in value, Spur Tie is the one thing *not* to forget to include.

Haberdashers everywhere are showing the newest Spur Ties in special gift boxes. Also handsome combination boxes of Spur Ties, Bull Dog suspenders, garters and belts.

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Haberdashery counters everywhere offer many helpful gift suggestions in Spur Ties. Styles for men and boys, put up in gift boxes all ready to say, "Merry Christmas!"

You'll recognize genuine Spur Ties by this red label tucked under the knot. It identifies the only tie that "looks more like a hand-tied tie than a hand-tied tie."

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THANKSGIVING time brings JIM HILL Jonathans, Delicious, Spitzenbergs, and Rome Beauties at their best.

A red, juicy, JIM HILL apple is the very spirit of Thanksgiving—the best of the harvest. Cut one open—see how the fragrant juice wells up to meet the knife; notice the size and matchless coloring—enjoy the sparkling, zestful flavor of it. The choicest apples in the world, say experts, are grown in the Wenatchee Valley—and the apples boxed under the JIM HILL brand are from the orchards of a selected list of growers in this great apple district.

Buy JIM HILL apples this Thanksgiving. Keep them on hand to make every day a feast day. You'll find them packed in a way that will delight you—every apple oil-wrapped, every box stamped with the grower's name, the variety and number of apples. Buy them by the box for economy and convenience.

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(Continued from Page 106)

at the helm, one hand upon the unmoving wheel, whistled idly and long drawn out for the wind which did not come.

That night there was a moon—a great hot lopsided thing, slitting the hot black circle of the sea to lay its incandescence on the unwrinkling water and upon the ship. Her decks were bleached bone white with it, and the sails hung white and the shadow of the rigging lay across the decks, black barred like iron. The ship moved and dipped to the unseen milky swells alongside and all her sails slatted dismally. The watch off duty gathered on the fore hatch and men sang in a straggling chorus to the gasp of an accordion someone had brought on deck. The glaring white of the moon fell upon huddled naked shoulders and sprawling legs, and old Johnny could make out colors in the luminance, the dull blue of dungarees, the red of a mopping bandanna.

The captain's boot heels sounded loud upon the planks. He stopped by the rail and spoke suddenly, gnawing his lip: "Damn that accordion! I always hate the things. I suppose that red-headed idiot's playing it. That's him yowling off key. I'd like to see his jaw knocked shut for once."

"He's a good hand enough," old Johnny said mildly after a pause. It was the undertones of the boy's voice he hated—too ragged, too much like Annie's—not like the master of a ship.

"Of course you'd put in your oar for him," young Mat said violently. "You and he are as thick as thieves. It's the grinning way he acts I can't stand. Smart Aleck. I'd like to smash that blasted accordion."

"Got no call to interfere with a man off duty," old Johnny insisted stoutly.

The captain said vehemently, "Aw, you're an old—" and stopped himself abruptly. "Listen!" he said. "Is that wind?"

There were no sounds except of the slack sails and the men's voices forward. Around the horizon, below the blistering radiance of the moon, the stars burned steadily, like the lights of far-off ships. There was no wind. The captain ground his teeth on his burst of talk. The old mate kept silent. The captain resumed his dogged walk.

An hour or two later he stopped abruptly and said, "I shan't go below much until the wind comes."

He was on deck a long time. Old Johnny, coming up after the deep refreshment of his sleep, washed and sprightly, saw him having his morning coffee under the awning, his eyes reddened slightly with sleeplessness, his hair on end. The crew were cheerfully washing down the deck with a great splash and glitter of water from the brimming buckets. The redhead made some sort of joke behind his hand to the man next him and glanced aft at the captain, and the old mate hoped that Mat had not noticed it. The man was harmless enough and his joking was even valuable. Old Johnny had seen before this what heat and calm and inactivity could do to the raw nerves of men. He tried to keep them healthily busy.

He wished with all his heart he could do the same thing for the boy there, eating his heart out for wind for his first ship.

But all day there was no wind, and the next, and the next. Not a hatful, not a capful, not even a decent handful of air, to stir the heat which quivered up from the decks, where the glue between the planks melted and bubbled slowly. The men, stripped to their waists, went about their work with the sweat shining on their brown muscles, yawning in the widening or narrowing shadows of the sails. On the unstirring plate of the sea the shadows of the topmasts, like blades of a sundial, lengthened and wheeled and shortened under the sun.

The maddening futility of the dead calm was drawing the crew into silent and uncertain tempers, as old Johnny had known would happen. Tension seemed to spread to them from the gaunt young figure of the captain, his somber face drawn and blackened by the breathless sun. He would stare with blistered eyes at the blazing surface of the ocean, standing by the rail so long and so rigidly that the crew glanced up at him more often than ever, and whispered among themselves. Sometimes he paced doggedly, sometimes he dashed below for a mouthful of water or a bite of food taken hastily, glancing up through the skylight to see if the wind had come in his absence from the deck.

Among the crew bad feeling bred, and endless small explosions of wrath. Old Johnny played endless games of double solitaire with the second in the breathless nights, feeling the heat as nothing beside the mounting tension on the ship. His bright observant eye saw everything. In a low voice, so that it would not annoy the captain, he spun long picturesque yarns that kept the second mate's blue eye bulging and drew the cook and the steward to the pantry threshold, with their eyes eager and their mouths grinning. He loved to hold them like that by the color and cunning of his words. It kept them good-natured—and him too.

But he could do nothing for the captain. That was about what it meant to be captain of a ship. Nobody could do anything for you. It was all on your shoulders. The fact of that was an isolation. That was why old John had never had any hankering after a command. He liked to be closer to people than that. But now, without any interest or desire on his part, it was almost as if he shared the feelings of command through the nerves and body of his son. It was a curious feeling of double existence, and it made it worse that he could not substitute for the younger tension his own older stability and understanding. He grinned often at the irony of it. But there it was, and it got worse.

The captain was taking his balked will out on the crew in irritating and—or so it seemed to the mate—unreasonable orders. He lashed at them unexpectedly for almost invisible faults. And the small red-headed man was his particular victim. He kept him down painting the sail locker by the light of a lantern all one stifling day, from which the mate later had to haul the man, nearly all in, on a pretext. The uncertain tempers of the crew flamed at what they considered persecution, and furious looks and mutterings were turned aft toward the figure of the captain. The mate walked steadily among the men at work, with his voice steady and his eye cool, and that night at supper took without a word a burst of anger from the captain. He did not mind the anger. He was only deeply worried that the boy should have himself so little in hand.

Three days more—four days, and no wind but a light current of air which carried them southward for an hour and dropped them in the same center of the same brazen, unchanging circle, that went white with sun or purple black with the sun's passing, like a slow shutter turned on and off. Tension ran like a red-hot wire through the men cooped forward between the blistering bulwarks. One corner of the captain's mouth slipped from its tightness and he gnawed it endlessly.

That night, in the middle of his own watch, when the captain had been below for an hour trying to get some sleep, old Johnny had a sudden impulse to go below also. Or perhaps he only wanted to reassure himself that the captain was asleep. The second mate's snores were vibrant from his own room. But in the dim stifling light of the cabin, with the lowered lantern and the starlight streaming in, the old mate stopped abruptly and felt his knees tremble.

The door of the captain's room was open. There was a dim light in there also. The captain was standing with his back to the doorway and he was pouring something out of a long bottle into a glass.

Right then old Johnny knew how badly the boy wanted that drink, because he wanted one himself with every fiber of his old body. He had never needed a drink so badly in his life. He could have snatched the bottle from the hand and drunk from it with the sudden hot force of the desire that burned him. Yet that familiar pose, the tiny sound of liquid pouring, was like acid eating into him—because it might be that in this the boy was like him. If he were like him, old Johnny knew, and clenched his hand on the table edge to realize, that one drink was not going to be enough. The warm relaxing that would work along the fingers, the blurring of the painful edges of reality, the delicious approach of oblivion along jangling nerves—old Johnny knew all that. He ached for it at that moment. But it meant drunkenness. His old fist slammed on the table. Not drunkenness for the captain of a ship!

The sound startled the tall young figure. He turned around, the bottle in one hand, the brimming glass in the other. In the half light his eyes met the fixed gaze of the old man with a desperate glassiness.

The older man said slowly, "I wouldn't, sir, if I were you. It's tough on you. I can see that. And a drink would go good. I'll say that myself. But I wouldn't if I were you."

The glassy eyes held his as he spoke with nothing in his face or voice but quietness—no tension, no accusation. He thought for a moment the boy would raise the glass to his lips and drink anyway, from the spasm that contracted the face suddenly.

But presently he dropped his eyes to the glass as if he had not seen it before and said huskily, "What'll I—do with it, then?"

"Throw it out the porthole," old Johnny said evenly. "And the bottle with it. There'll be better bottles in Rio, when we're off the ship."

They listened to the small splashes in the dark sea outside there and the old man ached a little at the face young Mat turned to him. There were deep lines of sleeplessness in it, but the eyes were not the hot ones of a thwarted drunkard so much as the bewildered ones of a little boy.

"Come up on deck, sir," old Johnny said, and if his voice was tender he couldn't help it. "It's stifling down here. I'll have your canvas chair brought up. You've got to let yourself go a little, you know. This calm won't last forever."

The night was at least quiet, up there—so quiet it seemed they could hear the dew dripping from the sails. The air was lukewarm, like half-cooled tea, but at least it could be breathed. Men forward, sleeping half naked on the fore hatch, moved arms or legs uneasily and the watch about the deck were listless drooping shadows.

Old Johnny had the captain's canvas chair set in the deep shadow of the rail. But for a while the boy stood with his elbows on the broad rail, and old Johnny put his elbows on it and leaned beside him. Down in the milky gray of the sea alongside phosphorus stirred with little stirrings of the surface, soft brightness licking along the still timbers. Old Johnny wrenched his mind hastily from his thought that that rum bottle might be floating down there, bobbing about, where it could be picked up with a bucket on a line. The boy's shoulders were beside his.

Old Johnny found himself fumbling in his mind for the most gorgeous, the longest-winded yarn he knew, and slowly found it, glittering, in the depths of his memory. He began to pay it out gently, every word in its right place, the suspense built up with little pauses. Under the stir of its events laughter ran like a healing flame. It was the best tale he knew, and he told it of himself and Bill Broadhead—a tale of a ship derelict and haunted in tropic seas, an old stocking full of pearls, an island of hidden temples and birds like blazing emeralds, and Bill Broadhead fighting with a cutlass up ruined stairs in moonlight, that led to women's laughter and a huge escape. He knew, as the young head beside his was held rigid in the glamour he cast cunningly, like a net, that he had never told the tale better in all his life. He knew he had never told it with so serious an intent.

When it was over and the hour was gone he stayed silent until the boy beside him moved with a half sigh, moved and stretched and grinned.

(Continued on Page 110)

Here's how—*when he gets up like a lion, to send him off like a lamb*

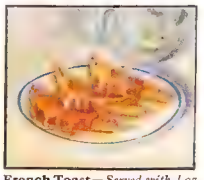
Husbands are human, even as you and I. *They* have dispositions, too. Sometimes, they *will* get up out of sorts. (The symptoms are just as plain as the measles.) And that's no time to argue with any man, especially a husband. There's another cure and a better one.

Hereafter, whenever you see the first symptoms, just smile and say, "Hurry up, dear, pancakes and Log Cabin Syrup this morning!" This may sound simple, *but it works.* It turns many a 'fore-breakfast grouch into a smile. For when a man thinks about a smiling plate of pancakes, he simply has to grin himself. And then the day is all right again. There's just one important thing to remember; the best pancake in the world is still "flat as a pancake" without the *right kind* of syrup.

That "woodsy" maple flavor

The real old-time maple flavor of Log Cabin Syrup is the reason why it is the most popular high-grade syrup in the world today —with both young and old.

Only the choicest of the maple from New England and Canadian maple sugar groves is used in making Log Cabin Syrup. These maple sugars are blended by the famous 40-year-old Towle process, with just enough purest sugar of cane—nothing else—to mellow and enhance that luscious maple taste.



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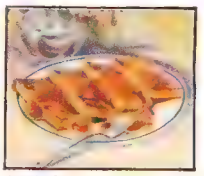

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Make this test at our risk

We are so sure that you and your family will be delighted with Log Cabin Syrup that we make this offer. Buy a can of Log Cabin from your grocer today. Then have pancakes or waffles. If your family does not adore the real old-time Log Cabin Maple flavor—if with it your pancakes or waffles do not taste better than any you have ever eaten—simply return the unused portion of the can to us. We will refund you the full purchase price, including postage.

Could we make a fairer offer?

Log Cabin Syrup comes only in *Log Cabin shaped tins*—in four sizes. Buy a can from your grocer today and make this test—*at our risk.* If he can't supply you, send us his name and we will see that you are supplied at once.

Free Recipes: Write today for your packet of new, delightful recipes. Simply send name and address. A postcard will do.

THE LOG CABIN PRODUCTS COMPANY, Dept. 25
St. Paul, Minnesota, *the Center of North America*

Towle's **LOG CABIN** *Syrup*

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Gilberts the Chocolates of Connoisseurs

Let us suggest, as a fitting climax to your Thanksgiving dinner, Gilberts Chocolates. . . . Composed of luscious centers of the very finest of fruits, nuts and creams, abundantly coated with a secret and fascinating blend of chocolate, Gilberts are invariably selected by connoisseurs. . . . Our high quality standards are rigidly adhered to by a personnel that takes great pride in producing chocolates "supreme in purity". John O. Gilbert Chocolate Company, Jackson, Michigan, and Los Angeles, California.

Perhaps your dealer does not yet have Gilberts. In this event, we will mail you a package of Caballero for $2 per pound, Very Best or Panama for $1.50. Other Gilberts $1, $1.25 and $1.50.

(Continued from Page 108)

"That was one swell yarn," he said lightly, and his face was easy in the glow of the starboard lantern—"one swell yarn. A stockingful of pearls, eh? I bet that feels nice in the hand. Wow! I guess I must be sleepy."

The canvas chair creaked a little under his weight. Old Johnny did not move from the rail. The idle sails slatted a little with the movement of the ship. Presently he turned around and looked over at the long figure in the chair. It was still, and a hand was heavy on the deck. The captain was asleep. Old Johnny stood there, not moving a finger, staring down. Deeper than the awakened desire for drink an ache moved in him. There was something about those young bony knees that broke his heart. It was as physical as that, as if something clutched and tore his heart wide open. The worst of it was, he could do nothing to help him—not one thing.

The actual pain of that astonished him. He would not have believed he could feel like that about anyone. It drove him back to his need for a drink. He felt as he had used to, coming off a long dry voyage, burning up with thirst. Well, he'd just have to go thirsty, that was all. He'd thrown away his chance, he told himself with grim humor, and it wouldn't do for the mate to be seen fishing off the poop with a bucket. He'd have to drink water, and like it, and pray for wind. He did, at that.

The next night there was a fight forward, sudden as the breaking of a stretched wire. Old Johnny had been expecting it. The men came tumbling from the forecastle to form a muttering rampart about the locked dark figures swaying and grunting and grappling in the shadow. The captain watched with a furious face, but old Johnny strolled forward. The men were not too intent to make way for him, and he stood there watchful and alert.

They were not fighting with knives, he was glad to see. There was the thud of bare feet on the deck and the smack of honest blows on bare flesh. The circle of the men shifted with the shifting of the fighters. And in a gasping bit of silence, when the slippery bodies clinched and fumbled, old Johnny raised a remark or two, the heavy broad wit men liked, and listened appraisingly to their sudden roar of laughter. Presently, in another pause, amid more laughter, the men were separated and helped off to wash. Old Johnny strolled aft again, with the relaxed voices of the crew behind him, drowsy as bees after a swarm.

The captain's eye was a dark coal as he went up the ladder. "I won't have fighting aboard my ship," he snapped. "Another time you can have them clapped in irons. I won't have it, I tell you!"

"Just a scuffle," the old man said easily. "Ought to have boxing gloves aboard—take the edge off them."

"I begin to think you've a poor idea of discipline, Mr. Mate," the captain said furiously. "How'd you expect me to run this ship with a soft crew that isn't taught a proper respect for their officers?"

The old man looked him mildly in the eye. "They'll work all right," he said. The captain snorted and walked away. Old Johnny looked after him reflectively. Now the boy's mother, after that, wouldn't have spoken to him for three days.

But he had not to wait that long. For that afternoon the sea darkened fitfully in long widening fans, and wind moved, ruffling and undependable, about the ship. The sails filled slowly to a fresher breeze that presently blew west by south, blowing away the stifling exhalation that hung about her. The ship answered the helm. The watch sprang smartly to trim the yards, and the captain, hearing the shouts of the mate, the thud of feet and the creaking of tackle, let all the tension slip from his face in one long grin. But no sooner was the ship an hour or two upon her course than the wind drooped and died, and the ship lay again becalmed. In another hour a breeze sprang from a totally different quarter, so swiftly that the ship was almost taken aback. The yards were squared. The ship heeled slightly on another course. And in four hours more, in a glassy moment of twilight, the breeze left them altogether.

So it went for five days of variable, inconstant, heartbreaking airs. The captain chewed his lips over his charts and at his sights, and his face was drawn and dark. The men dropped into their bunks after duty, worn out mentally as well as physically by the constant fret of labor that did no good. And the old mate began to know that he was old. There were twinges in his back after a long watch, such as he had never felt in his life before, and when he went below to his bunk his legs felt a thousand years in them. His vigilance, his spring, was outwardly as good as the younger man's. But inside him it was as if a bell had been struck. Yet with all the force of his inherent pride he fought all that off, aches and slowing up and sleeplessness and an unresting, burning desire for a drink. His jaw was tight and his eye was keen. The captain did not call him easy now.

At last, after a night of dead calm, the ship began to move steadily forward. The light was pearly, the greenish waves edged with slate. As the day gathered under slow gold swords striking upward behind low clouds and across a long sea, the breeze freshened and the foresail filled. The captain and both mates stood on deck to watch the ship go forward in the new clean light and it was as if a tight band had snapped from about their chests. They were out of the doldrums at last.

"It will hold," the captain said, with sleeplessness bleary on his eyelids. "Call me if it doesn't." And he went below.

After four hours the captain came on deck again. The wind was fresh and strong. The cordage hummed. On the yards the great spread of canvas held stiff over seas foaming in sapphire, touched with frothing vivacious lines of white. The captain's face was scrubbed and jubilant, but the driving force, new-lighted, blazed in his eyes.

Now the Mary Parsons moved steady as a steamer under the roaring glorious south trades, and old Johnny gloried to see her go, never once relaxing that cautious grip he had upon himself. It would not be two weeks to Rio in this wind.

There was a week left—five days—four days. The crew were tidying up the ship for port, scraping teak, polishing brass, painting interminably. A pleasant sense of journey's end ran about them. Only the captain did not relax in it. He was still feverish to make time, to get the voyage done.

What happened thereafter happened like a clap of thunder on a clear day. There were only three days left before making port and already the wind was shifting a little, tainted with the land. To westward a sullen bank of mist lay low like dirt-colored mountains.

Old Johnny came on deck in the middle of his watch below the next morning, drawn by the changed color of the light and the abrupt motions of the ship. It was racing and bucking against a sea of fretted heaving milk under the damp blast of a sullen southwest wind. The helmsman stood stiffly, his anxious eyes on the sails, fighting the jerked rudder. But the captain had not shortened sail. The watch forward were gazing at the sea and at the sails, and then aft, as if awaiting an order. The captain stood like an iron post by the rail and his face was iron.

Old Johnny hurried up with the wind in his blinking eyes. "What about shortening sail?" he shouted. "I don't like the look of that. It feels like a pampero."

"Pampero your eye!" the captain snapped. "You're getting old, Mathew. You're losing your grip. Want me to run before every little squall, do you?"

"But look!" The mate clutched the younger arm.

The bank of dirt-colored cloud was climbing the sky fiercely. Through it lightning spread in seams and below it the sea went the color of dirt. The ship plunged and pitched in the damp uncertain air that pushed the men in the face. The captain tightened his jaw and shook off the hand impatiently, turning his back to the wind.

Then—pandemonium. Old Johnny was aware of a vast force which fell like a stone upon him and upon the ship—a force demoniac and shrieking before which the ship reeled violently. Above in the screaming murk a sail blew out like a shot from a cannon. In the constant ghastly flicker of lightning he saw it flash whitely once down the wind. He was struggling to turn his body about and open his eyes and shout an order. But his voice was crammed back into his lungs. The slant of the deck before him was a high hill, racing with stinging rain.

The ship righted herself with a long shudder and the wind caught her, and forward there were crashings and poundings and a boil of sea over the weather rail. As he stared wildly through half-opened eyes he saw the fore-top gallant sheet give way. The gallant sail straightened out like a plank, straining the mast until it quivered and bent. In the instant the fore-royal and gallant yards broke off with a shrieked crashing, toppling down on the streaming deck among the hissing flight and tangle of ropes. One man was knocked down like a belaying pin and rolled into the lee scuppers. The others scattered where they could. The débris hung half over the lee rail, bumping dangerously, and the ship listed to it under the ghastly foam pouring over the lee rail.

The captain's voice, that strained the blood vessels on his forehead, lifted faintly across the wind. "All hands! Leggo main royal and gallant halyards! Lively! Another blow ——"

The men swarmed to the order, slipping and struggling and catching at the fife rail as the ship reeled, shuddering, and the roused sea struck viciously.

"Axes!" the captain bellowed through cupped hands. "Axes—wreckage—adrift!" And with the old mate at his heels he raced down the ladder.

They were immediately above their knees in the sea that shipped regularly over both rails. Old Johnny gasped with the cold of it and the wrenching blows of it on his body. The murky light was lifting and now it seemed that the wind struck with less force, but it was a back-breaking job to swing axes and keep footing. Old Johnny heaved his with the packed force of every muscle and his son's heaving shoulders were beside him, in the tail of his eye.

The wind screamed suddenly and behind the captain's head a huge sea lifted a dirty edge over the rail. It crashed inboard, shaking the ship. Old Johnny had dropped his ax and clutched the rail, but almost as it toppled he looked for his son, letting go his clutch to leap toward him, yelling, "Mat, look out!"

He felt a terrible wrenching heave and under the ton of cold water that fell on him something that might have been a rope caught him about the knees. The world heaved violently, whirling, and became a seething drop into darker water, bottomless. He gulped wet bitter salt, whirling and staring into boiling dark depths. Something crashed into his ribs and the pain sent him dizzy, even as he had a flashed glimpse of the ship to windward, and a gulp of air. He clawed the air with a dripping hand and shouted. "Mat—Mat!" he yelled, and yelled again, before he was knocked into blackness and oblivion.

When he came back into the world, it was slowly, among mists of weakness that were curiously delicious. His body was a vagueness in which he floated and in his fogged glance grew slowly the familiar white-painted planks with bolts in them above his head. He recognized that the ship was moving easily, even as he knew the handles of the chest of drawers built across the wall at his feet. Oblivion caught at him from time to time, and he sank back into it gratefully, among thronging hints of dream. But clearer and more persistent than those were the drawer handles and the white-painted bolts and something round and whitish that slowly became the steward's face, before it changed to the face of his son, the captain of the ship.

(Continued on Page 112)

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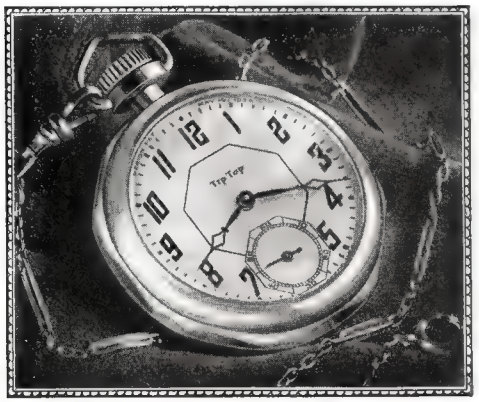

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(Continued from Page 110)

He was broad awake then and his body was a battered thing between immovable tightness, but he could look about him with clear eyes and a clear head and see his own gnarled old hands on the blanket and the buttons on his son's coat. He grinned slowly.

"It feels as if I got run through a meat grinder," he said. "How's the ship?"

"Booming along in," Mat Brandon said cheerfully.

The old man took a long slow look into the boy's face. There was an untidy bristle of beard on it, and it was white and lined deeply with fatigue. But the locked look was gone from the mouth and there was no fever in the gray eyes that met his calmly. New warmth ran through old Johnny as staunch as his own heart's beats. He liked the released look on that face—by ginger, he liked it!

"You've got a couple of busted ribs on you," the captain of the ship was saying. "The steward and I fixed them up as well as we could according to the book, but I'll be glad to get you ashore to a doctor. We'll be in tomorrow sometime. How do you feel?"

"Comfortable, 's a matter of fact," old Johnny said. He was discovering that he must not breathe too deeply. An arrow of pain lay there, as if in waiting. And he was growing aware of many aches. "How'd I get aboard?"

"That red-headed feller," Mat said. "He jumped after you like chain lightning and we slung him a rope. His collar bone's broken. You know I—it's funny, but I've been wishing right along, since then, that I had gone over for you myself."

"Crazy," old Johnny said slowly, trying to stiffen his lips against a grin. He was watching the boy's unconscious face through half-shut eyes. "That'd been a fine thing to do, and you the master of a ship!"

"Yeah," the boy said slowly. His elbows were on his knees and his eyes were on his loosely clasped fists. "Of course I knew that. But you know I've been thinking—it was my fault we got overtaken that way. I was wild not to lose any more time."

"Aw, those pamperos—you can't ever tell about them. You'll have to remember you got to keep your eye peeled along this coast. And you're right about being wild. You've been kinda too strung up tight all this trip. You better not be like that another time."

"I know," Mat said shamefacedly. "I don't know what got into me. But I guess I got to worrying about that mate. I'd sort of like to tell you about the mate."

"No need to if you don't want to," old Johnny said briefly, with his eyes screwed tight and his heart thumping.

"I been wanting to all along. It kinda got into my head that you thought I murdered him—or something. And then I got to worrying about what the owners would do if they heard about it. That's why I was so wild when the wind failed, and afterward, when there was a chance to make up the time. You see—the mate got himself drunk. You remember. You were there. But then I got him drunker than that and I had him hidden. That Yellow Charlie had him taken to a shack out in the jungle somewhere. I paid him. He wasn't hurt any. You see, I wanted the ship more than he ever did. It was a rotten trick, of course. But I'm not sorry."

"What you going to do about it?" old Johnny said suddenly, opening his eyes.

"Nothing yet," he said, meeting the old man's eye firmly. "There's nothing sensible yet to be done about it, except going up and telling the owners just how it was when I get the ship back to New York. Maybe the mate's made a howl by this time. I don't care. I'm going to prove to them I can handle the ship for them better than he could. And I want to say—I've got a lot to thank you for. You've taught me an awful lot."

"Aw, shucks!" old Johnny said weakly, shuffling his hands on the blanket. "You were only a stiff kid. Man's got to grow some to be a captain. I followed the water and learned the different ways of captains before you were born. And you've grown. I can see that. You'll be a good one. It's like you had good seagoing blood in you and a will to do things well and smartly. Only you don't need to take things so high-strung."

"I'll tell the world you get steadied," Mat said absently. "I feel years older. I wish you were going to be along on the voyage back."

The old man looked steadily at a bolt over his head. That's right. He'd be in hospital again. And after that —— The slow pain dug into him at his deeper breath. Oh, well, why worry?

"Maybe you'll drop me a card from New York," he said. "I'll be curious about—the ship."

"I'm going to do that," Mat said slowly. "I'm sure going to do that. And you'll write me when you get well, whether you get another berth or not. It might be—we might ship together sometime again."

"I won't be holding many more mate's jobs," old Johnny said calmly. "I'm pleased to know you'd like to, though."

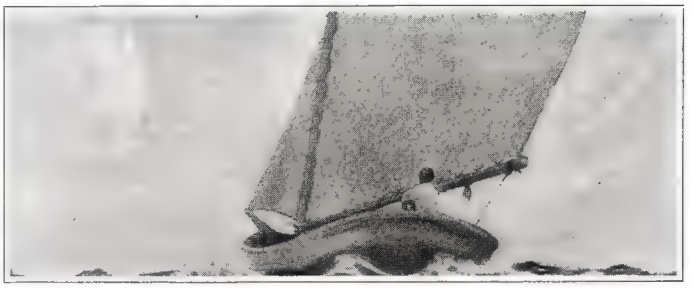
"Well, you'll let me know," Mat said, getting up. "I'd kind of like to know. I'll tell the steward to bring you some soup." In the door, he stood a moment and turned back. "You've never said"—he spoke slowly—"whether you've got any folks or not that you could go to. I've wondered. Haven't you got somebody—a son—somewhere?"

The grin that spread over old Johnny's face at that could not by any force of his be repressed. His eyes leered a little in sheer delight at the joke of it as he looked up into the other's concerned face. Poor Annie, how she'd hate it if she knew how her son stood there, looking down at him with anxiety and—yes, there was no doubt of it—with affection. How she'd hate to know that her worthless husband was actually being cared for by her son. Well, he'd keep his promise to her.

"No," he lied cheerfully, "I haven't got any son."

After Mat had gone out he lay there, wrapped in comfort, his mouth still twitching at the thought of it with something very like a giggle. Deep down in the place where his pride lived, that would not let him explain or regret or ask quarter from his world, the increased flame of it lifted in a great warming glow.

He'd been weak and mistaken and foolish in his time. He'd been proud, without having much of anything to be proud of. But now, he thought, a king couldn't be any prouder than he was or had the right to be. Now, by Jupiter, he was the father of a man!



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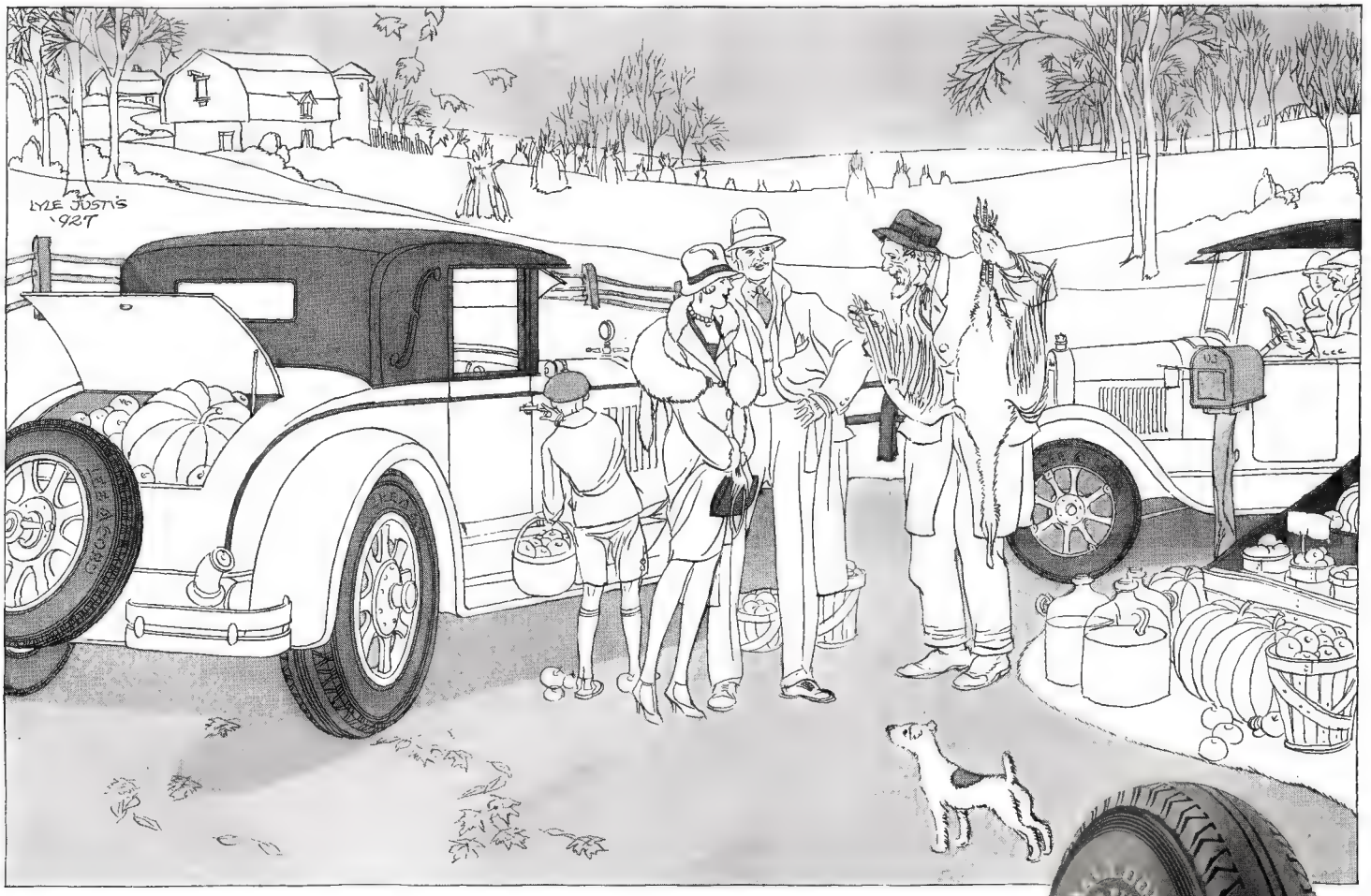

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THE BRUTISH PERSON

(Continued from Page 13)

and I'll take your shoes off. They're wet. If you get bronchitis and there's nobody to direct the kitchen, I'll go into mourning."

He was very strong, in spite of his languid movement. He shoved Mrs. Egg into the back seat, while Sandy pulled her from within the warm machine, and then he sat down on the running board to undo her shoes.

"Your feet are wasted on Ilium, Ohio, madam."

"They've stood under me for fifty years, Thyreus. I dunno that's wasted. My gee! The Eggs do have nice hair. I ain't ever regretted Dammy turnin' out to be blackheaded, but yellow hair is nice when it curls some, an' Mr. Egg ain't showed a sign of gettin' bald yet, an' he's sixty, an' you're safe for thirty years yet, Thy. If your folks hadn't lef' you enough to be lazy on, you could pick up some in the movin' pictures."

Thyreus wrapped her feet in a corner of the lap robe and drawled: "You wrong me, Aunt Myrtle. I'm naturally shy and shrinkin', and making faces at a camera would embarrass me."

"I'd like to see you embarrassed once, Thyreus Egg!"

The lazy man lighted a cigarette and drawled: "Any time you see my elbows jerking and a coarse, common sweat—I don't mean a gentlemanly perspiration—bedewing my brow, you'll know I'm embarrassed, Aunt Myrtle. I don't shiver and blush; I wriggle my elbows and exude. The last time anybody proposed to marry me both my elbows started operating. I knocked one bottle of Pontet Canet off my own table and slaughtered a lot of vermuth-cassis on a tray that was passing. Glass breakin' makes such a noise in little courtyards too."

"Some strong-minded widow," Mrs. Egg grunted, "will grab you pretty soon, Thy."

"I wasn't called Swifty at school for nothing, Aunt Myrtle. They've got to catch me before they can cook for me. I can bolt like a Belgian bunny. I'm thirty an' callous."

"Where are you callous?" Sandy demanded.

"I'm mentally indurated, kid. A lady has to use a battering ram and a pile driver to make an impression on me. When I was a lovely cadet at military school my heart vibrated to love's breath like a what-you-call-'em harp. As a pup at Princeton, I went around waiting for anything in skirts to look at me. But bein' a soldier in the Canadian Army undid me. Since 1915 I've been wonderin'—perhaps it's the effect of seeing four hundred men killed in three minutes—just what difference it makes whether A, female, prefers B, male, to C, X and Y. Somebody'll marry somebody and generation'll follow generation even unto the last diaper and nursing bottle. War's very destructive of egotism, Sandy."

"I like hearin' you talk, but it don't make much of any sense," said Sanderson. "What kind of a courtyard was it the glass made a noise in?"

"The hotel of the Three Happy Fishes," Thyreus explained. "It's getting spoiled now. In 1916 it was nice and primitive, with no electric lights and only two bathrooms. But a lot of Americans and English idiots have found the place is picturesque and it was full of smart gowns this September. There are tables in the courtyard. It's about thirty feet square and the sun comes in from the west, past an iron gate. . . . Paris ain't what she used to be, like the old gray mare. It ——"

A horse danced suddenly on the foul concrete, spattering snow from its hoofs. Miss Romaine lifted her head, having stooped to ride under the door, and quieted her mount with a hostler's soothing hiss. Flakes melted everywhere on her black hair.

"My car done, Shanklin?"

"I sent it round to the house an hour back, Miss Gladys," the garageman called out of his warm little office. "Nothin' much wrong. We ground the valves some. You hadn't ought to be ridin' a day like this."

"You're an old woman, Shanklin. Bring me a match."

A young fellow in overalls came tramping with a box of matches in his dirty hand. Light washed down all over the snowy girl from a big bulb in the ceiling and showed gold paper on an end of the cigarette she tapped on a silver case. The flakes melted on her smooth hair, cropped too close to the small head, and spots widened on a leather jacket lined with some gray fur. Mrs. Egg watched over the immovable yellow curls of Thyreus Egg's head and gulped a little when Miss Romaine inhaled and sent out a pillar of smoke. Then the girl smiled, as the Romaines smiled, her mouth hardening faintly in the brown face. She dropped his matches back in the youth's hand, thanking him with this smile, and sat so, smoking, with her eyes aimed at the horse's twitching ears. She looked nothing like a man, slim and hard in her trousers and boots. She looked—it came sharply into Mrs. Egg's mind—like this Pharaoh's daughter in the Egyptian book; like Pharaoh's daughter shorn of her braids and snaky crown and plaited robes. She was hard and royal and sad.

"How many cigarettes d' you smoke a day?" asked Sanderson Patch Watson, crawling over the front seat of his grandmother's car. He leaned from the lowered window of the machine and examined Miss Romaine with his devouring interest. "Do you count 'em?"

"Oh, there you are again, infant! . . . I don't count them. And there's your philosophic grandmother." The horse came sidling toward the car. "How d' you do, Mrs. Egg? Vile day, isn't it? I hear you know the whole Bible by heart. The infant prodigy says you do, anyhow."

Mrs. Egg swallowed her cinnamon drop. A Romaine was speaking to her!

"I used to know considerable of it, Miss Phar—Miss Romaine."

Pharaoh's daughter grinned. Her teeth flickered between thin lips and then were hidden.

"Seems to be a family opinion that I'm something dead and exhumed or whatever they call the process. . . . Well, what's the Psalm with the bit about beauty consuming in the grave?"

"The forty-ninth," said Mrs. Egg. "I was thinkin' of it just now. It come in my head. It's an extremely gloomy Psalm all about the fool an' the brutish person perishin' an' leavin' their wealth to others, an' so on. . . . That's a very nice jacket you've got on, sister. Warm, an' not long enough to be a bother."

The tall horse sidled closer. Thyreus drew back so that his elbow touched Mrs. Egg's feet wrapped in the blanket.

"I got it for a motoring trip that didn't come off in September. I was going to drive down to Tours to look at the pretty autumn leaves."

"Why didn't you?" asked Sanderson.

"The other half of the trip backed out, infant, that's why."

Miss Romaine's cigarette had a long blot of ash now as it hung from a corner of her mouth. She looked across Thyreus at his aunt, and her eyes appraised Mrs. Egg candidly, as though she were a child or some kind of nosing animal. Her horse's wet smell filled the car.

"I'll go drivin' with you any time you want," Sandy offered. "You just telephone out to the farm. I'm livin' with grandmamma this winter."

"Thanks. Sure you wouldn't back out at the last moment?"

"No. I like drivin'. And you've got a touring car too. They're more fun than sedans an' things."

"Can I take the infant driving, Mrs. Egg?"

Mrs. Egg said: "Mercy, yes, sister! Sandy's very nice comp'ny on a drive. You can borrow him whenever you want. He ain't goin' to school this winter." For some reason or other she wanted to be kind to Henry Romaine's daughter, who owned a quarter of all Ilium. "Drop in when you're drivin' by, any time. My gee, but you do look the image of your grandmamma! It shows when you come close."

"Disagreeable brute, wasn't she? Dreadful snob and all that. Can't say I remember her at all. She died when I was five."

Mrs. Egg reflected: "Well, she was an extremely aristocratic person, sister, and very handsome. I didn't know her intimate. My mamma used to do sewin' for her. I never found out if she was agreeable or not."

"Father"—the dark girl yawned—"used to speak of her so respectfully that I've always imagined she was a horrible kind of being. Mother used to get quite expansive, you know, when we weren't here and didn't have to pretend to be moguls. She used to be quite popular at the seaside and people generally liked her. Sure you'd have enjoyed her. She was very sweet, really, and rather pathetic. Small-town aristocrats can be funny as hell at Southampton or Watch Hill. Father used to prowl along hotel corridors in Europe with a kind of lost expression, y' know. Nobody on earth ever heard of Henry Romaine, from Ilium, in Ohio. . . . I suppose all that anybody in this country knows about the town is the Egg Dairy Products Company. We've always had to come back here so as to be anybody. I can remember father bragging to somebody on a steamer that a boy from Ilium was champion boxer of the United States Navy."

"Wrestler, sister," said Mrs. Egg. "Dammy was champion heavyweight wrestler for three years hand runnin'. . . . Well, it is peculiar how unimportant a person can be outside their own duck puddle, ain't it? But it's nothin' to be humiliated about. Now Thyreus is better knew in New York or Paris than he is here in his own state, on account of writin' poems which come out in very expensive magazines an' don't make any sense to speak of. All anybody knows of Thy here is that he's a nice boy an' too lazy to breathe. He —— Adam, have you ever met Miss Romaine?"

Adam appeared between the horse and the motor with a monstrous bundle under each arm. He politely spat a cigarette out of his scarlet mouth and nodded his head to Pharaoh's daughter.

"How d' you do, Mr. Egg? I've been admiring you for years from a distance. Is it true that you're six feet five?"

"With shoes on," Adam said.

"In your socks, you're a mere six feet four and a half, or something like that? I was watching you haul a young bull out of one of your pastures the other day and thought you were rather a brute to the poor little thing."

"He can bend over backward an' touch his hands to the floor an' get up again without fallin' flat," said Sandy. "Well, why don't you come and take me drivin' after lunch?"

"At your service, infant. Two o'clock?"

"Sister, don't you come if it's snowin' hard, just to oblige the kid," said Mrs. Egg.

"I've nothing else to do. If Sandy's willing to go driving with me, I'm delighted to have him. So long."

The horse spun, its head pulled about with violence, and Miss Romaine stooped to its neck as it danced out of the garage. Thyreus sat up again on the running board and wiped his face on a cuff of his seedy jacket.

"Good rider, mamma."

"Dammy, she's a pretty nice girl. She talks kind of brutal. I expect it come of livin' so much with her father. He was a nasty talker, wasn't he, Shanklin?"

(Continued on Page 117)

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(Continued from Page 115)

The garageman had come from his office.

"Mr. Romaine was pretty sour, m'm. He never talked so mean to me. It wasn't easy to get a good driver back when I was their shawffer. He always treated Miss Gladys like she was a boy—spoke to her rough an' all. . . . I thought she was ridin' her horse right on your feet, Mr. Thyreus."

"Let's get home," said Thyreus, "and see how the bronchitis hospital's getting along. What have you got there, Dammy?"

"Turkey," Adam said.

Sanderson Patch Watson bounced on the cushions beside his uncle's bulk for a quarter of a mile, thinking of turkey. He did not even look at Miss Romaine when the car beat past her horse. Mrs. Egg winced, somehow, watching snow caked on the girl's black hair, and a serious gloom settled on her as the red length of the Romaine house showed through nervous whirls of flakes at the edge of town. . . . Pharaoh's daughter would come home to her house and walk up the stairs paneled in dull walnut through the high rooms to change her wet boots in some high chamber. It was hard to think of soft clothes and warm silks waiting for her in that dim, awesome place. For ever so long this house had been the grandest in the county, and the Romaines had been solemnly taken in talk at sewing parties. Mrs. Egg felt suddenly oracular.

"Sandy, you can see how things ain't like they look. Now that girl probably ain't never been really happy in all her life. Her poppa was a stuck-up turkey as ever lived an' her mamma was sickly an' always looked kind of shy an' browbeat to me. They never sent this chit off to school because she was too precious to be out of their sight, an' you see she's grew up peculiar. It's made her brutal an' ——"

Adam said over a shoulder, "She ain't brutal, mamma."

"Think not, lamb?"

"She's shy," said Adam. His words came back in two rills of smoke blowing from his nostrils on either side of his hard neck. "Knew a guy in the Navy acted that way. Acts tough so's she won't show she's scared of folks. Nice girl, Thyreus."

Thyreus brushed a curl back from his forehead and said nothing.

"Dammy, I shouldn't be surprised if you was right. A shy person which tries to cut up at parties always makes a fool of itself. I called her Miss Pharaoh! Thy, she's precisely like that Princess Benzinc, or whatever she is, in your French Egyptian book!"

"Binth Anath, Aunt Myrtle, the daughter of Rameses II. . . . Sandy, how much turkey are you goin' to eat this evening?"

"I can take bicarbonate of soda when I go to bed," said Sanderson.

"Your remarks always leave inferences to be opened up by a sympathetic mind, kid."

"Huh?"

"Nothing," said Thyreus.

Sandy turned around and leaned his elbows on the back of the driving seat. When he grew up he would be a deal like Thyreus, his grandmother thought, but not so handsome. His yellow curls flopped to the motion of the car and his blue eyes were gray in the twilight of snow.

"What you mad about, Cousin Thyreus?"

"I'm not."

"Well, you sound mad. . . . You're all hot."

Thyreus exactly brushed a drop of sweat from his neat nose and said: "I got excited about the temperature this morning and put on heavy underclothes. . . . You mustn't let that girl take you driving this afternoon, kid. It's snowing ferociously."

"I like drivin' in snow, because you can't see where you're goin'," Sanderson explained.

"Good reason for staying at home."

"You're sore," said Sanderson.

"Your young imagination's doing extra time today. . . . Look at the snow! In Sicily, all the prudent mothers are looking out the best family rags for little Paolino and Giacomo so that they can be ready to welcome the idiotic Americans when the tourist season opens. If you lived in Palermo in January, Sanderson, your mamma would drape a third of a shirt and a half a pant on you and send you out to make eyes at the ladies from Wichita on Monte Pellegrino. You'd come home at night with twenty lire done up in the tail of your shirt and your ox-eyed father would swat you and take the money to pay his passage to Oklahoma. . . . H'm?"

"You're awful mad about something," Sanderson said.

Mrs. Egg carefully put a cinnamon drop on the end of her tongue and looked sideways at Thyreus. A bright worm of sweat was crawling down his left cheek, and he was smiling as a girl smiles who is neglected at a dance in a new dress. At once Mrs. Egg felt shy. He was a funny boy. He came lounging back from Europe or New York or somewhere crowded, and fooled around for three months and then was off again. His voice had become estranged from the voices of Ohio by all this travel, and by mingling with incomprehensible creatures who wrote books and painted pictures full of unseemly jags and lost lines that came close to looking like something but didn't. He was like any Egg, and then all of a sudden he wasn't. Perhaps she shouldn't have said that about his poems not making sense. She was—kind of—too frank now and then outside the family. Just now Thyreus was not one of the family, although his elbow worked against hers and he was wearing a gray jacket which had grown too small for Adam's shoulders in 1916. He had retired from the car and was whirling along on some other planet, thinking.

"Anything in particular you'd like for lunch, Thy?"

"Bless you, fat angel," said the alien Egg, "there'll be too much of anything in general. . . . Sandy, unless you stop looking at me, I'll flatten your nose into a gruesome pulp!"

"Excuse me," said Sanderson, with reserved pride, "I was just wondering what you were mad about. Uncle Dammy's nose gets gray on the nostrils when he's mad, and grandfather swears, and mamma yelps a lot. You just hold it in, don't you?"

"Shut it off, kid," said Adam, slithering the car through the gates of his father's barnyard. He said this sharply, almost loudly, and Mrs. Egg jumped a little on her cushions. Adam had really been curt to his favorite nephew. The giant's small ears stirred on his black head as he loaded Sandy with parcels, but he took the boy back into favor by pulling his nose smartly as he tucked a bag next to his chin and by grinning. "Get goin', pup."

"Tell Matilda to get the kidneys right on and put the smallest piece of garlic she can find in with 'em, honey. And there's one piece of pie left on the dresser in the pantry you could have if you need it, lamb. . . . You was real tart, Dammy."

Adam looked after his victim and said, "Needed it, mamma. . . . She speak to you, Thy?"

"No."

"Speak to her?"

"No. We needn't bore your mother with all this, Dammy."

The brown giant said, "Get out! Mamma's wise. . . . Mamma," he reported, spilling smoke from his nose at the same time, "this fool dunno how to get rid of her. He's scared to give her a kick. You tell him."

Sweat broke in bubbles all over Thyreus. Mrs. Egg thought his hands looked wet. He said frantically, "Damn it, Dammy! The—the situation'll take care of itself!"

"Ape," Adam drawled, "you don't want her to quit chasin' you. Truth, huh?"

"Of course I do! It was completely idiotic in Paris. She as good as proposed to me in the middle of the courtyard at the Trois Poissons Heureux. . . . If a woman asks you to come motoring with her and you tell her you're too busy, that ought to be enough. The poor girl's making herself ridiculous. . . . Of course I want it stopped!" said Thyreus.

"Let mamma tell her to lay off you then."

"Oh," Thyreus gulped, "don't be absurd, Dammy! You're twenty-six and you know that's nonsense! It's just an amusement with her. When she sees I won't play, she'll drop it. Don't you bother about it, Aunt Myrtle. Miss Romaine's—a very intelligent girl. She's—very intelligent. She's—brutally intelligent. . . . Lord, isn't it cold, though!"

Mrs. Egg nervously bit her cinnamon drop and hoped that Adam wouldn't look at her. Her soul shriveled down to a wart. She hadn't known a word of all this. It might be the common news of all kitchens and parlors in Ilium, but she hadn't known about any of it! She watched Thyreus tramping up the walk, and the candy in her mouth tasted as sand might taste. Only, Dammy thought she knew all about this and he mustn't know she didn't.

"Just when did he make her acquaintance, baby?"

"France—year before last, mamma. She came back after him last spring," Adam said. "Knew there was somethin' up. Make him take her, mamma."

"Dammy!"

"Why not? Good thing for him," said Adam. "He'll quit writin' poems. Make him take her, mamma. You can." He turned his eyes to his mother just as though it was a question of chocolate or coconut icing on a cake. "Better hustle, though. He'll get scared an' run off."

Mrs. Egg said uncertainly: "Well, it's a peculiar kind of situation, lamb. I don't know the girl. But I'll see what can be did, baby."

"'At's right, mamma. The poor ape's all gone silly in his head," Adam pronounced and coughed to show that he was done with this topic and with all speech for some time. He hung his cigarette in a corner of his scarlet mouth and helped Mrs. Egg down from the car into the cold.

She thought: "I'm certainly in for it! . . . There's some country or other where folks have the sense to have two breakfasts. This waiting from eight o'clock to one for a Christian meal is nothing. . . . Dammy's fonder of him than anybody except me an' Benjamina an' maybe his father. I've got to do something. My gee, what? . . . But I've got to—got to."

Meanwhile she was puffing up the walk, and she would have to order lunch before she didn't know what to do about Pharaoh's daughter and Thyreus, and of course the poor fool of a boy loved her and was scared of her. That much was plain enough. Men were the helplessest things! But she mustn't let Dammy see that she was puzzled.

Mrs. Egg batted a flake from her nose and told the cook: "Put a mite of garlic in with the kidneys an' be sure those muffins are good and crisp, Matilda, and Dammy'll want some peach preserve with 'em too. An' ——"

Adam Egg, Jr., and his twin sister Myrtle here seized her knees passionately. Mrs. Egg rapidly took two pieces of peppermint from a shelf, shed it from her pointed little fingers into their mouths and said: "Shoo! Eat that an' go play with your bean bags! Grandmamma's busy. . . . And we'll have some cream cheese an' strawberry jam for dessert an' that'll have to do. I don't feel inventive today." She then moved, with the twins hitched to her skirts, up the back stairs and into her daughter-in-law's bedroom, where she remarked: "Benjamina, the worst you'll have to face when the babies grow up is that the boys'll expect you to c'mit miracles like you was Scripture just because you're their mamma. It's a dreadful feelin'."

"I'm sure it is," said Mrs. Adam Egg hoarsely from among her pillows. "Some day I expect you to shock Dammy by saying you won't bake a six-layer chocolate cake for him in half an hour or hunt his skates out of the attic when I can't find

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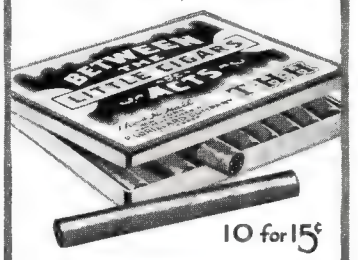

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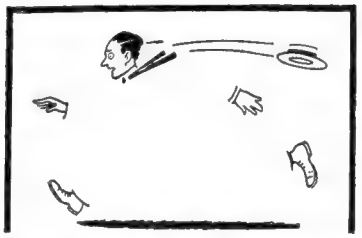

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them." She bronchially coughed and added, "It'd do him good."

"Benjie, you ain't feelin' well. . . . Well, I got to do this. As for makin' one fool marry another in ten minutes, it's pretty near impossible. Would you want milk toast or some broth for lunch, honey?"

"Broth, mother. And do see that that idiotic nurse hasn't taken baby out to show him the pretty snow. I heard Mr. Egg swearing on his side of the hall. Tell him I'm glad he's better."

Mrs. Egg shut the twins into the nursery with the rest of her cinnamon drops and lumbered down the front stairs. Possibly some coffee might set her brains going. Adam had taken off his wet moccasins and was warming his brown feet one by one at the fire in the living room. Thyreus was carefully building a card castle. Sanderson had crawled under a sofa with a book and looked out at her curiously when she moved past him to the bay window. The kindly child observed: "You look sort of sad, grandmamma."

"Snow kind of depresses my spirits, Sandy."

"It's an overrated article," said Thyreus. "At this moment people are wandering around Nice in straw hats, or no hats. And the one thing you can say for the Mediterranean is that the beastly thing is blue. Most oceans are anything else. . . . Eh?"

"Nothin', Thy."

"I thought you spoke."

"I kind of grunted. . . . Sandy, you go up and read all the obituary notices in the paper to your grandpoppa. Nothin' makes him madder. Go along. . . . Thyreus, you quit being ornamental and go down in the wood cellar and chop me a whole ton of wood. Dammy's barefoot and a man of your size needs some exercise."

"There's lots of wood in the wood box," said Sanderson.

"There ain't enough to last the afternoon. You go an' read to Mr. Egg, sweetheart. . . . Thyreus, the ax is right behind the door in the cellar, an' we can hear you through the register if you cut your foot off an' need help. . . . Every year that passes I say I'll have the old registers took out of this house which have been worthless since the steam was put in, an' then I forget it. . . . Go along, Thyreus. It'll give you an appetite for lunch."

Adam's eyes had opened where he stood on the hearth. Mrs. Egg clenched her fingers nervously and beamed at the handsome man cluttering his pack of cards together on the old marble-topped table. He must get out of the room, though. He must not come near the bay window! Her bulk quivered as he lazily got from his chair.

"Can I have six pieces of bacon with my kidneys if I'm good?"

"Seven, Thy. You're a spoiled, conceited pup. Go on, lamb. You ain't ever been any use in the world to anybody and it's time you begun."

The yellow head flicked impatiently. Thyreus spun a king of diamonds across the room and said, "Precisely! I've never been any use!"

"Never you mind, Thyreus. Folks love you. It's a kind of occupation," said Mrs. Egg, wanting suddenly to cry, "and a pretty good one. You go chop me some wood. You got to live up to what's wanted of you."

"Oh, I can chop wood," he said, and went whistling into the kitchen, where the bony cook cooed at him directly.

"'Matter, mamma?"

"She's ridin' in, Dammy! I didn't think it of her! You say she's a nice girl, too, an' I kind of liked her this mornin', but ——"

"Fix it up, mamma," said Adam.

Mrs. Egg gasped. A Romaine was coming in the front gate hunting an Egg, and all Adam wanted was to have Governor Romaine's granddaughter marry this boy who had sixteen hundred dollars a year and whose grandfather, Hiram Pringle, had been the worst veterinary in the county.

"Is he in love with her?"

"Yeh. Says he hates the sight of her. Fix it up, mamma."

"Well, if you say it's all right —— Dammy, you ain't any shoes on! Get in the parlor!"

Adam flitted over the old rugs, then spun and twiddled the catch of the painted register sunk in the floor near the bay window. It clanked shut. The giant vanished through an arch into the parlor and drew the folding doors together. As he hid himself, all Mrs. Egg's bulk shivered. He had left her alone with Pharaoh's daughter! The brutish person was halting her horse below the steps. Mrs. Egg wished the steps were ten yards high.

"I thought it was snowing too badly to take the infant out driving."

"It's certainly gettin' thick, sister. . . . Come in."

"Thanks. . . . I made an appalling show of myself just now, didn't I?"

Mrs. Egg stopped being afraid of the woman sprinkled with flakes who closed the glass door and leaned on it. She was just a woman, even looking more and more like Pharaoh's daughter, the proud statue in the book.

"I dunno. You had business in Shanklin's and you come in, honey."

"I felt like a pane of glass," said Miss Romaine, and blew her nose. "I don't mind you seeing through me. You're that sort of person. But it was silly to carry on in front of those men. However, when you've invited a man to go motoring with you in the middle of a French hotel and had him bolt, you get rather used to being a public idiot. . . . He was angry."

A languid thumping began in the cellar. Mrs. Egg was wonderfully shocked to discover that she could see down through this solid floor. Thyreus was pretending to himself that he was chopping wood. He probably had a cigarette in his mouth and would stop to look over some old magazines piled in a corner, by and by. . . . And then she discovered that she was moving. She set a heel on the catch of the painted register. The plates clanked slowly. Miss Romaine was staring into the fire and did not see.

"Honey, he's a very nice boy, and we're fond to death of him. But ain't it just his face you're chasin'?"

"Oh, rot!"

"I'm fifty years of age, sister. I've seen lots of very intelligent women make that mistake."

Miss Romaine lighted a cigarette and pitched it into the fire. Patches of snow grew dim on her jacket and boots in the warm room.

"I like him because he's humble—he really is humble—and clever and s-sweet.

PHOTO. FROM EARLE C. TIBBETTS

A Maine Road in Winter

I've met poets before. It's rather easy, you know, for a woman who can take the best rooms in hotels to meet artistic people. Lots of them like to meet people who can take the best rooms in hotels. They're very human. . . . I don't like his poems. I think they're mediocre. And I've seen lots of handsomer men. His nose is too short. I merely happen to love the idiot."

There was no noise out of the cellar at all. Mrs. Egg found a peppermint in a jar on the table in the bay window and ate it whole.

"It's extremely perplexing, isn't it?"

"No, it's not," said Pharaoh's daughter. "I used to notice him when I was a kid, on account of his looks. And then year before last I was sitting on the terrace at La Turbie, so lonesome I was thinking of marrying a Brazilian imbecile or getting drunk or taking up charities, and he walked past and I said, 'You're from Ilium, Ohio,' just to see what he was like. . . . And I liked him. We're both clever—and shy—and we have to be artificial so as to get along at all in this world. He can talk and amuse people and I can be a hog, you know, and give big dinner parties. . . . I suppose I took to ordering him about too much back in September. I felt—you know?—rather triumphant and victorious. He'd told me I looked like some filthy exhumed mummy in a book and that I swore too much and he knew I'd run back to Paris after him last spring. I planted myself in this little hotel where he lived. He knew that. If it's because I've four hundred thousand dollars, he's silly and —— But I don't think it's that. I think he thinks it's just his face. And he's humble. . . . Only, he was so furious when I rode into Shanklin's. I saw him sitting on the step of your car and came in. If he'd smiled I'd have fallen off Roger and kissed his feet. He ——"

"For the love of heaven," Thyreus yelled, "stop talking that way, you little damn fool!"

His voice shot up through the register in a hot roar.

"Thyreus Hiram Egg," said Mrs. Egg with power, "I'm ashamed of you! It ain't manners to listen to private conversations an' you've treated this child extremely vile!"

"You keep out of this, Aunt Myrtle!"

"I'll do nothing of the kind! You've gone an' humiliated this girl all over Paris, France, and it's just because you wanted to be run after some, an' never talk to me about bein' humble, Thyreus! You're a conceited, low-down dog!"

"I am not! She knows perfectly that I'm—I'm utterly unimportant! I'm trivial! I'm—not worth her time! I'm ——"

"My gee," said Mrs. Egg, "I never heard anybody make such bum love in my life! Sister, you go right down in the cellar an' kiss the poor fool. It's the door behind the furnace, honey. . . . An' I'll tell Matilda to lay on a place for lunch. You go right through the kitchen, dearie. An' he's an awful sweet boy."

She stood rubbing a kiss flavored with cigarettes from her mouth and then closed the register with a toe. Adam drifted out of the parlor and looked at her dumbly, with an unlighted cigarette in his mouth. Voices commenced, muffled and swift, under his feet before he said, "You're a great woman, mamma."

"Mercy, lamb! I've done much tougher things than that in my time."

"Yeh; but it takes brains to do 'em, mamma."

"Oh!" said Mrs. Egg, eating a peppermint. "Well, I'm experienced."

Adam lifted her first chin and kissed her gravely. Then he lighted his cigarette and told her, "I was thinkin' a chocolate cake would go pretty good with dinner, mamma."

"There ain't time for the icin' to set in well, lamb, but I'll do it for you," said Mrs. Egg resolutely.

"Thanks."

"Not at all, baby. I like to see you get what you want," she said, and went humming into her kitchen.

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

For Particular Appetites!

Every meal throughout the year can be a Thanksgiving feast when your vegetables come from Hart Brand cans.

Hart Brand Canned Foods—famous for 35 years because of their delicious flavors and health-giving qualities—tempt particular appetites.

Sweet, tender young peas—delicious corn—fresh, wholesome beans—and all the other choicest products of the garden and orchard—are brought to your table in Hart Brand cans.

Packed within two hours after harvesting, Hart Brand vegetables and fruits contain all their original goodness and freshness—all the rich, nourishing vitamines.

Just try any one of the 11 different varieties of Hart Brand Peas—the ideal vegetable for a well-balanced meal. Then you will learn the tempting, tasty qualities of—"The Brand You Know By Hart." The red heart on every can is your guarantee.

A most desirable Christmas gift for your friends—a case of assorted Hart Brand Canned Foods—ask your grocer.

W. R. ROACH & COMPANY, *Grand Rapids, Michigan*

VEGETABLES HART BRAND AND FRUITS

THE BRAND YOU KNOW BY HART

So many gifts can be

WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Olympian Model

Designed for men. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: Plain, $28; Decorated, $30. 14 kt. Gold Filled: Plain, $7.50; Decorated, $8.50. Can be fitted to any modern strap watch

The Improved Ben Hur and Amazon models of the Wadsworth Watch Band open in the center, fasten quickly around the wrist, and are held securely by a special safety lock

All Wadsworth Watch Bands are easily attached, and the fastening is perfectly secure at all times

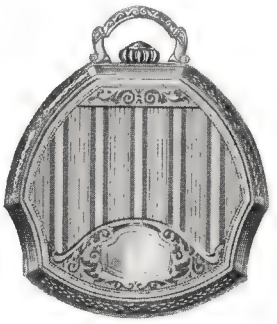
Your jeweler can attach a Wadsworth Watch Band quickly and easily to any modern strap or wrist watch

WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Athena Model

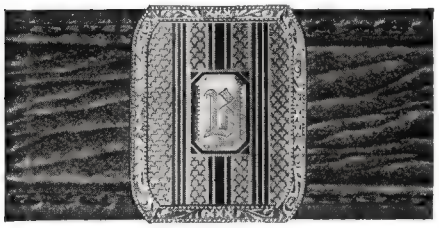
Designed for women. It expands to slip over the hand, is readily adjusted, and is held securely by a snap lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: Plain, $20; Decorated, $25. 14 kt. Gold Filled: Plain, $7.50; Decorated, $8.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch

WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Amazon Model

Designed for women. It opens in the center, is easily adjusted to fit the wrist, and is fastened by a special safety lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: Plain, $18; Decorated, $23. 14 kt. Gold Filled: Plain, $6.50; Decorated, $7.50. Can be fitted to any woman's wrist watch

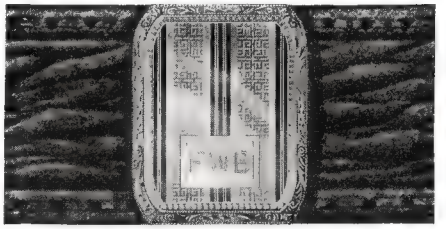


The Wadsworth Triad



The Wadsworth Belt Buckle will not slip. A patented grip locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather. This belt buckle meets watch case standards in workmanship as well as in material

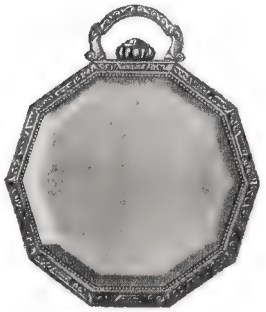
A pleasing variety of designs, truly masculine in character, will be found in your jeweler's assortment of Wadsworth Belt Buckles. Available in both wide and narrow models, alone or in sets including watch chain



Wadsworth Belt Buckles, high in value, are moderately priced. Buckles alone, $9 to $12. Sets, $15 to $20. May also be had in sterling silver, if you prefer, at $4.50 to $7; sets, $9 to $12

selected in a single store!

Here are outstanding examples from a great variety of gifts any good jeweler can show you



The Wadsworth Decagon

WADSWORTH WATCH BAND
Improved Ben Hur Model

Designed for men. It opens in the center, is easily adjusted to conform to the wrist, and is fastened by a special safety lock. 14 kt. Solid Gold: Plain, $25; Decorated, $27. 14 kt. Gold Filled: Plain, $6.50; Decorated, $7.50. Can be fitted to any modern strap watch

The Wadsworth Somerset

HOW many problems you can settle this year by taking your gift list to the jeweler's!

There you will find helpful counsel—a great variety of useful, beautiful and lasting articles to choose from—a range of prices wide enough to suit every gift need.

And the character of these articles is splendidly illustrated by the three outstanding examples shown on these two pages.

To at least one person you will wish to give something especially fine this year. What could be better for such a tribute than a good watch?

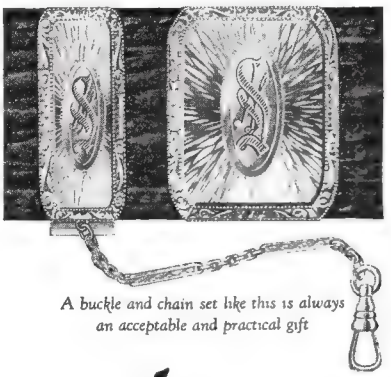
Few things express the fullness of sentiment which such a gift implies. Few things can give greater pleasure, now and through the years that follow.

If it is a strap or wrist watch, the gift can be made more acceptable still by the addition of a Wadsworth Watch Band, smart, convenient, comfortable, adding a touch of distinction.

Or, as a more modest gift, for the person who already possesses a good strap or wrist watch, you can give a Wadsworth Watch Band alone, of material to harmonize with the watch itself.

And as there is a variety of styles and designs in Wadsworth Watch Bands, in solid gold and gold filled, for both men's and women's timekeepers, you can select one for each of several people.

All the different styles of Wadsworth Watch Bands are of Wadsworth Quality 14 kt. gold filled or solid gold, durable and resilient, for maximum wear, comfort and beauty



A buckle and chain set like this is always an acceptable and practical gift

Another excellent gift is the Wadsworth Belt Buckle — durable, non-slipping, with a patented grip that locks the belt tight in any position and automatically adjusts itself to any thickness of leather.

You will find that all these articles are obtainable in "Wadsworth Quality." That means that they are made by the makers of Wadsworth Watch Cases, for more than thirty-five years the consistent choice of the world's foremost watch manufacturers and importers for the dress and protection of their finest movements.

Thus the mark "Wadsworth Quality" stamped inside a watch case, on a watch band or on a belt buckle, is a recognized assurance of long wear and lasting beauty, of highest grade materials and finest workmanship. Look for it when you buy.

Why not avail yourself of this practical suggestion for solving your gift problems? Ask your jeweler to show you these articles. You will find them suitable for most of the names on your gift list.

WADSWORTH WATCH CASE COMPANY
DAYTON, KENTUCKY,
OPPOSITE CINCINNATI, OHIO
Case makers for the leading watch movements

Wadsworth

WORKERS IN PRECIOUS METALS

RUST RESISTANCE
proved by the supreme test of
TIME *and* SERVICE

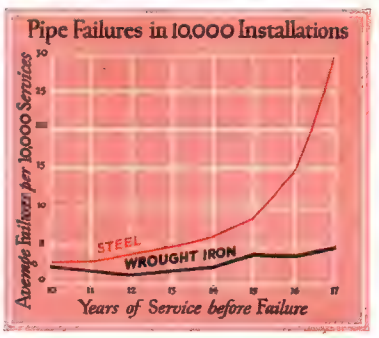
NOT argument but the evidence of use; not quick findings from short-time corrosion tests but the records of long practical experience are the foundations of confidence in Byers Pipe.

The chart here given summarizes a considerable body of such experience. A public service corporation made comparative tables covering pipe failures of wrought iron pipe and steel pipe in its extensive gas lines, for seventeen years. The percentage of failures for wrought iron, throughout the entire period, remained uniformly low, whereas the failures of steel pipe increased at an alarming rate after the fourteenth year.

The observed difference of behavior is due to known causes. At first, rust attacks all ferrous materials alike. Wrought iron, cast iron, steel—they are all alike subject to corrosion. In wrought iron, however, the native slag filaments stand as protective barriers. When the mass of iron begins to rust, more and more of these non-rusting silicate particles, coming to the surface, are opposed to the corrosive attack; and the destructive process is arrested. This is the peculiar virtue of wrought iron.

Explanations, however, are less important than facts.

Time reveals the practical difference between various kinds of pipe in use. Corrosive tests in a laboratory may indicate something; but when they contradict the plain facts of experience, obviously they are of little value.



Note the small number of failures of wrought iron pipe throughout the 17-year period, and the rapidly increasing rate of failures of steel pipe after the 14th year.

Byers Pipe is preferred and used, not so much by the casual small buyer of such materials as by important industrial and business corporations, employing expert advice. Far the greater part of all Byers Pipe sold, is bought on the specification or counsel of seasoned engineers and architects.

The fact is significant. Interpreted in plain words, it means that Byers Pipe is intelligently bought. Whoever buys it, knowingly pays a premium for it as compared with cheaper materials everywhere obtainable; and he does this for the assurance it gives of longer life.

Bulletins of useful information on Byers Pipe, with records of service, are available for the asking. Tell the nature of your pipe problem, and we will send literature most likely to be of interest.

A. M. BYERS COMPANY
Established 1864 Pittsburgh, Pa.

New York	Houston	Los Angeles	Rochester
Chicago	Detroit	Cleveland	Philadelphia
Boston	Tulsa	St. Louis	Jacksonville
Cincinnati			Birmingham

Distributors in all Jobbing Centers

BYERS PIPE
GENUINE WROUGHT IRON

SIMPLIFYING THE INCOME TAX

(Continued from Page 25)

for many months, but it has been working all through the summer.

The legal counsel of the committee and chief of its simplification division is Mr. Charles D. Hamel, who was formerly the chairman of the Board of Tax Appeals. In addition to the regular staff of workers who are preparing reports and recommendations there is an advisory committee composed of distinguished experts who have been selected by such associations as the American Bar Association, the Institute of Economics, the National Tax Association, the National Industrial Conference Board, and the Chamber of Commerce of the United States.

It ought to be said that these gentlemen, who can command the highest fees in professional life, have been giving their services free of charge to the Government as a public duty. They do not work continuously, but meet at stated times and apportion certain features of the law among the several members of the committee for special reports and consideration. There has been much complaint that the law as now on the statute books has been planned largely by members of the Internal Revenue Bureau and that the public at large has not been properly considered. Whether this claim is justified or not, it is the intention of the joint committee that when the new draft of the law is made, if it be made in accordance with the recommendations of the committee, no such criticism hereafter shall be justified.

The Ability to Pay

Those who have criticized the present law often have little idea of the difficulties in drafting it in proper form. In one sense it is easy to simplify the income tax. Any good lawyer can draw a short form for a bill, but it will be found that when it is applied to the millions of different cases which arise from the different circumstances of the individuals who are taxed it will work out among them with great inequity. The original income tax established in England more than a hundred years ago was simplicity itself. Its principal provision was as to the rates, which were a certain number of pence on the pound sterling. No one was required to make a return. Most of the taxpayers did not, and the collector assessed them what he thought proper. If there was no complaint the assessment was usually increased greatly the next year, the collector concluding that the former assessment was too small, otherwise the taxpayer would have protested. Anything of this kind would not be tolerated in the present day.

The first income-tax law that was ever put in force in this country was levied during the Civil War. It was very short and comparatively simple. It was printed on two pages of an ordinary law book, but it came near being a tax on gross incomes instead of net incomes, for few allowances and deductions were provided. Its inequality and injustice must have often been apparent, but the fate of the nation was at stake. The rates were low and patriotic people were not disposed to contest it. It lasted for a time after the war, and when its constitutionality was attacked in the courts it was declared invalid. It would be valid now, as the Constitution has been amended, but if applied to our present rates it would cause so much hardship and inequity that it could not be endured. The complications of our present law arise in a large part because we have endeavored to do something that is never thought of in connection with any other tax. We have sought, in framing the tax on incomes, to adjust the application of the law to the condition of the taxpayer with reference to his ability to pay and as far as possible to prevent its working unjustly and unfairly as between different individuals. We have all sorts of exemptions, allowances and deductions provided for such purposes, but each and all of them have added greatly to the complexities of the law. These provisions have done much to prevent hardship, but they have also increased the complaint that the law is too complicated.

The difficulties in simplifying the income tax arise also from the fact that income, especially net income, often involves some elaborate computations, and it is impossible to give in a few words a general definition which will apply to all cases under the infinite variety of our business methods. There are many good business men who, regardless of government requirements, could not alone figure out what their net income is. In fact, many men fail in small businesses because they cannot tell when they are making and when losing money.

When, to this inherent difficulty, we add those caused by provisions for allowances, deductions, depreciations, amortization, carrying over losses, and exemptions, it is evident that the income tax will never be a very simple matter—and it is not, here or anywhere else.

The practical difficulties resulting from the allowances and deductions made have already been mentioned. Yet there is a constant demand for more exemptions and more special provisions to make the tax lighter under special circumstances. Of course the more of these provisions that are added the more complicated the law will be.

More than a century ago a canny Scotchman, Adam Smith, wrote a book on The Wealth of Nations. This work was such an advance on anything that had theretofore been written that it established Smith's reputation as an economist all over the civilized world. The science of economics has progressed much since that date, but Smith's work is studied by everyone who makes any pretense of having made a study of taxation as well as economics. Among other principles that Smith laid down, he stated that taxes should be certain as to the time and manner of payment, and the amount to be paid should be clear and fixed. To these he added that the subjects of each state ought to contribute to the support of the government as nearly as possible in accordance with their respective abilities; but none of the taxes levied in his day were based upon the principle of ability to pay and comparatively few of them are so levied at the present time.

Simplicity and Inequality

At the time his work first came out, the income tax, which is based primarily upon ability to pay, had not been levied by any government and many of the taxes were paid by those who were least able to pay, or at best the wealthy paid only the same amount as the poor, for there was a heavy tax levied upon many of the bare necessities of life. The income tax has often been criticized because it is not clear and simple. So far, no one has been able to invent a tax which would at one and the same time be clear and simple and also be levied in accordance with ability to pay, but the income tax comes the nearest to a levy in accordance with ability to pay of anything that has been so far devised. In fact, as a general rule the simplest taxes are those which are levied without any regard to ability to pay.

Nor should we expect that the income tax will always work out with perfect equality between different individuals. We do not expect it of any other tax. The late Senator Cummins said in a public address that the ordinary property tax, which is levied by all the states of the Union upon real estate, was one of the most unjust taxes that was ever devised. Whether this be the fact or not, it is certain that it often inflicts very serious hardship. He mentioned the fact that in most states, no matter whether the real estate be mortgaged or not, the party who has the title must pay the full tax. Whether the property is bringing in any income or not makes no difference. A business property which is tenantless must pay the same tax as one by its side which is bringing in a profitable rental. A survey of the taxes paid by the farmers of the state of New York showed that on an average about one-third of the net income of the farmers was required for taxes upon their farms. By reason of the fact that the income of the farmer is usually very small, the tax in some instances may absorb the entire net income from the property. Nor is this inequity confined to farm property. The owner of a little cottage may lose his job, but he must pay the tax levied upon it or lose it and he and his family become homeless. It often happens that the cost of pavements and other improvements which are of no particular value to him are assessed against his property in such a way as to make a virtual confiscation of it, but he must pay.

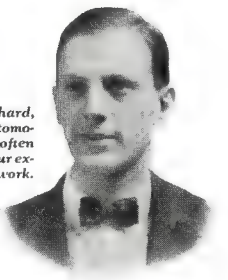
Under Different Circumstances

So far as intangible property is concerned, for instance, such as stocks, bonds, notes and securities, the tax upon them levied by most of the states is not at all "certain," as Smith recommended. In fact, the only thing certain about it is that the greater portion of this kind of property escapes taxation entirely. All kinds of occupational taxes work out very unfairly. An occupational tax on those engaged in the business of selling real estate is an insignificant matter to a firm that is carrying on business that runs up into the millions of dollars annually. To the young man just starting in business it may be a matter of business life or death. But no matter what hardships are inflicted, as a rule these taxes are paid with little complaint as to their form or method. We have had them so long that we have become accustomed to them and accept them as inevitable, just as we do the winter's cold and the summer's heat. Perhaps they are inevitable, for the perfect tax law has never yet been devised and never will be; and a simple tax, if lightly laid, in spite of its inequities, may be more easily borne than one that is fairer but more complicated. Then, too, there are many taxes to which our business and manner of living have become to a certain extent adjusted, and the burden thereof distributed so as not to work a hardship. Besides this, certainty and simplicity are often to be preferred to complicated provisions which might work with greater equality. The tax also may in some instances be passed on or diffused, but the theory of diffusion of taxes cannot be discussed in this article.

It must not be inferred that no effort has been made for simplification. The fact is that much has already been done, but it has been principally in regard to corporations. The abolishment of the excess-profits tax was not only a reduction of taxes but a simplification thereof. This tax is an illustration of how far the theoretical may be separated from the practical in matters of taxation. Theoretically the excess-profits tax was heralded as an ideal tax because, as was claimed, it falls only on those who are making unreasonable profits, who can well afford to pay, and it will have a tendency to reduce prices to a reasonable basis. It was necessary in wartime and brought in an enormous amount of revenue and, as nearly all concerns were making large profits in that period, it could be endured. But in normal times no tax could work more unfairly. It was levied in accordance with the percentage of profits on the capital invested in the business. The result was that overcapitalized concerns paid little if any of this tax, while those lightly capitalized were taxed heavily although they often sold their products at a lower price. In most cases it failed to reach the profiteer, and as between two concerns in the same business there was always an inequality of

(Continued on Page 125)

Cash for You



Grant DeK. Pritchard, a New Jersey automobile salesman, has often made $2.50 an hour extra by this easy work.

1. **What You Should Earn—**
   Easily up to $1.50, or more, an hour.
2. **When You Can Earn It—**
   In your spare time.
3. **Where You Can Earn It—**
   Right in your own locality.
4. **How to Earn It—**
   As our subscription representative.

Ralph Young has now built up a subscription business in his thriving Ohio home town that pays him a comfortable income for his full time.

Now is Your Chance

THE men pictured here are but two of the thousands of successful workers scattered all over the country. Men and women alike find in our plan a quick way to "cash" in their spare hours. You are probably busy with your daily duties; even then you can utilize your lunchtime, your evening hours and your Saturday afternoons to make money this pleasant way.

No matter what your age, or whether you need $50.00 or $500.00, we'll be glad to explain how you may start earning extra money now. There's no obligation in asking us to do it.

The Coupon Brings All the Interesting Details

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The Curtis Publishing Company
295 Independence Square,
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Please tell me all about your cash offer.

Name.....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street.....

Town.....

State.....*Age*.....

TO GET THE TRAINS THROUGH . . . SAFELY, SWIFTLY, AND ON TIME

On the rhythmic swing of his shovel much depends for the safe, swift, punctual movement of the trains

Paul Hesse

His Brain and Muscle

build up the power behind the constant movement of the trains

DAY AND NIGHT the Pennsylvania fleet is on the move . . . a Big Parade of 6700 trains a day.

And behind the constant movement of the trains is the driving power of man, the brain and muscle of the firemen, giving life and power to thousands of these giants of the rails.

It takes a good man to fire an engine on the Pennsylvania, and he does a lot more than feed the fires against the boiler.

For there's a partnership between the two men in the cab—the man who drives, and the man who supplies the driving power. The fireman assists the engineman with a dozen valves and gauges. He calls each signal as it flashes up ahead, checking with his engineman on every point, repeating, timing, assisting . . . preparing for the day when he can take the throttle of his own locomotive and push out on his own run.

* * *

Is it just a job—a weary swinging of the shovel through the waning, golden afternoon, the long black night? Or is it a fine expression of man's triumph in tirelessly meeting, with the muscles of his body and the steadfastness of his mind, the ever-growing needs of civilization?

Leaders of the largest fleet of trains in America

BROADWAY LIMITED
New York and Chicago—20 hours

THE AMERICAN
St. Louis and New York—24 hours

LIBERTY LIMITED
Chicago and Washington—19 hours

CONGRESSIONAL LIMITED
Washington and New York—4⅓ hours

THE RED ARROW
Detroit, Toledo, Cleveland and the East

CINCINNATI LIMITED
Cincinnati and New York—18 hours

Carries more passengers, hauls more freight than any other railroad in America

PENNSYLVANIA RAILROAD

(Continued from Page 123)

rates for which no good reason could be given.

In addressing the House in favor of its repeal, I said that we must expect some inequalities to result from any tax, but that in peacetime we ought not to keep a tax that always worked unfairly. But this was not the only objection. It was exceedingly complex. Nothing ever racked the brains of the officials of the Internal Revenue Bureau more than the task of determining the amount of invested capital of large business institutions. It is another instance of something that looks easy, but is in fact extremely difficult. Yet there are many persons who want to have the corporation tax graded according to the per cent of profit on invested capital. It might be fairer, but its complications put it beyond consideration.

In another way the corporation tax has been simplified. In addition to the corporation income tax, until the enactment of the latest Federal revenue law corporations paid a capital-stock tax which was based on the value of their shares of capital stock. There was nearly always a dispute over the value of these shares, and this dispute was always difficult to settle. So Congress repealed the tax and increased the rates of the corporation income tax to make up for the loss. Now the corporations are very naturally clamoring for a reduction in the rates on the ground that reductions have been made in all other taxes and for many other reasons.

The tax on oil companies having producing wells has been greatly simplified.

The depletion allowance is now fixed on a per cent of the value of the oil produced, thus turning an uncertain amount, concerning which the taxpayer and the Government could seldom agree, into a mere arithmetical calculation. It would seem as if the same plan might be applied to mining companies. Although it would not furnish an exact method for determining the amount of depletion when ore is taken from the mines and would not always work out equally as between different mines, it would greatly simplify an allowance that has been productive of much litigation. But we need to be careful in the matter of these allowances. Already they have been carried so far that there are mining companies which regularly pay dividends, but report no taxable income.

Earned Income

Page after page of the law is now filled with allowances, deductions and exemptions, of which probably more apply to individuals and associations than to corporations, yet every time the law is revised there is a demand for a further extension of these special privileges. Always it is claimed that the purpose is only to equalize the burdens of the income tax. The practical difficulties in the way of applying these propositions are usually ignored both by those who are demanding amendments and those who are asking that the law be simplified. We have had an instance of this in the most recent revenue bill.

For some years the Congress has been urged to make a special allowance on earned income. Great Britain does this, and many good reasons can be given in support of the plan. The principal reasons are that incomes derived from earnings do not have the permanent source like incomes derived from property. They will stop with the owner's death. They may be greatly diminished by disease, and in all probability will greatly fall off or entirely cease in old age.

Besides this, earned incomes are usually perfectly apparent to the collector of revenue. They cannot escape taxation and they are not subject to the allowances which under many circumstances are made upon incomes received from property. All this is quite manifest and has been recognized by Congress, but the committees in charge of the revenue bills have also realized the difficulties in the way of making this reduction. In the Revenue Bill of 1926, a 25 per cent allowance was made upon all earned income up to $20,000. The first $5000 of net income was to be treated as earned, and though this provision greatly simplified the plan, it also brought out an attack which was at one and the same time the most caustic and the most unreasonable criticism that was ever made upon the provisions in the law.

Much was made of the fact that it was easy to show cases where persons who had no earned income whatever were given the benefit of this provision, and the one who was actually working with hand or brain to earn his income paid nearly the same tax. One writer, whose article appeared in a prominent magazine, seemed to think that Congress did not realize this, though it was evident at a single glance at the law, and he proposed that this provision should be abolished. The real fact was that this provision received special attention. A careful consideration showed that it was utterly impracticable for the Internal Revenue Bureau to compute separately the amount of income that arose from personal services and the amount from capital invested in the millions of cases of small shopkeepers and farmers, large numbers of whom kept no books, or if they kept any, did not attempt to separate these items. The greater part of these small taxpayers would have found it utterly impossible to make their returns, if a separation of these items had been required, and the bureau could not have made the returns for them without an enormous increase in its employes. If it had been essential to make such a separation, it would have been necessary to abandon the plan for an allowance on earned incomes.

Are Complications Worth While?

But in reality the inequalities resulting therefrom were few and so slight as to be unimportant. The proportion of taxpayers having no earned income is exceedingly small. Many of these were elderly persons who had laid up a small capital during their working days by hard work and thrift and were as deserving of an allowance as those who were actually receiving an earned income. The committee thought it better to give the allowance to all having incomes under $5000 than to give it to none, which seemed to be the only other alternative.

The provision with reference to earned income has nevertheless added to the complications of the law to some extent, and complaints have been made that the benefits received from it are not enough to justify it, and that it would be better to make some slight reduction in the tax which should be applicable to everybody. The benefits received from it are not large when compared to the total tax on incomes above $20,000. Under $20,000, though the average benefit is very small, the reduction is often a substantial one, but the question still remains whether the resulting complications make it worth while. There are many who think that not only here but in other places in the income-tax law it would be better to have more uniform provisions and less complications, even though there were more inequalities in the application of the law.

It has been suggested that allowance for depreciation be omitted. Unquestionably this would help greatly to simplify the tax, but business men who are operating large plants would probably raise strong objections. We are gradually coming to definite standards for depreciation, both of buildings and machinery, and though these standards are to a certain degree arbitrary, they do away with any complications. There are some changes that could be made that would simplify the tax but would raise serious objections to the policy involved. The repeal of the tax on capital assets is a proposal of this kind.

In this country profits made from the sale of capital assets are subject to the income tax, and if a loss results from such

Will you keep TONIGHT'S DATE *with a half-clean face?*

THERE'S plenty of pore-dirt left in every face, even after the morning shave and shower. But there's a lot more there by evening!

All day long millions of tiny specks of gray float about in the cleanest air. They work into your pores, get grimed in deep under the skin surface, where a shave or a washcloth can't reach them.

That's why some chaps look gray and tired before the evening's half begun.

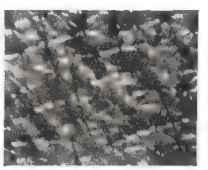
Change all that tonight! Get a jar of Pompeian Massage Cream on the way home. After you "scrub up"—after you *think* your face is clean—treat yourself to a quick, invigorating massage. You'll be amazed at what happens!

Goes in pink, ROLLS OUT GRAY!

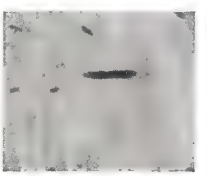
The upper micro-scopic photograph shows a section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.

Compare it with the lower photo. That's skin that really IS clean—Pompeian clean! See those dark marks . . . dried pellets of cream, gray with the pore-dirt that just a few minutes' massage brought out.

Give *yourself* a Pompeian massage. It not only sets you up with a clean, confident feeling, but gives your skin a fresh, ruddy glow that makes others say, "Never saw you look better, old man . . ."



Photomicrograph taken under the lens of powerful microscope, showing section of skin before using Pompeian Massage Cream.



Photomicrograph of skin after using Pompeian. Compare the skin tone. Note the dried pellets of cream, dark with the pore-dirt that has been rolled free.

FREE test convinces thousands

Pompeian is 60 cents at any good toilet goods counter. We'd really rather you tested it *free.* Fill in the coupon and drop it in the mails—right now, while you are reading this message.

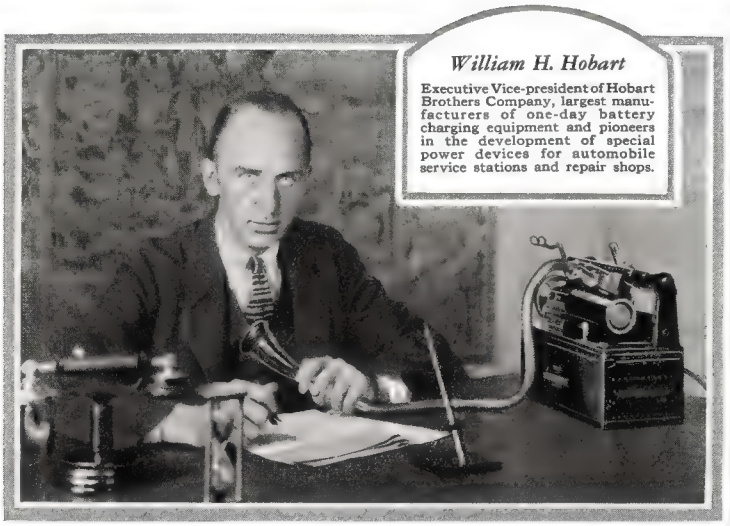
POMPEIAN MASSAGE CREAM

The Pompeian Company. Dept. 306-K, 595 Fifth Ave., New York. Gentlemen: Please send me a free trial tube of Pompeian Massage Cream . . . enough for two cleansing, invigorating facial massages.

Name_____

Street_____

City_____ State_____



William H. Hobart

Executive Vice-president of Hobart Brothers Company, largest manufacturers of one-day battery charging equipment and pioneers in the development of special power devices for automobile service stations and repair shops.

"World-wide recognition came our way when we changed methods"

How new methods built an international business in a bustling Ohio town

When world-wide trade loomed up, Mr. Hobart changed methods. Read carefully what he says, *then take advantage of our coupon offer.*

When a small business in a small town has been small for twenty-four years and then quickly takes a place among manufacturers doing business internationally, and rapidly extends its plant to fill more than five acres —when that happens, the interest of America's business men is aroused. They want to know how it was done.

Hobart Brothers of Troy, Ohio, now sell their line of equipment for automobile service stations and repair shops all over this continent and in Europe, Australia, Africa, New Zealand, and South America.

How it was done is told here by William H. Hobart, executive vice-president.

"Our growth is due to our adoption of a modern method which doubled our ability to go after business and to handle the business after we got it. It is simply unbelievable what a change took place when we dropped shorthand for the modern Dictaphone. The great influx of business in 1917, after we introduced our one-day battery chargers, would have swamped us under our former system of doing things.

"In that year we began using the Dictaphone system, just a few machines at first. But these few soon showed up the working methods of the rest of us. Before long all ten of our chief executives had Dictaphones, and twenty-two sub-executives besides. Several of us keep an extra Dictaphone at home. I myself have a third machine reserved for my use when I am out in the factory.

"Our Dictaphone system not only saved the day but enabled us to capitalize a favorable situation, by rapidly upbuilding our general business to its present size.

"Advertising, Sales, Credits, Collections, Production, Service, Promotion—are all handled more easily and more effectively by Dictaphone than by the old way."

Mary Beck—Secretary to Mr. Hobart, says: "My idea of a nightmare is going back to the old days when I constantly had to decipher Mr. Hobart's hastily written notes and he constantly interrupted me to take shorthand dictation. I handle at least twice as much work now, yet it is easier to do and I never seem to be rushed."

DICTATE TO THE DICTAPHONE

and double your ability to get things done

FREE BOOK
of portrait-interviews

USE COUPON for either this book, *Executives Say*, or similar book, *Secretaries Say*.

MAIL WITH YOUR LETTERHEAD

Dictaphone Sales Corporation
154 Nassau Street New York, N. Y.

☐ You may tell your nearest office to let me try the New Model 10 without obligation.

☐ I wish to read what leading executives or secretaries said, *when interviewed*, about increasing their ability with The Dictaphone. Mail me a FREE copy of your book.

Name_____

Address_____

S-11 *World-wide organization — London, Paris, Brussels, Sydney, Shanghai, etc.*

sales a deduction is granted to the taxpayer. Under our law, property held by the taxpayer for more than two years but not primarily for sale in the course of his trade or business, is termed a capital asset. Thus, if a farmer sells his farm, or a banker a business block which he personally owned for more than two years, it would be a sale of capital assets. Such sales are not taxed in England, even though there be a gain, nor is a deduction granted if there be a loss. Undoubtedly our income tax would be considerably simplified if we followed the English practice, especially as there are many cases in which the property was acquired before 1913, the year when the present income tax was established. In such cases the value of the property at that date must be established, which is always a difficult and controversial matter.

But the main question is one of policy. For example, do we want to leave free from tax profits under a sale made by the man who buys and holds a tract of land next to a large city, or who acquires land upon which oil is discovered—profits in general made without work or effort—and at the same time tax what another received for the labor of his brain or hands? It is often said that the losses will equal or exceed the profits returned, as a taxpayer will usually take his losses, but often decline to sell where there is a profit and also a tax, and that the allowance for losses will exceed the tax on profits. This may be so in panic years, but this country is developing and the net tax on gains greatly exceeds the allowances for losses in an ordinary year. In the fiscal year 1926 the Government would have lost more than $100,000,000 on collections from the 1925 returns by the abolishment of this tax, and in the fiscal year 1927 probably a much greater sum. Whatever would be lost by the repeal of this tax would have to be made up in some other direction. But there is another reason that operates against striking out this tax. If it were taken entirely out of the law it would furnish a wide field for evasion of taxes, for it would be easy in many cases to change ordinary profits into profits realized by the sale of capital assets.

Inproving the Administration

There are also the problems arising from evasions. The courts rightly exclude from taxation everything that is not expressly included in the law. The infinite variety of forms that modern business takes cannot be covered by general statements. To undertake to do so is simply to throw wide the door for evasions. But if the provisions necessary to prevent evasions are properly worded, though they will necessarily amplify the law, they ought not to complicate it. On the contrary, they should clarify it. It must be admitted, however, that the results of amendments in many instances have not been what was desired, either in preventing evasion or in clearing up disputed points.

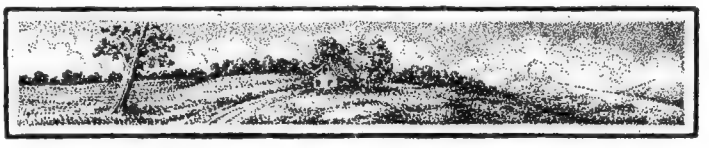
In my own experience I have had more complaints about the administration of the law than of the law itself; and the administration in many instances has been involved in unnecessary complications and the law has been applied so as to inflict unnecessary hardship on the taxpayers. For this, the higher officials of the Bureau of Internal Revenue should not be blamed. They are doing the best they can with the meager salaries paid to build up a corps of competent and trained agents and executives. Unfortunately the salaries are so limited that they are continually losing some of their best men. It must be remembered, too, that we have not had the income tax long. The bureau is constantly improving in efficiency and every year is bringing work more nearly up to date. In 1923 the bureau had more than 3,000,000 unaudited returns. It now has less than 500,000, and in two years more it probably will have its work current.

The average citizen wishes to make his return honestly and pay the Government all that is due. In the last four years more than 262,000 overstated their taxes and were given a refund or credit accordingly—in most cases without their applying for it. But there are also a large number who either unintentionally or intentionally failed properly to return their tax, and during the same period nearly $1,500,000,000 of taxes was added to the insufficient returns. There is every reason to believe that this sum still leaves a large amount of income which the field agents have been unable to find, but on the whole our income taxes are collected much better in this country than in any other. Perhaps our officials are at times overzealous, but the people are getting accustomed to the income tax and the law is getting settled. The statistics show that there are not half the appeals that there were a few years ago.

The Demand for Reduction

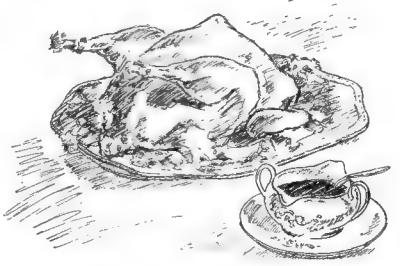
It has been the practice, when important changes were to be made in our revenue laws, to introduce an entirely new bill, even though the portion that was new was a comparatively small part of the bill. An effort was made to make that which was new harmonize with the portion of the law that was retained by making appropriate changes. This has gone on until it is apparent that the statute should be entirely rewritten in the interest of order, clearness and brevity. But here we approach a matter which must be handled with the utmost care. Many provisions of the present law which, as applied to some particular cases, seem ambiguous and obscure, have been construed by the courts and their meaning settled. For this very reason they have not been changed. No matter how much pains may be taken in rewriting them, a construction different from what was intended may be given by the courts. The original Income Tax Amendment seemed to most of us as clear as it was possible to make it, but a construction was put upon it which surprised many, if not the majority, of the attorneys, and with which some of the members of the Supreme Court itself disagreed.

After all, the matter of greatest interest to the taxpayer generally is a possible reduction in rates. At the time this article is written nothing very definite can be said with reference to reductions except that in all probability taxes will be reduced in some lines, but where the reductions will be made and how much they will be will not be finally and definitely determined until the new bill has passed both Houses of Congress. Both corporations and individuals, especially the former, are demanding a reduction in rates. The automobile manufacturers want the excise tax on automobiles taken off. The theater owners and those who attend theatrical performances want the admissions tax repealed. The owners of large estates want the estate tax repealed, and others are asking that many other taxes be repealed. On the other hand there are those who will insist that new appropriations totaling huge sums be made for flood control, new cruisers, farm relief and other matters. We had more than $600,000,000 surplus at the end of the last fiscal year, but it was composed largely of nonrecurrent payments not received on account of taxes. Obviously, we can neither make all the tax reductions demanded nor all the appropriations asked. We must cut both down if we would avoid a deficit in the Treasury.



Once Upon A Time ~ and Now

THE food the Pilgrims had at their first Thanksgiving season would be stern fare for us to-day. Those who now give thanks, even in the bleakest spots in America, can feast upon fruits from California, vegetables from every fertile field, and milk from the finest dairy sections. *How much the world has changed* since the first Thanksgiving Day. How rapidly we are moving. Yesterday we didn't know of many things our comfort now demands. Our grandmothers feared the canned foods which this year make a part of every Thanksgiving dinner. Only now has science assured us that they are the safest, most wholesome of foods.



We now know, better than ever before, that milk is the most important single item in the human diet. We have long known that it is the most fragile of foods. It needs the utmost of care and protection. Millions of women are now realizing that Evaporated Milk sterilized in sealed cans has solved the years-old problem of safety and wholesomeness in this most important of all foods.

Do you know what it is? Have you thought of Evaporated Milk as a substitute for milk? It isn't that at all. It is milk—and it's better milk—pure milk from the best dairy pastures and farms of America—put in a sealed container while it is fresh and sweet—protected from everything that could impair its richness and freshness and purity. Nothing is added to the pure milk. Nothing is removed but part of the water. It is more than twice as rich as ordinary milk. Evaporated Milk is richer and safer than any other milk. It is the last step in the long struggle for an absolutely safe and wholesome supply of milk for everybody, for every use in every place and season.

The flavor is different. The distinctive flavor of Evaporated Milk has two causes:—The extraordinary richness, and the certain safety—sterilization. If the flavor seems "queer" it is only because you are unaccustomed to it. When you are accustomed to the flavor and know the cause of it, you'll like the milk *because* of its flavor. Food made with Evaporated Milk has a flavor that is definitely due to the flavor of the milk—a rich flavor that makes the good food taste better.

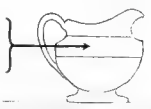
The modern cream and milk supply. Evaporated Milk serves in place of cream—not as a substitute, but as a better item of food. It has the richness and consistency you want when you use cream. But it has more than that. Cream is rich in only one food element of milk—butterfat. Evaporated Milk has an equal richness but the richness consists of *all* the food substances of milk—the substances which make milk—*not* cream—the most important of all foods. In coffee, on cereals and desserts—wherever you use cream—Evaporated Milk takes the place of cream—with the *better* richness—at less than half the cost. It can be diluted to suit any milk need—the cream is always in the milk—it costs less than ordinary milk.

Safer, richer, more economical, more convenient, more wholesome than milk in any other form—these are the reasons why Evaporated Milk has become the favored cream and milk supply in thousands of homes—why it will be *the* milk supply in the future for everybody, everywhere. All grocers have it now.

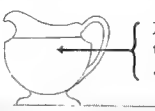
Let us send you our free booklets demonstrating the adaptability of Evaporated Milk *to every cream and milk use*—an astonishing revelation that will surprise you and delight you.

Eighty-seven and one-half per cent. of cow's milk is water. . . . Twelve and one-half per cent. is butterfat, milk sugar, proteins and mineral salts (solids).

In ordinary milk the butterfat (cream) begins to separate as soon as the milk comes from the cow.



In making Evaporated Milk sixty per cent. of the water is removed. . . . Therefore every drop contains more than twice as much cream and other food substances.



It is never skimmed milk . . . the butterfat never separates . . . the cream is kept in the milk.

ONLY WATER IS REMOVED — NOTHING IS ADDED

EVAPORATED MILK ASSOCIATION 231 So. LASALLE ST. CHICAGO ILLINOIS

Style is a matter of course when a man selects these famous Phoenix wool-mixed socks. He knows that in this remarkable array of hosiery he always finds colors and patterns correct.

PHOENIX HOSIERY

MILWAUKEE

JUST A BIG BIRDMAN

(Continued from Page 11)

I suppose you think they'll have seven Black Fridays the week you're away. Look what it will do for your business," she continues. "Right now you're just a little nix in Wall Street. When you get back you'll be a household word, like 'hell.' Imagine you and the mayor riding down Broadway with stenogs leaning out of the windows heaving phone books and spools of tape at you. Why, you'll be one of the immorals of history."

"Very pretty," I agrees, "but while your imaginer's working, picture a farmer in Minnesota going out with a bucket to bring back the collected works of Dan McGurk, raked up from various sections of his back forty."

"Not with Swifty at the wheel," says Minnie.

"No," I admits, "not while he's at the wheel, but along about that time some merry milkmaid in the next township might be complaining: 'You can't go anywhere around here without running into a piece of Joe Swift.'"

"Do you have to die in bed?" sniffs the Murphy girl.

"I don't insist on it," says I, "but I should like to be all together at the decease."

"I don't know whether it'll make any difference to you," remarks Minnie, "but there might be something else for you when you get back."

"What?" I asks.

"Well," says she, "if you should happen to pass a jewelry store and buy a ring, I might find a finger for it."

"Honest!" I exclaims.

"S. W. A. K.," returns Minnie, and she seals it with a kiss.

I spends the rest of the afternoon putting my affairs in shape, drawing up a will and indulging in other pleasantries associated with taking a three-thousand-mile hop with a stunt aviator. The next day Minnie's down to the Central to see me off.

"Just a few little things that might be useful," says she, handing me a package, "and this," she adds, putting up her lips, "to christen the new transcontinental flyer."

"What you ought to do," I suggests, "is break a bottle of champagne over my head."

III

ALL the ways to Portland I mull over schemes to duck the flight without disturbing my strong position in the Minnie market. They range from breaking a leg and getting myself into a hospital, to sneaking up on the Hallelujah when nobody's looking and heaving a bomb in her innards. The only salve in the situation is Minnie's promise to go McGurk if, when and as I issue back. I'm so dippy over the dame I can almost figure it a pleasure to fall about ten thousand feet onto a spiked fence for her—almost.

Nobody's at the station to meet me except a smear headline in the morning paper telling of two flyers being burned to death the day before in trial flights for the Portland race. That's a possibility I'd overlooked in my calculation of calamities and it cheers me up considerable.

I finds Joe at the field tinkering with his bus. "Anything wrong with it?" I asks hopefully.

"I'm not quite sure," returns Swift. "There's a funny noise in the engine that I can't trace and ——"

"Better get a search warrant and a bloodhound, feller," I cuts in. "You certainly are not going to hop off with a motor that isn't clicking proper."

"Sure we are," says Joe. "I figure Hallelujah is good for three thousand miles before any real trouble develops. Hand me that waste over there, will you? There's a little leak in the gas tank I want to plug up."

"Don't you want a piece of tissue paper," I asks, sarcastic, "to paste over a split propeller or something?"

If you get any idea from this airy persiflage that I'm not scared stiff, you're being wronged. I'm just whistling in a graveyard.

"What you got there?" inquires Swift, pointing to Minnie's bum-voyage box.

"I don't know," says I. "Some stuff Miss Murphy gave me to take along."

"Open it up," orders Joe, "and throw most of it away. We got no room for junk."

There's some books in the package, a silk lounging robe, a chocolate layer cake, a drove of sandwiches and a couple of decks of cards.

"The ash can!" snorts Swift. "That gal must think you're going to pull a formal tea on the Hallelujah. Too bad she overlooked a bridge table."

"This stays, though," says I, digging down deep and dragging forth a pint of corn juice.

"All right," nods Joe. "You can drink it after we get up twelve miles. We haven't much time," he continues, "and there are some things I got to explain to you. See this?"

"Parachute?" I hazards.

"We call 'em 'chutes," says Swift. "We got no room for extra syllables. In case of danger you jump clear of the bus, count two and pull the rip cord. The 'chute'll open ——"

"Suppose," I interrupts, "it doesn't?"

"In that case," returns Joe, "you call up the manufacturer and give him hell."

"That tube sticking out of your coat," says I—"what's that for?"

"This is a pneumatic jacket," answers Swift. "In case I fall into the water I blow it up. That way I can float around for hours."

"You can float around for hours!" I exclaims. "That's fine, but where do I get off?"

"You're just a straphanger on this trip," says Joe, "and it's no part of the motorman's business to worry about what a passenger does after he leaves his bus. Don't worry," solaces Swift. "We haven't much water to cross. If we smash up, I have a hunch it will be in the Rockies."

"So have I," I returns gloomily. "I can feel Pike's Peak in the small of my back now."

Swift spends the next half hour giving me instructions and a few duties, such as watching gauges. What interests me most is a valve doodad with which you can empty the gas tanks quicker than you can say Anastasia Cryowitonzywcyovitch of Nijni-Novgorod in case you land on the drink and hope to float. It's right near my foot and there's nothing to prevent me from kicking it open by accident.

I also finds out that there are ten starters in the race, leaving the field at ten-minute intervals. We go first. There's no particular route to follow, the goof getting to the Oregon Portland first, regardless of the distance traveled, grabbing off twenty-five thousand iron men and what jack is to be snagged from signing advertising blurbs to the effect that you couldn't have won if you hadn't used Goofish's Dental Cream, Moe Garfinkle's suspender buttons or owned a house in Second-Mortgage Manor.

At two o'clock we hop off. At that you could hardly call it a hop, the weight of the gas and Minnie's chocolate cake, which we'd taken after all, keeping us taxiing on the ground for half a mile or more. We finally rise, knock a few bricks loose from a smoke stack, and we're off in the wake of the sun. And maybe on the way to our own wake.

"Engine all right?" I shouts after we'd been sailing an hour or so.

"The knocking's getting a little worse," yells back Joe, "but don't worry!"

"I won't," says I, "as long as it chooses to run in 1927!"

With the Hallelujah moving along steadily and with Swift on the safe-and-sane

No More Burned Toast!

The new Toastmaster makes perfect toast every time . . . does it* automatically . . . *without watching or turning

Here is an amazing *new automatic* electric toaster that will free you forever from the worry of burned toast. For the Toastmaster is entirely different from any other toaster. It makes toast *automatically*—and every piece is perfect every time.

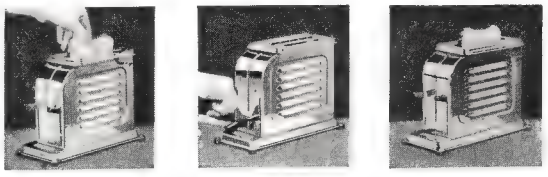
To make toast—1. Drop a slice of bread into the oven slot. 2. Press down the two levers. This lowers the bread into the oven, automatically turns on the current, and regulates the length of time the bread is to be toasted. 3. Pop! Up comes the toast when it's done to your individual liking, and the current is automatically turned off.

Both sides are toasted at the same time in an enclosed oven. Thus all the goodness and flavor of the bread are sealed in—and the toast is always piping hot when served. And it takes only half the time to make toast this way as it does when each side is toasted singly.

Ready to give

Finished in flashing nickel, the Toastmaster makes an attractive piece for the server or dining table. Give at least one Toastmaster for Christmas. Your Electric Light Company, department store or electric dealer now has it. In case your dealer cannot supply you, simply send us your name and we will tell you where you can see the Toastmaster in your town.

WATERS-GENTER COMPANY
231 No. Second Street • Minneapolis, Minnesota



1 *Drop a slice of bread into the oven slot, as illustrated above.*

2 *Press down the two levers. This lowers bread into the oven and* automatically *turns on the current.*

3 *Pop! Up comes the toast when it's done, and the current is* automatically *turned off.*

The TOASTMASTER

Imperial
LOUNGE ROBES
$5.95
A Gift
that Brings Comfort
Throughout the Year
A rayon brocaded lounging robe—bringing the last touch of comfort to mornings and evenings at home—at a price hitherto unheard of for such excellent quality.
Only our enormous facilities, as the largest makers of robes in the country, enable us to offer this garment at a price within the reach of everyone.
An ideal gift which any man who loves comfort will appreciate.
Ask for an Imperial robe from your nearest dealer—or write us specifying size (small, medium or large) and color desired—blue, wine, purple, brown or grey—and send check or money order for $5.95. The robe will be shipped to you direct.
S. L. HOFFMAN & CO.
World's Largest Robe Producers
1 East 33rd St., New York City

side, all fear leaves me. I'm not even excited; just plain bored. Cramped up in a tight seat with a bank of mist between you and the earth and the throb of the motor banging on your eardrums, you're not exactly leading an active and interesting life. You're just neck and neck mentally with a guy in an electric chair awaiting a current event.

Toward sunset we heads into a storm—rain, lightning and cold—the kind of cold that cuts through padded leather as if it were so much cheesecloth. Joe tries to climb up out of the drench, but the engine's not in a rising mood and we keeps thumping and swishing through the gloomy wet.

"What place is that?" I asks, as I makes out a huddle of huts through the soaking twilight.

"Don't know," comes back Swift. "The compass has gone blooey!"

"Let's go back," I suggests brightly, "and get another one."

"Maybe we are going back!" says Joe grimly. "Without the sun I got no idea which way we're stepping."

"That's all right," I remarks, chirping among the tombstones. "There's a Portland in England. If we land there we can tell 'em that's the one we thought they were talking about."

I got half a mind to open up the escape valve in the gas tanks and make Joe descend. What prevents me is that I don't know how quick we'll drop once the juice is spilled. Five or six thousand feet in the air is no place for second guessing.

"Take the glasses," orders Swift. "I'm dropping low. See if you can make out from signs on the roofs or something where we are."

Joe sinks down to less than a thousand feet and I sweeps the burg with the binocs. Finally I makes out some yellow printing on a long shed.

"Got anything?" shouts Joe.

"Yeh!" says I. "We're in the heart of Doak's Mange Cure!"

For the next couple of hours we do nothing but duck down every time we sees a bunch of lights, hoping to get some info on our whereabouts, but without any luck. The only break in our favor is the passing of the storm and the appearance of a bright moon.

"If we sail over St. Paul," I remarks consolingly, "we'll be sitting pretty. There's a bird I used to pal with who's always hanging around in front of Dick Swiffle's billiard joint about this time of the night. I'd know him a mile away."

"St. Paul, eh?" grunts Joe. "You're likely to see St. Peter before that if this motor keeps cutting up."

"Then land," I snaps. "Why be a cuckoo and slosh around without a compass? For all you know you might be heading toward Florida."

"Or Labrador," agrees Swift; "but as long as the bus keeps moving, we remain with it."

"Yeh," says I, "and when it quits moving, our remains remain with it. Look at that radiator gauge."

The gauge was among the dinguses I was supposed to watch and to tip off Joe if the red went any higher than a certain point. It was way beyond that now. I don't know anything about airplanes, but I've driven enough oil cans to know that if the water gets to boiling it'll evaporate in steam and the engine'll get too hot to work.

I can see from the frown and the tightening of Swift's lips that he's now got something real to worry about.

"It's clogged," he mutters. "I'll shake it out."

With that he suddenly swoops straight down, goes into a steep bank and then dives quick some more, all in an effort to clear the something that's blocking the free circulation of the water. He succeeds in almost clearing me of my innards, but the radiator gauge remains at the year's high, excepting that we've got a cloud of steam now hissing at us.

For a half hour or more Joe tries in vain to dislodge the bone in the Hallelujah's throat with every twist and dive there is and some that can't be possible. Then he gives up.

"We'll have to land," he announces. "The motor's getting ready to die on us. Look around for a good spot."

In a few minutes I pipes what seems to be a broad level expanse and Swift circles down in a corkscrew for the landing. The landing's all right, but the expanse is all wrong. What we'd taken to be a nice flat meadow turns out to be a nice deep bog. The impact of the plane drives it wing deep into the ooze, and there we are in the middle of nowhere, with muck about us as far as the eye can reach in the moonlight.

"Where," I inquires chattily, "do you imagine we be?"

"Does it look like the aviation field in Portland, Oregon?" snarls Joe. "What's the difference if we're in Carolina or Minnesota? Wherever we are we're in a hell of a state."

"Well," says I shrewdly, "we got to get out of here."

"Sure," comes back Swift. "Call up a taxi, and see that it isn't one of those gyps that charge you thirty cents a mile. Here," he adds, dragging out Minnie's chocolate layer, "cut yourself a piece of cake and make yourself at home. We'll have to stick where we are until daylight anyways."

We do nothing of the sort. The bus sinks more and more into the mire, and it's either get out and walk or go down with the ship. Knee, and sometimes thigh, deep we slosh through the gooey gumbo in the direction from which we had come. Not that we know where we're going, but to be going. Even swamps don't last forever.

This one darn near does. It's dawn before we reach a hard road, almost at the point of collapse from the weight of our sufferings and the mud we're calcimined with. At the start of the trip through the bog my first feelings had been of relief that I was out of the Hallelujah. Ground is ground, no matter how soggy. Then came rage against Minnie for what she'd let me in for, and that keeps growing hotter and hotter, until it's boiling over when we gets to the highway.

"The next time," I grits, "that a damn skirt tells me ——"

"Who you calling a damn skirt?" cuts in Joe.

"Minnie Murphy," says I.

"That's no way to talk about a nice girl," growls Swift.

"Why not?" I comes back. "You can certainly abuse the jane you're engaged to, can't you?"

"Engaged?" sneers Joe. "You may have been once, but you ain't no more."

"Huh?" I exclaims.

"She gave you the air," snaps Swift, "days ago. Minnie and I are going to be hitched when I get back."

"You?" I laughs. "That stunt flying must have scrambled your brains. The gal's just crazy about flyers and I guess you figured because she made a fuss over you that she'd fall into your arms. Did she tell you she'd marry you?"

"Practically," nods Joe. "I remember her very words: 'If you should happen to buy a ring,' said she, 'I might find a finger for it.' What does that sound like?"

"Familiar," I mumbles. "Come on," I snarls. "Let's move on. This is a hell of a time for you and me to scrap over a dirty double-crosser."

Not a word passes between us as we trudge along the road. At the end of about two miles we come to a broken-down shack in a mangy clearing. A malarial-looking apple-knocker is standing at the front-yard gate. He gives one look at us, runs around to the back of the house and soon reappears with a couple of mean-looking hound dogs.

"Welcome to our heroic flyers," grunts Joe.

"This," says I, "is riding down Broadway in the mayor's car with stenogs leaning

(Continued on Page 133)

How charmingly and spontaneously, with what carefree gaiety you smile and laugh when you know your teeth are perfect, your breath sweet and fresh!

The fresh and lovely

SMILE *of* YOUTH

You can have it always if you keep the mouth glands active

FRANK, spontaneous smiles are one of youth's great charms. Confidently they reveal sparkling white teeth and breath like a June garden. One need never lose the Mouth of Youth. Six little mouth glands are its appointed guardians. If they are kept active the healthful fluids they pour out vanquish the acids of decay.

How to keep the mouth glands young: Pebeco was especially formulated to keep the Mouth Glands ever on the alert. An important salt rouses them to the vigorous action that keeps the teeth sound, the gums firm. Brush your teeth with Pebeco after each meal and especially at night on retiring. Taste its refreshing tang. Your teeth are protected now. For hours your mouth feels cool and fresh and young.

Made by Pebeco, Inc., a division of Lehn & Fink Products Company. Sole Distributors, Lehn & Fink, Inc., Bloomfield, N. J. Distributed in Canada by Lehn & Fink (Canada) Limited.

Why these mouth glands need special attention

The lines show where the six important little Mouth Glands are. One pair is back near the throat. Two more are in the cheeks. And a third pair lies under the tongue.

To keep the teeth free from decay, the gums firm, the mouth sweet, the Mouth Glands must always be vigorous and active. But soft food, too little exercise, make them slow up. Pebeco's important salt gives the Mouth Glands just the stimulation they would get if they were called on for plenty of hard chewing. They pour out the essential fluids that protect the health of the whole mouth.

FREE OFFER: *Send coupon today for generous tube*

Lehn & Fink, Inc., Dept. L-83, Bloomfield, N. J.
Send me free your new large-size sample tube of Pebeco Tooth Paste.
PRINT PLAINLY IN PENCIL

Name .....

Street .....

City ..... *State* .....

This coupon not good after November, 1928

© 1927, Lehn & Fink, Inc.

PEBECO *keeps the Mouth Glands young*

Let First Impressions Speak in Your Favor

A NEAT APPEARANCE is the "Open Sesame" to bigger business opportunities. It gives you the self-assurance that inspires confidence and wins the approval of others.

The first essential to distinctive clothing is style. And that style is the result of correct cloth selection as well as correct tailoring. They should never be ostentatious. Novelty gives way to good taste in men's wear fabrics—distinctive but not obtrusive. That is why style leaders accept *serge, cheviot, unfinished worsted,* and *merchants' gray* as recognized style-standards for business wear.

These fabrics, as well as a selected line of *pencil stripes* and inconspicuous *fancy worsteds,* are now trade-marked by the American Woolen Company. That trade-mark protects you. It assures you that the fabric is *all wool* specially selected for its durability and fine tailoring qualities.

How do you select clothing? Do you know what kind of cloth is used in the making of the suit? Is it all wool? Will it wear as well as it looks? How can you be sure of getting full value for your clothing investment?

There is only one *sure* way. *Know what you buy.* When you see the trade-mark of the American Woolen Company on the reverse side of the fabric, you can be sure that you are getting genuine *all wool* cloth—the highest value that can be produced for the price. Look for the trade-mark in custom-made and ready-to-wear clothing.

American Woolen Company's Blue Serge—the best of our many popular lines of serges—a year-round fabric that one never tires of. A blue serge suit becomes the average man because of its adaptability to most occasions. Made in seasonable weights.

American Woolen Company's Unfinished Worsteds come in dark blue and black. When tailored it makes a suit distinctive in character. Wears well and holds its shape. The black is particularly adapted, in lighter weight, for Tuxedo or evening dress purposes.

AMERICAN · WOOLEN · COMPANY
TRADE MARK REGISTERED U.S. PAT. OFFICE

American Woolen Company's Merchants' Gray—a superior worsted of desired gray shade—one of our best staples for year-round wear. Well favored by business and professional men, and popular with undergraduates.

American Woolen Company's Cheviot—another popular fabric in a dark, rich blue of basket-weave pattern—makes possible a well-styled suit at an economical price—a desirable fabric possessing a firm, wear-resisting finish. Made in seasonable weights.

Insist upon having American Woolen Company's trade-marked, certified, all-wool fabrics
They are dependable and more economical

The American Woolen Company's All-Wool Outdoor Blankets also are trade-marked for your protection . . . . These blankets in plain colors are displayed at the better stores in the weights you prefer. Look for the label.

American Woolen Company

Would you like to see these fine all-wool fabrics? Send for free samples and examine the cloth carefully. You will admire their beauty and high-grade qualities.

Selling Agency, American Woolen Company of New York, *Dept. H*, 225 Fourth Ave. New York City

(Continued from Page 130)

out of the windows heaving phone books and spools of tape at you."

IV

THE first thing that Swift and I do when we gets backs from Missouri a week later is to call on Minnie Murphy for a showdown.

"She's probably out with some aviator," I remarks on the way to the house. "Anyone will do for that dame as long as he can fly. She likes her lads high."

"Miss Murphy in?" I asks the landlady.

"In?" exclaims the old crone. "Haven't you heard?"

"Heard what?" I comes back.

"Minnie's married!" says she.

"Yeh," says I calmly. "To whom?"

"Harold Crane," is the reply.

"Know an aviator named Crane?" I asks Joe.

"Nope," returns the flyer.

"He's no aviator," cuts in the landlady. "Mr. Crane's an engineer—a subway engineer."

ACCELERATING SENTIMENT

(Continued from Page 21)

1913, a little slip of a girl with soft brown eyes and a Southern drawl. She told me she was an aviatrix and wanted a job with the Flying Circus. Her jet-black hair hung in curls down her back and she wasn't a day more than sixteen years old.

Although I had heard there was a girl named Stinson flying down around St. Louis, I couldn't believe that this frail miss could fly.

She looked too much of a risk to encourage Will H. Pickens to take the chance of losing a $5000 plane just because a schoolgirl wanted to fly. To my amazement I learned that she had brought along her own plane, a cumbersome, unwieldy Wright pusher in which the pilot sat in front of the motors and propellers. She flew that afternoon and her handling of the controls gave me great confidence in her ability. So I added her to the Flying Circus and ballyhooed her as the Schoolgirl Who Outflies the Men.

She more than lived up to the ballyhoo, for in two years she was about the biggest drawing card in America and sought after in foreign countries. She was the first woman to loop the loop. She accomplished this in a machine designed by herself and built by Elmer Partridge in Chicago. The plane was powered by the Gnome rotary motor salvaged from Lincoln Beachey's ill-fated Taube which dived into San Francisco Bay.

Other aviators had flown at night with magnesium flares and looped in the sky, but on December 4, 1915, Katherine made a night flight from the aviation field in Griffith Park, Los Angeles, and wrote C A L in flaming letters 300 feet high against the blue velvet of a Western sky. This sky writing was an abbreviation of California and the only reason she limited herself to C A L was that she couldn't carry enough magnesium aloft to finish the word.

A Schoolma'am for Flyers

She held the records for distance and duration in air for both men and women when she flew from Chicago to Binghamton, New York, the distance of 601.763 miles being accomplished in ten hours and ten minutes. This record was made May 23, 1918, and was officially accepted by the Aero Club of America. Prior to this she had flown overland from North Island, San Diego, to the Presidio, San Francisco, on December 11, 1917. The distance was 610 miles and was made in nine hours and ten minutes. Both flights were nonstop. The Aero Club did not recognize the California flight for distance, because an overland trip between the two towns is longer than the air line, which is over water. In making this flight she was forced to ascend 8000 feet to clear the Tehachapi Mountains.

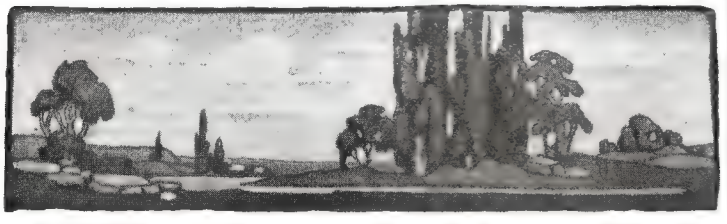
While playing dates at the Western Canadian fairs I arranged for Katherine to fly for the benefit of the Maple Leafs in the Canadian training camps. Later on she opened up a flying school in San Antonio and trained hundreds of flyers for the Allied armies. When the American punitive expedition went after Villa into Mexico she offered her services as a flyer. She didn't get the job, but had the consolation of knowing that many of the crack United States aviators were her pupils.

The First Sky Writer

She trained her younger sister Marjorie to fly and she made an aviator of her brother Eddie, who, by the way, is now reckoned among the great flyers of the day and is responsible for the Stinson-Detroiter planes which made flight history in the summer of 1927. Her feats are so many that it is impossible to give more than a sketchy outline of a few. The most amazing, which is probably sky writing at night, is generally credited to an English captain who came over here and wrote ads in the sky with the aid of a chemical smoke in 1921. So, I guess, the best way to establish Katherine Stinson's claim is to quote the London Flight of March 2, 1916:

> The feat was performed in Los Angeles. Using the sky as a background, she etched fantastic figures with her biplane studded with magnesium pyrotechnics. She traced the letters C A L in the sky, she looped, flew upside down, and dropped in a mad tumble to within a hundred feet of earth, all the while being showered with the drippings from the burning lights on her biplane. . . . Thousands saw the aerial display, weird and beautiful, like a great invisible pen writing in molten fire on the curtain of night.

Which should just about clinch Miss Stinson's claim to having originated sky writing, as the London Flight printed this five years before sky writing became an advertising medium. But Katherine's greatest fame was earned in the Orient, flying in Japan and China, day and night, in 1917. The government of Japan was anxious to secure Beachey for exhibition flights, but his untimely death canceled the contracts. The business organizations and newspapers of Japan negotiated for the services of Miss Stinson, and upon the receipt of a $25,000 guaranty, I sent her to the Orient. She launched a sensational night-and-day flying campaign over Tokio, Yokohama and other Japanese cities. It was a great boost for Oriental aviation, and government officials did not fail to impress the significance of aviation on future wars. Japan was startled into national preparedness by the wizardry of a slim Alabama



This twin-blade cleaner doubles your range of vision . . .

THESE two blades will change your whole idea of driving. Rain—snow—what do you care when your whole windshield is kept clear as crystal?

$8.50

The new twin-blade Visionall with its powerful, noiseless suction motor—costs nothing to run. Not connected to your battery.

The two blades wipe straight across the windshield, each one cleaning its own half—with the steady speed that cleans to perfection. The cleared area is 254 square inches.

The Visionall is easily, quickly installed, utilizing the same air line as your old cleaner. Price only $8.50 in U. S. If your dealer can't supply you, we will mail one postpaid for $8.50. *Made by the world's largest manufacturers of windshield equipment.*

New 5-ply rubber blade

Wipes to perfection—can't scratch—fits all windshield cleaners of suction type. We will mail one postpaid for 35c (U. S.), if your dealer can't supply you. DEALERS: The new Visionall and the new 5-ply blade are two items you should be selling. Write us.

TRICO

VISIONALL

Automatic Windshield Cleaner

PATENTED U. S. A. AND PRINCIPAL FOREIGN COUNTRIES

TRICO PRODUCTS CORPORATION, BUFFALO, N. Y.

As advertised in The Saturday Evening Post, please send me one Trico Visionall with instructions for installing. I enclose draft or money order for $8.50. I have written my dealer's name in the space at the left.

Name .....

Address .....

THE WALLOPS

[*Number four of a series*]

Entertaining Distinguished Company

GEORGE and Clara Wallop had been entertaining the President of George's company, Amos P. Strance. Dinner was over. And then it happened.

Of course a pipe may leak in anyone's house, (unless they have brass pipes) but to have the shower bath descend on the important Mr. Strance was just too much.

"How dreadful," cried Mrs. Wallop. "Now wait just a minute and I'll get a bath towel and dry you off."

"And a bucket, too," shouted Mr. Wallop. "It looks as if it were going to keep up all night."

"That's the trouble with these pipes," complained Mr. Strance, wringing the water from his coat sleeve. "They rust and they leak. Ought to use Brass, Mr. Wallop. Can't rust or leak, and lasts forever. I put it in my own house twenty years ago and not a plumber's bill since. When your plumber comes tell him to replace that leaky pipe with a brass one."

"I guess you're right, Mr. Strance. But isn't brass pipe awfully expensive?"

"No, sir. The money you pay for plumbing repairs is more than the difference in cost between brass pipe and the cheapest pipe that's made."

"Is that so? I didn't know that. Well, from now on whenever we have to replace any pipe I'll put in a brass one," said George Wallop, looking at the dripping ceiling.

Mr. Strance is right. Alpha Brass Pipe can't rust or clog. There will be no rusty water and low water pressure in your house if you use it. Next time tell your plumber to replace with "Alpha".

For all brass pipes are not the same. Alpha Brass Pipe is different from ordinary brass pipe because it contains more copper and lead.

Although it is made from a better kind of brass and produced by a special process it is sold at competitive prices and is the only trade-marked pipe of its kind. Plumbers prefer it because it cuts cleaner and sharper threads, making leak-proof joints. It positively cannot rust and the Alpha trade-mark, stamped every 12 inches, guarantees it for soundness and satisfaction.

Alpha Brass Pipe is not expensive either. For instance, in a $20,000 house Alpha Brass Pipe costs only about a hundred dollars more than the cheapest iron or steel pipe.

ALPHA BRASS PIPE

made from a special kind of

CHASE BRASS

CHASE BRASS & COPPER CO., Inc., Waterbury, Conn.

girl's skill at the controls, and her stamp on modern aviation remains in that country today. Then she went to China, flying over Shanghai, Hankow and the Forbidden City of Peking.

Although one aviator at least had been flying in China for several years, millions of the Chinese had never seen an airplane. She was regarded with superstitious awe in Nangking and the Mongolians decided that her machine would not go up into the air. When it did leave the ground and swished its way into the clouds the Orientals thought that Katherine was a magician. They said, "That little thing in the sky is a bird. It is not the same thing that was on the ground. That was large and the thing in the sky is small. That little thing will never come back."

Miss Stinson gave a special night solo over the Peking palace of President Li Yuan-Hung and His Excellency displayed his appreciation by giving her a check for 6000 yen, equivalent to $3000. As reports of her triumphal tour came back home I was using the good news to ballyhoo her all over America. On her return she was showdom's greatest attraction and earned between $4000 and $5000 an afternoon at state fairs. Her biggest day was her exhibition flight at Sheepshead Bay in conjunction with the three-cornered automobile contest between Barney Oldfield, Ralph De Palma and Louis Chevrolet. Her take for that afternoon was $7100.

Then the war broke loose and she never flew again for personal profit. Her last flying was done for the Red Cross, the most remarkable flight being from Buffalo to Washington, stops being made at all big cities and $2,000,000 in checks being picked up and handed over to Secretary McAdoo. She designed and built all her own planes, bought her own motors, furnished her gasoline and never turned in an expense bill. She was refused permission to fly a combat plane, but went to England and flew from London to Paris and drove a Red Cross ambulance on the battle front. The result was an attack of flu, and since 1920 she has been living at Sante Fé, New Mexico, where her favorite diversion is entertaining transcontinental flyers who drop in for tea. Her career is proof of my frequent and raucous ballyhoo that the world's most intrepid airman is a woman.

Ballyhoo and Taboo

In spite of her daring, she was exceedingly careful. She flew at night and landed in half-mile race tracks, threading her way through trees, buildings and telegraph wires by the light of an old-fashioned bonfire made of barrels and hay—and never had a serious accident. As a promoter, I appreciated her technic and skill, because to me the only valuable aviator was a live one. I couldn't afford to make an aviator's name a household word unless I was reasonably certain that he would last long enough to pay dividends. The cost of such a ballyhoo is at least $20,000 for advertising in trade and amusement journals, salaries of special publicity men and the printing of twenty-four-sheets. Some $2000 is necessary for the purchase of enough photographs to flood the daily newspapers of America.

Although I was ballyhooing recklessness, I discouraged it among my flyers as much as possible. Miss Stinson first looped the loop and flew at night against my protests. I talked her out of looping for a year and told her she was doing well enough without extra stunts. One day she phoned me from the field that she had looped twice and told me to hustle out there if I wanted to see how it was done. After that there was nothing to do but to capitalize her ability.

Recklessness is a bad proposition as a business investment. The minute a flyer crashed I had to toss away at least $10,000 worth of twenty-four-sheet lithographs and newspaper cuts in addition to a full line of printing including one-sheets, three-sheets, eight-sheets, smaller printing and stationery bearing the crest of the unfortunate flyer. I absolutely refused to handle one of Art Smith's mechanics, who obtained one of Smith's old planes and inaugurated an orgy of wild flying on the west coast. He was the most startling flyer who ever took off from the ground. He would zoom between buildings and dip down within the framework of a roller coaster in an amusement park. He was another flyer who could fly off a doormat and land on a grease spot. He landed on the grease spot inside of six short weeks. He was an early example of the mechanic who became a flyer. Before his time, nearly every aviator was his own mechanic and did his emergency tinkering unaided. Therefore it was difficult to develop new flyers.

Through a Needle's Eye

The early flyers were what crap shooters would describe as naturals. They were born birds who had pinfeathers on their elbows and needed only a short run to get off the ground. One of the best examples of a natural flyer was little Mickey McGuire, who was ground mechanic for De Lloyd Thompson and joined me to sell programs for Beachey's Flying Circus. He made a little money and disappeared one day, showing up in a month to inform me that he had a mail-order certificate as a flyer. I saw him fly a school plane and then signed him on for the Circus. He was a sensation for six months and I sent him out as a star attraction to the Arizona State Fair. His antics were observed by one of Villa's agents, who made a deal with him to purchase a half dozen secondhand planes and join Villa's army as a colonel.

Another aerial maniac was Sure-Shot Kearney, a product of the St. Louis school of flying. Sure-Shot gave himself that label after his folks had made the mistake of christening him Horace. He was a chesty lad, but he could fly. One of my ballyhoos for the Flying Circus had failed to materialize because of the illness of Glenn Martin. Glenn was to fly from the Emeryville race track in Oakland across the eight miles of San Francisco Bay and land in Van Ness Avenue, San Francisco. The object of the flight was to deliver a letter from Mayor Mott, of Oakland, to Mayor Rolph, of San Francisco, inviting him to step across the bay and see the show. The stunt was good for front-page stuff in all the papers in the bay cities and I wailed loud and long when Martin fell sick. Following the time-honored custom of the Pickens family, I was confiding my troubles to the head tapper in an Oakland taproom, when a young fellow hobbled up and said, "Mister, your troubles are over. I'll fly the bay on an ironing board."

The ironing-board aviator was a sturdy youngster with a good face and chilled-steel eyes. I had never seen him before, but I knew that he could fly. And I would have snatched at anybody just at that moment, because I had advertised a flight over eight miles of water and there were plenty of cub reporters ready to call me a fake. It was an astounding stunt, for Van Ness Avenue was lined on both sides with houses and crisscrossed with telegraph and telephone wires.

"Who are you?" I asked him. "Another one of those flyers who can take off a plate and land on a saucer?"

"I'm Sure-Shot Kearney." He smiled. "And I can do better than that. I can fly blindfolded over a transom and through the eye of a needle."

Sure-Shot Kearney was engaged on the spot. He was just out of the hospital at Bartelsville, Oklahoma, where he had lost a decision to a big oak tree, smashing up his ankle but saving his plane. The plane was down at the railroad office in four crates, where the officials were holding it for freightage. We went down and got the four crates out of hock and carted them to the aviation field. There were a lot of skeptical experts around who doubted anybody's ability to fly over eight miles of water and the indignant Sure-Shot wanted

(Continued on Page 137)

GIFTS
For Every Manufacturer

FUEL An Eastern manufacturer of soap reduced his coal cost 8 per cent—$9,600—by equipping his power plant with Foxboro Instruments.

MAN POWER A well-known manufacturing chemist released a man for more productive work by installing a Foxboro Temperature Controller on an ether dephlegmator.

MONEY An oil refinery reports a saving of $10,000 a year by the use of one Foxboro Flow Controller installed on a pipe still.

TIME A chocolate manufacturer saves from 40 to 90 minutes a day of one man's time by installing a Foxboro Recording Thermometer on a brine cooler.

MAN power . . . raw materials . . . fuel . . . money . . . time—these are gifts which Foxboro Instruments bring to thousands of manufacturers.

For example: the A. Schoenhut Company, Philadelphia, world's largest exclusive manufacturers of toys, installed Foxboro Humidity Controllers on their dry kilns to assure the uniformity of each wooden toy. Immediately these additional benefits resulted:

15% more usable material for the manufacture of their toy pianos and ukuleles is produced from the same amount of lumber.

25% saving in drying time.

Elimination of rejects—improperly dried stock.

Furthermore, these Foxboro Instruments have increased production to such an extent as to eliminate the necessity of buying an extra dry kiln.

Even children are benefited. They get better, more durable toys.

And all the while Foxboro Instruments have been doing the job for which they were purchased—controlling the humidity within the kilns to a degree of accuracy never before possible.

Foxboro Instruments enable manufacturers to control more precisely any process in which temperature, pressure, humidity, or flow is a factor.

Every Foxboro Instrument is designed to meet the requirements of the specific job.

Every Foxboro Instrument is guaranteed permanent in calibration and is accurate to within less than 1% of total scale range.

Only instruments of proved performance could be backed by such a guarantee. Investigate. Write or wire.

Foxboro Humidity Controller

THE FOXBORO CO., *Inc.*
Neponset Avenue, Foxboro, Mass., U. S. A.

New York Chicago Boston Philadelphia
Pittsburgh Cleveland Detroit Rochester Atlanta
Tulsa Los Angeles San Francisco Portland, Ore.

Peacock Brothers, *Limited*
1605 Delorimier Avenue
Montreal, Canada

Sole British Representatives:
Walker-Crosweller & Co.
58 Queen Elizabeth Street
London, S. E.

THE COMPASS OF INDUSTRY

Instruments for Indicating, Recording and Controlling Temperature, Pressure, Humidity and Flow.

INDUSTRIAL FOXBORO *INSTRUMENTS*

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

Recognition

More than 20 years of consistent service to all industries by Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings have brought about a universal recognition of their importance and value in all types of machinery.

Manufacturers, engineers, and mechanics, wherever machinery is designed, built or used, accord instant recognition to those elements which make a Bunting Bushing Bearing represent far more than merely a piece of bronze.

They realize that in automobile, lathe, printing press, electric motor—every mechanism of modern industry and convenience—the good name of the machinery manufacturer is often measured by the quality of the bearings, and they know a Bunting Bushing Bearing does not fail under the most terrific stresses of great weights in motion, or the grinding pressure of small but vital moving parts.

The Public also recognizes in the use of Bunting Phosphor Bronze Bushing Bearings a desire upon the part of the machinery manufacturer to build well. Bunting Bushing Bearings have become an accepted index to the high worth of the mechanisms which they support at friction points, because they have always represented the most advanced metallurgical science in the bronze industry.

This universal recognition is the plus value received by over 5000 manufacturers of all kinds of machinery who put Bunting Bushing Bearings into their specifications today.

Special Alloys, Designs, and Sizes | *364 Standard Sizes in Stock* | *341 Sizes of Automotive Replacement Bushings* Completely machined and finished | *88 Stock Sizes of Phosphor Bronze Cored and Solid Bars* In the Rough

"The man who knows a Bunting Bushing never fails to recognize it."

Baby Bunting

Bunting Trade Mark Registered

THE BUNTING BRASS & BRONZE CO., TOLEDO, O.

Branches and Warehouses at

NEW YORK	CHICAGO	PHILADELPHIA	SAN FRANCISCO	BOSTON	EXPORT OFFICE
276 Lafayette St.	2015 S. Michigan Ave.	1330 Arch St.	198 Second St.	36 Oliver St.	Toledo, Ohio
Canal 1374	Calumet 6850-6851	Spruce 5296	Douglas 6245	Hancock 0154	

BUNTING

PHOSPHOR BRONZE

BUSHING BEARINGS

PATENTED

(Continued from Page 134)

to make a preliminary flight to ease their minds. Sure-Shot's only precautions for the trip were to turn his cap around backward and wrap an inflated inner tube around his chest. Then he flew right into a front-page story in the San Francisco Chronicle, which said on February 16, 1912:

He made a direct line for Goat Island, where he swerved over to the sea wall and up to Van Ness Avenue, dropping slowly to an elevation of 500 feet at Van Ness Avenue and the beach. Dropping in a graceful sweep, he scooped under the telegraph wires at Francisco Street, struck the ground in the middle of the block and then running along the ground, swerved around the corner into the Lombard Street grade in a perfect stop. He delivered a message to Mayor Rolph and then flew out of Van Ness Avenue on a return flight to Oakland.

That flight made Sure-Shot among fellow aviators, for motors in those days were not built for sustained flights and few flyers cared to venture over water. Kearney was over the waters of the bay for only seven minutes, but his motor might have developed tonsillitis during one of those minutes and Sure-Shot would have been a dud. This flight enthused him to such an extent that he wanted to fly over the Pacific from Los Angeles to San Francisco—a daring proposition fifteen years ago. The distance approximated considerably more than 400 miles, and I talked him out of it, as I needed his services at country fairs.

But the idea kept simmering in Sure-Shot's mind and finally bubbled over ten months later. He built pontoons in place of his landing gear and announced he would fly on Saturday, December 14, 1912. He carried a passenger—Chester Lawrence, automobile editor of the Los Angeles Examiner, who was determined to go along in spite of the danger. The reconstructed job had some difficulty getting into the air off Huntington Beach. Then Sure-Shot got the plane's nose into the air and sailed over the city of Long Beach, where it dipped in a long swoop toward Santa Monica Bay. It looked as if the flight were over, but Sure-Shot made a good landing, plowed and bounded through the waves at fifty miles an hour and finally got aloft again, heading northward. Two hours later he was seen about a mile off Point Dume by a rancher named Lumken, who watched the plane until it was swallowed up in a sudden fog.

Lost at Sea

The gasoline launch Smiley, cruising off Redondo the next day, found a pontoon floating about five miles offshore. But nobody believed that the daring Sure-Shot had been lost at sea. Nothing more was heard for two days and I was accused of hiding Kearney and Lawrence on Santa Cruz Island off Santa Barbara. Their bodies were washed ashore five days later just a few miles south of Redondo Beach. They were the first flyers to be lost at sea, but fifteen years have not altered the spasmodic hopes and fears that blanket the world when modern Atlantic aviators are lost to sight over the ocean.

Sure-Shot went out the way he desired—in a blaze of publicity. It was his obsession that he might suffer the ignominious fate of crashing at a pumpkin fair or during a practice flight. All the early flyers knew that they couldn't last very long, but each endeavored to be known as the world's greatest aviator before he took the last dive. The pioneer flyers were young adventurers who chose the air more for romance than for money, and each one of them made a contribution to science. Sure-Shot's bit was to prove that it was possible to radio from a flying machine to a ground station. Archie McDonald and Leo Scott, two Oakland High School boys, received Sure-Shot's Morse coding on their instruments in February, 1911, while Kearney was flying 300 feet overhead.

We had to do these stunts in order to get publicity, but there is no doubt that they helped to further the cause of aviation. When Silas Christofferson flew off the roof of the Multnomah Hotel in Portland, Oregon, it didn't prove anything except that it could be done. The hotel was in the heart of the town and Christofferson didn't know what would happen to him. But it had never been done before and that was enough for Silas. They assembled the plane on the roof and Christofferson climbed aboard. Ten men held the plane back while the engine gathered power, and at a signal all let go. The flight was successful enough to postpone Christofferson's finish for five years.

An Antidote for Old Age

Chamberlin got a lot of publicity recently by launching his airplane from a 114-foot runway built on the deck of the Leviathan. A young man named Eugene Ely did the same stunt on January 18, 1911. He not only flew off the cruiser Pennsylvania, anchored in San Francisco Bay, but he also flew onto it!

The only reason for doing this stunt was because Ely thought it could be accomplished. The Navy was just as eager to aid experiments in those days as it is now. Ely rose from the Tanforan race track and headed for the Pennsylvania. A platform had been built on the after deck of the big cruiser and Ely headed for it without the slightest hesitancy. His plane was equipped with grapples known as grass hooks, as planes didn't have tail skids in those days. Ropes, weighted down with sandbags, were stretched at short intervals across the landing platform. The grass hooks engaged these ropes as Ely swept over the platform and slowed him up. It called for great nerve, as Ely was seated out in front of his pusher-type Curtiss plane, but the last weighted rope stopped him.

Then he flew off. Aviation is just gathering the harvest from seeds planted fifteen and sixteen years ago. I must take issue with the editorials of August 31, 1927, which heralded the initiation of America's first airplane freight service on that date. The Chicago Evening American on May 25, 1912, announced that Farnum Fish had flown from Chicago to Milwaukee, carrying a 300-yard bolt of silk consigned to a Milwaukee firm.

After that, on Wednesday, May 29, 1912, Fish, who was known as the Flying Schoolboy, made the first delivery of newspapers by airplane when he distributed the Milwaukee Journal in Waukesha, Oconomowoc and Watertown. Fish was a sixteen-year-old boy who got the flying bug and wasn't happy unless he had both feet off the ground. Only his size kept the truant officers from rescuing him from my mercenary clutches. He weighed 190 pounds and stood six feet two. I kept him at the stationary age of sixteen for the next few years, even though it necessitated shaving him twice a day.

It is easy to see that the business of ballyhooing must be progressive. Each succeeding stunt must be more sensational and breezier than the one it replaced. Looping and honeymoon trips in the air were all right while they were novelties, but the news value soon wore off and we

THE ROLLS
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The reputation and well-mannered style of FLORSHEIM SHOES have a special appeal to the man whose standing commands respect in any company.

Most Styles $10

The FLORSHEIM SHOE
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Manufactured by THE FLORSHEIM SHOE COMPANY *Chicago*

FOR both hand and machine work, Simonds Hack Saws are preferred by experienced mechanics. They know that Simonds Blades cut easier and faster—that the teeth will not shell—and that the high tungsten content gives longer life. For power saw use, specify Simonds All-Hard Blades—for hand use, Simonds Hard Edge Blades. But be sure to specify "Simonds" and thus secure the advantages of a near-century's experience in the manufacture of fine cutting edges.

SIMONDS SAW AND STEEL COMPANY

"The Saw Makers" Fitchburg, Mass. *Established 1832*

BRANCH STORES AND SERVICE SHOPS IN PRINCIPAL CITIES

An Unqualified Endorsement

For over fifty years "Phillips Milk of Magnesia" has had the unqualified endorsement of physicians and dentists.

"Phillips Milk of Magnesia" is an efficient Antacid, Laxative, and Corrective.

Always insist upon genuine "Phillips Milk of Magnesia."

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"Milk of Magnesia" has been the U. S. Registered Trade Mark of The Charles H. Phillips Chemical Co. and its predecessor Charles H. Phillips since 1875.

THE CHARLES H. PHILLIPS CHEMICAL CO., NEW YORK AND LONDON

Would YOU Accept

$2.22 for Each Spare Hour?

If you have one or two unused hours every day—it makes no difference whether in the morning, afternoon, or evening—would you accept $2.22 for each of them? *That's what we have paid John W. Richards of Wisconsin for representing our subscription interests in his locality.*

Why Not Do What Richards Did?

Although Richards had had no experience along sales lines, he clipped a coupon like the one below, and became our representative in his locality. He could give only two hours a day to subscription work, or a total of 48 hours each month. Yet his profits totaled $106.80 in one month, or approximately $2.22 per hour.

Money talks, and sometimes it makes pretty convincing conversation! You can listen to more like this, straight from your own pocket book, by representing *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman* in your vicinity. Put your unproductive hours to profitable use without losing any time. Send this handy coupon for full details, TODAY!

Investigate This Opportunity

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
249 Independence Square, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Please tell me how I may earn as much or more than Mr. Richards.

Name ..... Age .....
(PLEASE PRINT NAME AND ADDRESS)

Street .....

City ..... State .....

were forced to think up new features, and that's how another thing started.

We had a crew of hustlers selling souvenir post cards to the spectators assembled to see the Flying Circus at different fairs. These post cards cost us a cent each and sold for ten cents, a profit of almost the ideal 1000 per cent. One day we got the bright idea of accelerating sales by pasting a one-cent stamp on the cards and announcing that we would deliver them by airplane. The hustlers would go through the crowd selling the cards by the thousand, as people were eager to enjoy the honor of being the first ones to send mail by airplane. The postmasters fell right in with the scheme.

The procedure was for the postmaster of each town to come down to the field and swear in Farnum Fish before the admiring fans. Then his assistants would gather up the cards in regular mail bags and deposit them in Fish's airplane, who would then zoom up into the air and fly around until he spotted a vacant lot somewhere in the town. Here Fish would drop the mail bags overboard, where they lay until picked up by trucks. It was rather crude, but there is no doubt that we originated mail service when we first pulled the stunt in Oakland in 1911. This sale of post cards was worth $1000 a day at state fairs and flying exhibitions.

Auspices in the Foreground

It made a good hook-up with chambers of commerce and boards of trade, which urged all civic-minded citizens to boost their home towns by patronizing the aerial mail service. Everything was legitimate and we never told our customers that the overland flight of their mail was limited from the flying field to the first vacant lot in the vicinity. As a publicity stunt for the Flying Circus, it was the daddy of all ballyhoos. Newspapers seized on the idea and boldly predicted that some day the United States Government would fly the mail from coast to coast, but more conservative business men smiled at such rashness.

The value of this ballyhoo was in its dignity and government flavor. In order to get anywhere at all, a promoter must operate within the good graces of the civic or national authorities. He must have the confidence of the newspapers and a hook-up with the reliable commercial organizations of the various cities. All this is summed up in one word, "auspices." The promoter lurks in the background and rarely gives out statements to the press, for he should be operating under the auspices of the Downtown Merchants' Association or the Ladies' Auxiliary of the Gates Ajar Society. The chairmen of these organizations are usually willing to serve as the mouthpiece for press interviews. You never have any trouble in finding somebody to ride the white horse.

Sometimes these promotions skid badly and the "auspices" find it necessary to soothe the feelings of indignant townsmen and friends. In that case your promoter is generally on his way out of town to dig up bigger and better "auspices" for his next attempt. His record is clean, for he has never been mentioned. His intentions are always of the best, even though the advertising methods of twenty-five years ago would be considered unethical today.

Trade Customs

Manners and customs change in all trades, as a certain man discovered when haled into court in his home town a few years ago. He was the general utility man for a Southern company, and went into camp at Miami during the Spanish War. His commanding officer used to send the utility man out to do a little foraging. Any change of diet was delightful. The man became an adept at bayoneting chickens and shoats and was the most popular man with his company. He was the official forager.

The utility man stole so much livestock that he eventually came to believe that this was the orthodox method of getting a meal. His habits never changed when the troops disbanded and went back home, with the result that he often got into trouble with the police. Along about 1921 he was brought up before his old commander, now a judge. Charge, stealing a cow.

When the former utility man saw that the judge was his commander of the old days, he knew that everything was all right, for his commander had often praised him as being the best forager with the company. But that didn't help the former utility man any, for he got six months in the county chain gang. As he was being led away, he asked to be allowed to make a statement, and looking at the judge with reproachful eyes, asked, "Jedge, how come it what wuz foragin' in 1898 is stealin' in 1921?"

And so it goes with the old-time ballyhoo. The successful promoter of today has changed the vinegar for honey and his harsh statements to suave propaganda. The Sons of the Great American Barnum have modified their shilling and booing, for the public is now able to detect the difference between the chaff and the wheat, and the ballyhooing of 1898 would simply be hokum in 1927.

Editor's Note—This is the third of a series of articles by Mr. Pickens. The fourth will appear in the issue of December tenth.

SHORT TURNS AND ENCORES

(Continued from Page 26)

when the broadcaster describes a wicked punch.

The glee of the little ones on being allowed to stay up for the main event. They are permitted to be up until 10:30 on Christmas, Fourth of July, and fight nights. Evangeline, aged nine, is explaining with lovely patience to Phœbe, who is only six, what the one-two and the left jab are.

The satisfaction of father, at the dials. Father adds information to that given by the announcer, basing his comments on his recollections of the newspaper reports of the Corbett-Fitzsimmons affair thirty years ago. If father wouldn't insist on telling what he would do if he were in the champion's corner the audience would have a better time.

Mother beaming over the fine reception on the set, the Joneses and Smiths having been asked in to hear the returns and for lemonade.

Big brother's disgust over the proceedings as he passes out on his way to the nearest pool room, wondering what boxing is coming to anyway. —*McCready Huston.*

A Holiday Acrostic

THEN

*T*oday . . . . . bounteous hoard,
*H*ome . . . . . ancestral farm;
*A*lluring . . . . . groaning board,
*N*ow . . . . . cares disarm.
*K*ingly, the turkey . . . . . brown;
*S*avory . . . . . tantalize;
*G*randmother . . . . . gown,
*I*ntent . . . . . pies!
*V*iands . . . . . Ceres' shrine,
*I*nspire . . . . . gay;
*N*uts, cider, ... combine;
*G*ive thanks . . . . . Nation's Holiday!

NOW

*T*wo hit-run . . . . . crash;
*H*arvard and Yale . . . . . Bowl;
*A*rrest bobbed . . . . . dash;
*N*ebraska kicks . . . . . goal;
*K*ills rival . . . . . spree;
*S*ervices . . . . . unite;
*G*ame . . . . . Station NSG;
*I*nterest keen . . . . . fight;
*V*irginia punter . . . . . sphere;
*I*ntoxicated . . . . . fray;
*N*onstop . . . . . pioneer;
*G*ive thanks . . . . Nation's Holiday!

—*Corinne Rockwell Swain.*

REMINGTON PORTABLE STILL LEADS *the* FIELD

SIX years ago the Remington Typewriter Company presented to American workers everywhere the first portable typewriter with standard keyboard.

For five years, it remained without an imitator of any kind. During those five years, we profited by experience and experiment until we had produced the Perfect Portable with the standard keyboard and smallest by over 200 cubic inches in the carrying case; lightest by approximately 2 pounds; more compact (as result of above) than any other machine; the only machine on which the escapement is disconnected when not in use; the one portable of *proved* durability; giving superior print work and best manifolding.

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REMINGTON PORTABLE

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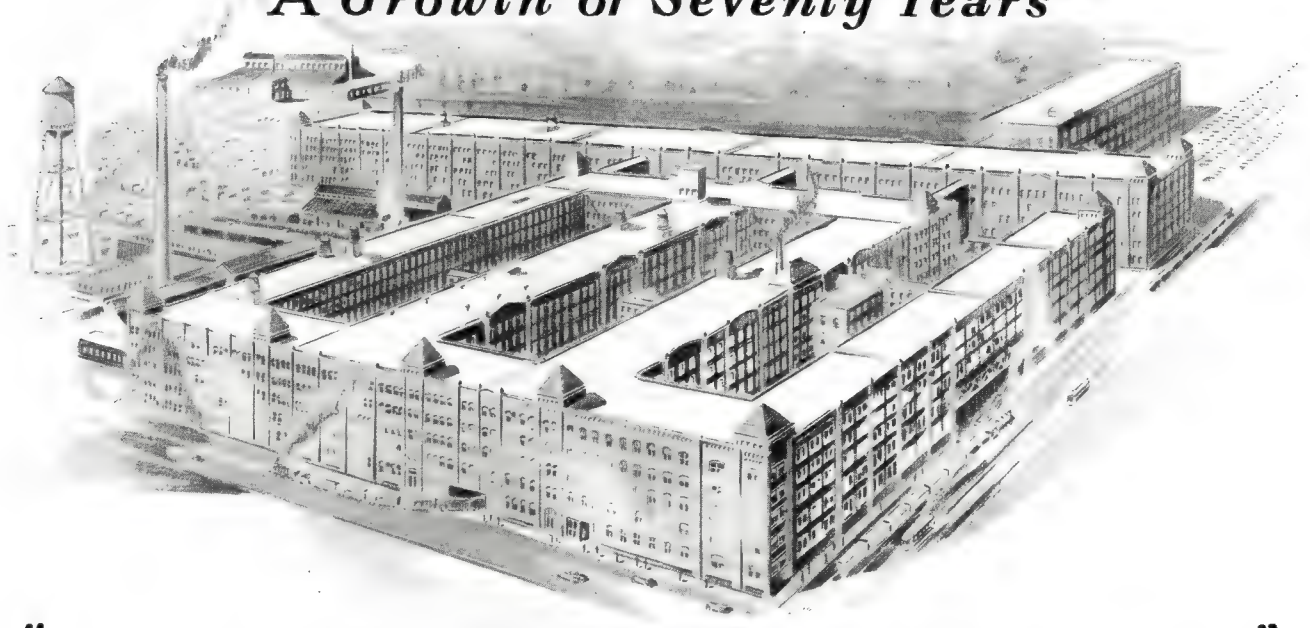


"Like No Other Piano Factory In The World"

A Kimball Custom Art Grand

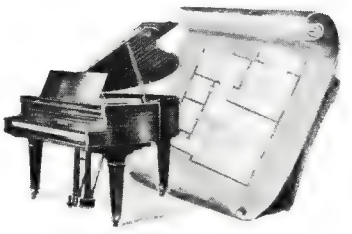
A Kimball "Junior" Upright
(*In especial demand for schools*)

ATONAL purity and an external beauty surpassed by no other piano in the world—and a price within reach of America's great fellowship of music lovers—has been the ideal of the Kimball house for seventy years.

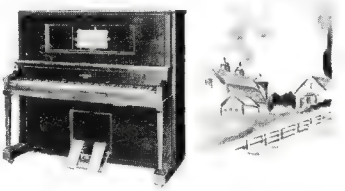
To realize this ideal meant the combination of many factories in one—a group of buildings comprising not only the largest and best equipped piano factory on the globe, but also the vast organ-building resources of the Kimball house. With all processes centralized, every step from raw material to the last finishing touches is supervised by those who share the traditions of the institution.

When a Kimball piano enters your home, to brighten and enrich your family life with the cultural influence of music, it carries the guarantee of a house that knows all there is to know about each part that went into the instrument when it was being made. The guarantee is a practical assurance of merit—not a figure of speech.

The unfailing merit so assured has won a recognition whose measure is plainly expressed in Kimball distribution totals, which are equaled by no piano of any other name.



A Kimball Small Grand



A Kimball Player Upright

W. W. KIMBALL COMPANY

1857 CHICAGO 1927

Kimball Hall, 306 South Wabash Avenue

MORE KIMBALL PIANOS ARE IN USE IN AMERICAN HOMES THAN PIANOS OF ANY OTHER NAME IN THE WORLD

A SAGA OF THE SWORD

(Continued from Page 36)

crater field. It clung heavily to his boots, made anything but the most deliberate pace impossible. Ahead of him the purposeful little groups of the battalion—machine-gun sections laboring with the heavy barrel, the tripod, the boxes of spare belts; Lewis gunners with their blunderbuss-like weapons, attendant men carrying the ammunition drums; bombers with bags of grenades at the waist, accompanied by an equal number of bayonet men; rifle bombers, Stokes gunners, signalers, stretcher bearers—were in motion through the smother. They plodded straight into the exploding menace of the enemy barrage. It was a triumph of training, of discipline, of teeth-set stolid courage, of desperately loyal endeavor.

Terrible though was that barrier of incessantly bursting shells, it was not so completely destructive as it appeared. That infantry formation had been expressly designed for passage through it. If here and there one of those groups vanished utterly in a spout of black smoke, a riving crash, if from all of them individuals reeled and staggered and fell, yet the most of them emerged on the other side, to that comparative clarity where the lanes had been cut through the tangled masses of rusty barbed wire. Walking as quickly as he could, with the colonel and the major, the signalers following close, he also emerged unharmed; though around them shell after shell had descended with a screeching rush, todisrupt in shattering violence. Ahead he could just see figures of the preceding wave, isolated groups in quick activity amid the drifting smoke—men who threw bombs, who flung themselves down with Lewis guns that rattled instantly, who stabbed with bayonets at objects beneath them in holes and trenches, who threw up their arms or lurched suddenly forward in collapse. His own battalion was now in among the wire. If only they could pass this dangerous zone—get to close quarters! He balanced his heavy revolver in his hand, shouted to a lagging group in front of him to get on. The next instant there was a rapid vindictive hammering, quite close. The group went down as though it had been scythed.

Someone must have settled that machine gun. It ceased abruptly. On! On! He shouted at the top of his voice that was scarcely audible to himself in this din, ran to leadership of some stumbling men in front who had no officer. The hammering was incessant, maddening. The bullets swished and hummed and whip-cracked around him. It was a nightmare, an unreal horror of men who tumbled and writhed upon the ground. On! On! He saw the colonel likewise urging onward men who had stopped as though paralyzed. Where was the major? On! On! He was beyond the wire, was over the all but obliterated parapet of the first trench.

All around him flat-helmeted, khaki-clad men were swarming over the shell-blasted heaps that had been the hostile trench system. Except for three deep-helmeted, gray-uniformed men with their hands in the air, stumbling along with a bayonet held close to their backs, he saw none of the enemy. The men who far and near were hurling bombs, were discharging rapid bursts of Lewis gunfire, seemed engaged with imaginary adversaries. But always that terrible furious hammering continued in front and the right and left, and he saw those bombers, those Lewis gunners, those bayonet men fall wherever he looked. Ahead, the first wave of the attack seemed to have been swallowed up. He could discern only a few scattered men of it here and there, dodging from concealment to concealment, firing rapidly from behind cover. He kept close to the colonel, struggling through wrecked trenches, over still smoking débris, toward the point previously indicated on the map as a provisional command post. He agonized to see the companies melting away, becoming mere handfuls of survivors momentarily more reduced. Once more the familiar tragedy was being repeated. He fought down a sickening sense of hopelessness. The break through was a mockery, but they must do their best. They overtook a group of moppers-up—men who flung bombs down the shaft of a deep dugout, and told him there was a crowd down there. It was some slight satisfaction.

Just to the right of him, from a little mound almost indistinguishable from the myriad identical mounds of that heaped and disordered earth, he saw a quick misty spurting. Machine gun! As he shouted the warning and dived for cover, the bullets cracked around them, the colonel lurched and pitched, lay motionless. Crouching in the protection of a half-demolished traverse, the adjutant looked round to the half dozen similarly crouching men who had followed them—signalers and headquarters runners. One he sent to crawl and dodge in search of O. C. Number 1 Company, if not himself a casualty the next senior officer after the colonel and the major second in command. Others he dispatched to find, if possible, a Stokes-mortar section, bombers, rifle bombers and Lewis gunners. A grim vindictiveness filled him. He was going to get that machine gun.

In ones and twos those his messengers had been able to round up began to arrive along the shattered trench; breathless, flustered, smoke-begrimed men whose faces were haggard with strain. A couple incautiously exposed themselves and were flung headlong in a quick hammering. He set his teeth, curtly organized his attack. He had three men with a Stokes mortar, a half dozen bombers, three rifle bombers, and a couple of Lewis guns. While the Stokes-mortar and the rifle bombers sent their missiles into the emplacement, the Lewis gunners and hand bombers would try to work round to catch the crew if they made a bolt for it. Carefully and warily he wriggled himself up to the edge of the trench, lay so that he could just peer over it. The fatal mound was twenty yards away.

In the trench the Stokes-mortar men adjusted their simple weapon to the range he gave them—it was a metal tube, with a spike in the bottom upon which a shell based with a perforated metal cartridge was dropped to the automatic discharge which propelled it. There was a gruff report and the missile soared curvingly to fall neatly on the target, exploded in a crash. A flight of rifle bombs followed, their sticks twirling in the air, detonated one after the other. The emplacement was silent. He ordered out the hand bombers and Lewis gunners. They scrambled from the trench as another Stokes projectile finished its curved flight in an explosion. Instantly there was again a quick spurting, a quick hammering from the emplacement. It was of concrete and was undamaged. The men who had emerged from the trench lay prone, motionless. He raged impotently. It was the old story, familiarly and succinctly described in official reports as "attack finally hung up by machine-gun fire"—so he himself, if he survived, would later on report to Brigade. What could one do against these all but invulnerably concealed weapons that could singly annihilate a battalion in a few minutes? The major was right. War had become a hopeless deadlock where the bravest but committed suicide. He had better get back a bit, use his survivors to consolidate that trench, put up a barricade.

That emplacement was still firing—other now suddenly revealed emplacements were also firing in a furious unusually prolonged hampering—but the bullets no longer came in his direction. He delayed for a glance at their target. Was another attack following? He saw no rush of men who stumbled and fell. The desolation was empty of human beings. What was it? Fritz was shelling too—shelling his own trenches. From a smoke smother of shell bursts he saw something emerge—a weirdly monstrous shape that crawled snoutingly

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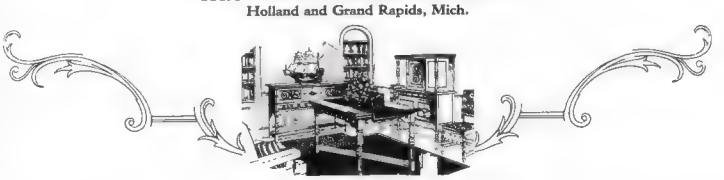

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Want $50.00 Extra For Christmas?

AMONG the things which Miss Ruth W. Taylor of West Virginia wants for Christmas each year is more money—for herself and for tasteful gifts. Being self-reliant, she long ago discovered that she could easily earn it for herself. In a single month we have paid her more than $75.00 just for sending us new and renewal subscriptions for *The Saturday Evening Post*, *The Ladies' Home Journal* and *The Country Gentleman*.

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WE want more workers to represent our publications, locally, just as Miss Taylor is doing. The work is easy, pleasant and dignified. You do not need previous experience to succeed, and your time is your own. We will pay you liberally for results whether you have one or ten hours to spare—but if you want $50.00 by Christmas do not delay.

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I am interested in your cash plan for more money. Please tell me about it, but without obligating me in any way.

Name..... *Age*.....
(Please Print Name and Address)

Street.....

City..... *State*.....

onward, lurching into shell holes and trenches, climbing out of them, wallowing over the soft ground. One of the machines he had seen last night! More than ever it was like some prehistoric pachyderm, blind-eyed, sniffing its way, ponderously dragging itself over every obstacle. He could hear the clatter of its steel tracks as they passed down on either side of its uplifted nose, could see the bullets of those frenziedly firing machine guns splashing bright on its fantastically painted sides. A gun protruded from each flank, and every now and then they spurted in a whiff of smoke and a loud report. It came on like a sentient thing—now as it were hesitating—now resuming a slow but relentless progress, uncannily suggestive of some small-brained primeval monster awakened to a dull vindictiveness against a puny humanity that had usurped the earth.

It became at last aware of those furiously raging machine guns. It stopped, and then, with a mighty roar, one track not moving, it turned and began to crawl toward them. The adjutant watched breathlessly, fascinated. Its camouflage mottling was streaked and scored, splashed all over, by that hail of bullets. It ignored them in a contemptuous invulnerability, disdained to reply with similar weapons. Ominously purposeful, exhaling, as it were, angry puffs of vapor from behind its head, roaring and clattering, it lurched and wallowed straight toward the nearest emplacement. The machine gun within it continued to hammer desperately. The monster approached, was only a yard or two away. It reared a little to climb the mound—a very little—rolled over it. Behind it the machine gun was silent. Roaring and clattering it swung toward the next. That also continued to fire. It fired until the monster heaved and lurched and left it flattened.

The adjutant sprang recklessly to his feet, waved and pointed to that murderous machine-gun nest he had failed to silence. It also was still firing. A brain within the monster perceived and understood. Again the great bulk swung ponderously, commenced to crawl deliberately upon its prey. The adjutant called up some riflemen from the trench, ready in case that doomed machine-gun crew should attempt to bolt. It did not. Its weapon continued to hammer until the great snout lifted above the little mound, until the noisily running steel tracks came down upon it and the huge squat body slithered and lurched. The adjutant waved and cheered as never before in his life he had waved and cheered. By his side his men cheered and waved also, as though demented with delight.

The monster turned again, moved along the edge of the trench toward the enemy position. The adjutant yelled and gesticulated. "Follow on, men! Follow on behind!" Cheering, shouting and laughing like a crowd of excited schoolboys, they followed this roaring, clattering, grotesquely formidable marvel along the trench—not only the original few men with the adjutant but a constantly increasing throng. It was extraordinary how many isolated individuals, how many little groups, had been hiding themselves in the shell holes, waiting until night or another attack should deliver them from those deadly machine guns, vigilant to hammer out annihilation at the first sign of life upon that corpse-strewn crater field. Now, assured of a local security, they streamed across in a wild enthusiasm, eager for close proximity with this weirdly novel machine which rolled over machine-gun nests as though they were ant heaps. The adjutant led them, in a soldierly impulse to gain and consolidate as much ground as possible. They ran suddenly into men in deep-fitting helmets and gray uniforms.

The enemy was massing for a counter-attack. There was a recoil, a moment of confusion among the khaki-clad enthusiasts. It was a moment only. Instantly the monster opened a devastating fire with her machine guns, with her quick-firing six-pounders, came slithering heavily down into the trench. There was a wild shriek of horror and astonishment. Some few brave men rushed close in under her weapons, hurled bombs that exploded pettily, harmlessly. There were those who tripped and fell, failed to get from under as she clambered in deafening noise up to the farther and firmer bank. The most turned to rush away, crowding and jamming around the traverses of this trench comparatively untouched by the bombardment. The machine-gun bullets, the six-pounder shells, overtook them.

The survivors put up their hands. The adjutant hurriedly detailed escorts for squads of prisoners, rushed on again. All the way up the trench the enemy was surrendering in batches. It was a triumphal progress.

The trench was empty of any enemy. The monster stopped. A steel door opened and an officer, his clothes soaked in oil, his face black, crawled out. The adjutant ran up to him. It was the officer of last night. Now, sweating and blowing, he mopped his face with a dirty rag. He grinned, white-teethed, at the adjutant.

"I think that'll do for the present," he said. "We're pretty far forward and we haven't got much in the way of supports. Also, we haven't too much petrol. I should hang on and consolidate, if I were you."

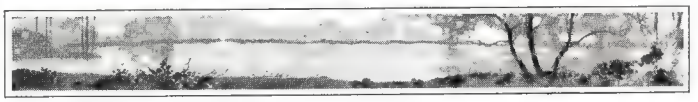
The adjutant congratulated him, reminded him of their talk the previous night.

"You were quite right!" he exclaimed excitedly. "This thing alters everything. 'Epoch-making' isn't the word for it! There's nothing to prevent us going on and on!"

The officer grinned again. "Except that we haven't enough machines. But that'll come. This is only the beginning."

That morning of September 15, 1916, when for the first time the tank appeared upon the battlefield, indeed signalized the end of one epoch and the beginning of another. Yet nearly two years were to elapse before conservative orthodoxy could begin to comprehend the proper employment of this novel weapon, which before the war ended was to supersede all others in primacy of function on the one side and primacy of fear upon the other. Not until July 18, 1918, would the French and Americans, preceded by a swarm of 321 Renault tanks, burst on the German salient at Château-Thierry and carry all before them. Not until August 8, 1918, the day which for General Ludendorff was the "black day of the war," would the British fight their first battle in which the tank was allowed to show fully what it could do—the day when 435 tanks broke the German line to a depth of ten miles, and the infantry marched in column of route behind them. September 15, 1916, introduced more than a new weapon; it introduced a new principle into land warfare which for thousands of years had relied in the last resort upon animal muscle as the generator of the energies at clash. Crude in design and insufficient in numbers though they were, the tanks which that day overran the astonished Germans demonstrated the superiority of engine power over muscle power, the superiority of plate armor over the human skin as a protection against bullets. From that day will date the decline and eventual disappearance of infantry and cavalry and all field artillery that cannot fire as it moves. From that day will date the genesis of the vastly different land battles of the future. An era almost as old as humanity had come to an end.

Editor's Note—This is the last of a series of stories by Mr. Austin.



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THE history of radio engineering is that of every other industry. From simplicity to complexity—and in its final state of perfection, back to *simplicity* again. And the Royal Series AMRAD Neutrodyne brings radio engineering to its present state of unbelievable simplicity, united with a ruggedness hitherto unapproached.

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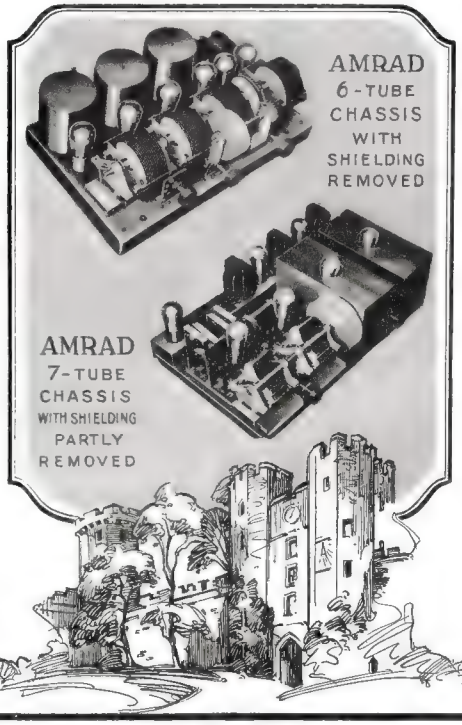

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Send for particulars and entry blanks for our Grand new Model Building Competition—first prize $500 in Cash.

This Wrecking Car with Electric Motor is one of the 475 models made with a $10 set.

MECCANO

Engineering for Boys

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Get the facts regarding the ever increasing uses for wood. You may win a first prize of $5,000. Fifty-seven prizes in all. Read the following paragraphs carefully. Then mail attached coupon for free booklet. Contest closes December 15

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Beautiful, durable, economical, and of amazing adaptability, wood is steadily extending its markets both for established uses and for new uses.

Famous historic mansions of early Colonial Days, still occupied and still in excellent condition, are of wood construction. So, too, are a majority of modern residences. In fact, three-fourths of all the homes in this country are built of wood.

For fine furniture, wood is of course the last word—both in craftsmanship and in beauty that endures. There are countless wood chairs, tables and desks still in active service which have passed the century mark!

The use of wood for window frames and sashes is advancing with giant strides. The largest and newest hotel in the world —The Stevens, Chicago—is so equipped.

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Our modern ships require wood in scores of ways, from stem to stern. The railroads annually demand more than 110,000,000 wood cross ties, and huge quantities of lumber for box cars, refrigeration and hundreds of other needs. The automobile industry alone uses a billion and a half feet of lumber a year!

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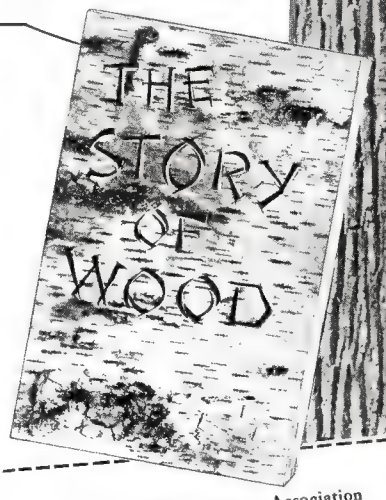
(In case of tie for any of the prizes offered, the full amount of the prize tied for will be paid to each tying contestant.)

Contest Closes December 15th



National Lumber Manufacturers Association
P. O. Box 811, Washington, D. C.

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contains no acids, liquids or bulbs ·· absolutely noiseless ··· requires no watering or attention of any kind!

HERE, at last is a trickle charger that doesn't require watering or attention. Absolutely dry, the KUPROX Trickle Charger contains no acids or liquids, it uses no bulbs of any kind.

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Are You Plus or Minus?

AMONG different ways of classifying persons, one is according to the manner of their keeping their appointments. I divide persons in this respect into plus-fifteen-minute, plus-ten-minute, plus-five-minute, rush-on-time, minus-fifteen-minute, and minus-thirty-minute persons. Professional orchestra players are invariably plus-fifteen-minute persons. They come to rehearsals fifteen minutes ahead of time, to tune up, to get the music sorted, and to allow the instruments to acquire the temperature of the room. This fifteen-minute margin has been so ingrained in them that they are more likely to be too early than late.

In some old navies the tradition in changing watch used to be plus five minutes. An officer was supposed to be on the bridge five minutes ahead of the scheduled time, ready to relieve his tired comrade. There was no written law or regulation about it, but one who would miss this margin would be disgraced for years.

People who have something to sell or need a job are usually prompt on those particular occasions.

Most Americans are minus-fifteen-minute persons—that is, they usually rush to their appointments a few minutes after the agreed time and, panting, begin to explain why they were late. Here is where you can tell a real minus-fifteen-minute person from a plus person who was detained through entirely unforeseen circumstances. The plus person feels guilty and says little; he knows that he should have taken more margin. The minus person never counts on a margin. He goes on the assumption that nothing will happen and that being ten minutes late means "on time" anyway.

So when a person tells me that he had to wait twenty minutes for a street car, that at the last minute someone telephoned him, that he got into a terrible traffic jam, and so on, he is a typical minus-fifteen-minute person. To be a minus person is another form of selfishness, especially if the other fellow happens to be a high-strung plus person.

The minus-thirty-minute person—that is, one who is habitually from fifteen to thirty minutes late for his appointments—as a rule cannot do regular business with anyone. The selfishness, the lack of system, or at least unreliability, become so pronounced that they will manifest themselves in several other ways as well. Nevertheless, such persons may be very charming socially and in home life, only one must learn how to handle them. For example, it would be a mistake to tell such a person to meet you at a theater door or on a street corner at an appointed time. It is bad for both. Arrange all your appointments so that the big minus person can come any time. Leave his theater ticket in the ticket office; agree to meet him in a reading room or in a lobby where you can be comfortable while waiting.

When it comes to taking a train or boat, give him a schedule and mark several possibilities of going separately, even though it be an elopement. With some patience and diplomacy even a minus-thirty-minute person may remain one's charming and devoted friend, at least for a time.

—VLADIMIR KARAPETOFF.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

(More Than Two Million Seven Hundred and Fifty Thousand Weekly)

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Always carry in your car a set of

McKAY RED BEAD BUMPERS

Here's another way to meet the emergency—with sturdy, shock resisting McKay Red Bead Bumpers. Besides safety, they will "add good looks and protect good looks." There's a McKay Bumper for every type of car.

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Put an end to bumping and jumping—with McKay Spring Controllers. Simple and easy to install, yet inexpensive, McKays *do the work.* For Fords $5.00. For other cars $6.50 and $8.00. Prices higher west of Rockies.

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And it carries a thought of that always fascinating subject—travel.

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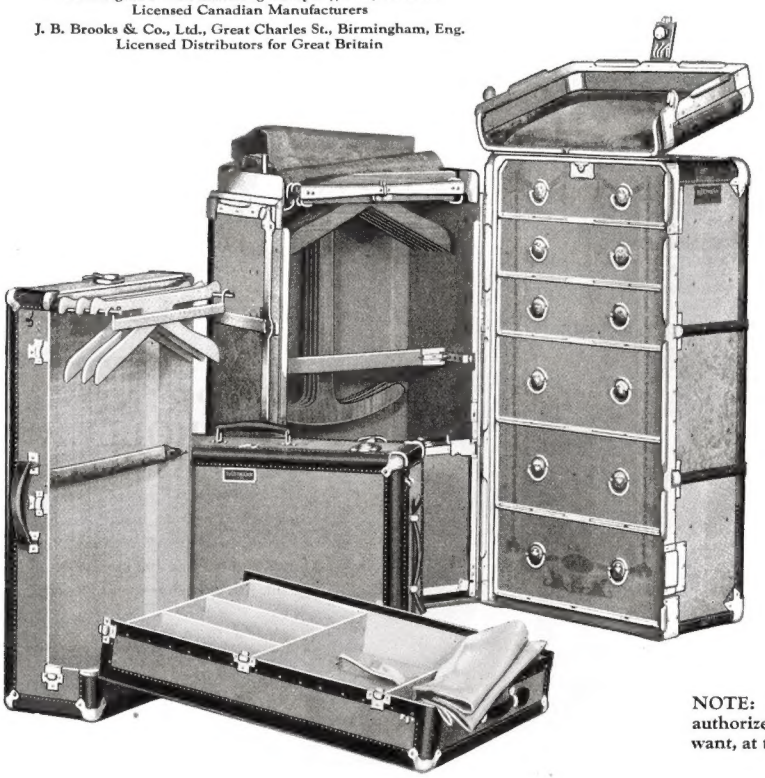

50th YEAR OF SERVICE HARTMANN 1877 · 1927

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BE SURE THE RED X HARTMANN IS ON THE TRUNK YOU BUY

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—probably you noticed it

FRANKLY, we should have been quite willing to let this thing go on, with you in blissful ignorance of the real facts. But there were too many women in on it. Some, out of the millions, have confessed their secret.

It wasn't because your wife suddenly grew fonder of you that she started some while back to give you more of those raisin dishes you always liked—cakes and puddings with a special holiday taste in them.

Those foods could be made only with *seeded* raisins and seeded raisins had always been sticky, hard to use. (You probably remember seeing your wife, sometime or other, sitting with floured fingers, patiently separating such raisins, getting them ready.)

Sun-Maid produced a seeded raisin that wasn't sticky, that would pour right out of the carton! A seeded raisin, moreover, that had a richer muscat flavor because the juice of the fruit was left in even though the seeds were taken out.

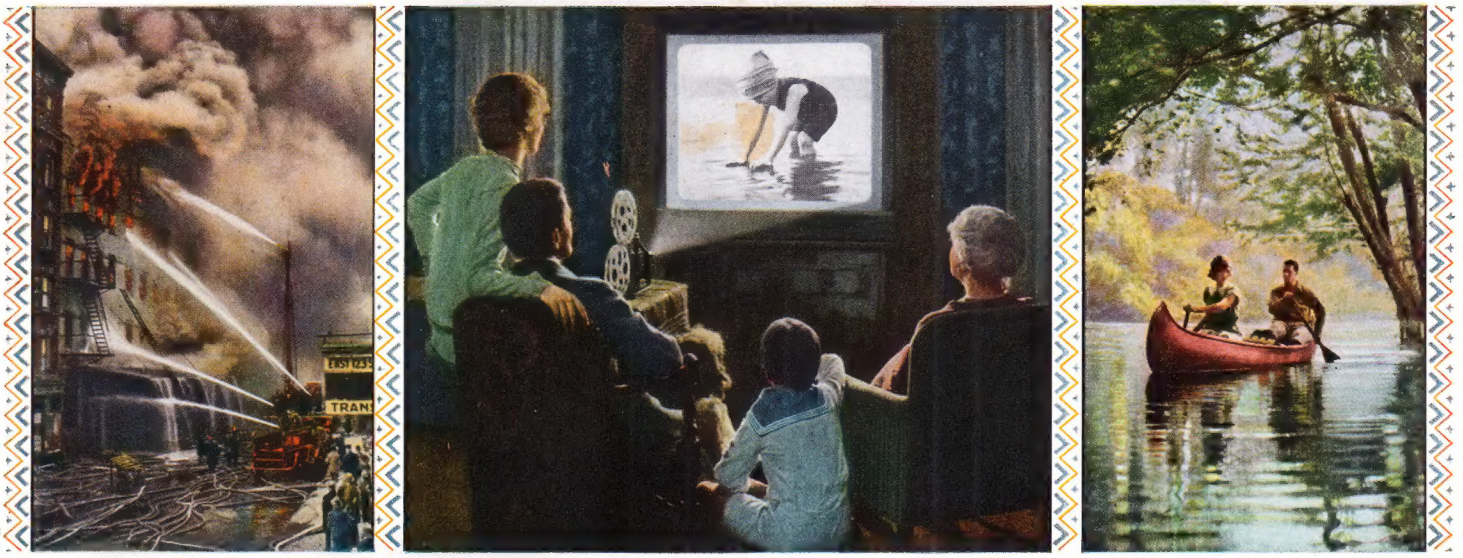
And your wife has been using these finer seeded raisins called Sun-Maid Puffed!

So many women, in fact, are calling for Puffed that few grocers carry the old-style kind any more. Most of them sell no seeded raisins at all except this one improved kind.

Now that you know the facts, you may want to compliment your wife upon her early discovery of Sun-Maid Puffed. Do it subtly. Ask her for your favorite raisin dish tonight.

To the wives: *Have you also tried Sun-Maid Nectars? With the fragrance, the flavor and plump tenderness of grapes full ripened on the vine they are a wonderful improvement over ordinary seedless raisins. Read the Sun-Maid page on holiday cooking with raisins—in the December issue of the Ladies' Home Journal, Good Housekeeping, Woman's Home Companion, Delineator, Pictorial Review, McCall's Magazine or Modern Priscilla*

SUN-MAID PUFFED *in the blue carton* ·· SUN-MAID NECTARS *in the red carton*



Drama... Adventure... Romance...

Get these thrills in Home Movies that you make yourself

LOOK around you! Pictures everywhere. Tragedy . . . adventure . . . romance. The Drama of Life. How closely it touches all of us. So real. And so easy to preserve.

For today, by just pressing the lever of a marvelous camera, you can capture life as it is . . . *in action* . . . to reproduce whenever and wherever you please.

The rhythmic action of your children at play . . . the fun and thrills of your outdoor trip . . . the dramatic second when football games are won or lost . . . are now easily registered for all time on a thin strip of film, to flash into light and live again in the quiet of your darkened room.

The Magic of the Silver Screen that thousands now enjoy

If you haven't made a movie, you've certainly missed one of the biggest thrills in life. It's so simple now, anyone can do it with the assurance of professional results.

Camera Weighs only 5 lbs.

Into the marvelous Ciné-Kodak camera weighing only 5 pounds, Eastman Scientists have concentrated every necessity of movie production.

What a triumph in simplicity! No need to focus. No tripod. No grinding crank. Everything is there that you need . . . the non-essentials have been done away with. Just sight the camera, either from waist height or eye level.

Then press the button. A shutter whirls inside, and the film slides swiftly behind the always-ready lens.

Instantly every action within the scene before you, every changing sequence of light and shadow, is registered for all time on your film.

. . . . we do the rest

After pressing the button, your work is done. No troublesome developing. No bother or fuss. We finish your films at no extra cost, and return them ready to run.

Then with equal ease your films are shown. Switch on your Kodascope projector and instantly the screen becomes alive with action. Crisp and clear you see the pictures you've made. Drama . . . adventure . . . romance . . . in the lives of people you know and children you love, parade before your eyes in a swift pattern of light and shadow. "Your own movies!" They are as easy as that to make.

Sight camera either from waist height or eye level

For the day of the new sport, the new art, the new opportunity for self-expression, is here. Ciné-Kodak embodies Eastman's forty years' experience in devising easy picture-making methods for the amateur. Unbiased by the precedents and prejudices of professional cinema camera design, the men who made "still" photography so easy have now made home movie-making equally simple for you.

To supplement your movie program, Kodak Cinegraphs, 100-foot reels covering a variety of subjects . . . comedy, drama, cartoons, travel . . . are available at your dealer's. Price $7.50 per reel, which becomes a permanent part of your film library.

In addition, full length films, which constitute a complete entertainment and include the biggest screen successes of famous stars, may be secured at a modest rental from the nearest Kodascope Library.

Complete Ciné-Kodak Outfit Now Costs Only $140

Today a complete outfit, Ciné-Kodak, Kodascope Projector and Screen, may be had for as little as $140. Ciné-Kodak weighs only 5 lbs. Loads in daylight with amateur standard (16 m/m) Ciné-Kodak safety film, in the famous yellow box.

Don't deny yourself the thrills of amateur movie-making. Thousands of Kodak dealers are ready to explain and demonstrate the Ciné-Kodak to you. In justice to yourself and your family see it today—and write the Eastman Kodak Company for a new and fascinating booklet on Amateur Movie-Making. Clip and mail the coupon below.

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